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TIYO SOGA

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Tiyo Soga.

DURING the revision of this Memoir for a Second Edition, a copy was sent to Sir THOMAS BIDDULPH, Baronet, with a view to its presentation to HER MAJESTY.

Attention was invited to the fact that, in the former war, not one Christian Kafir had taken up arms against Britain (p. 37). Reference was made to the Duke of Edinburgh's visit to South Africa, to Tiyo's address of welcome to His Royal Highness, and to the Royal Duke's presentation of the Bible to the Kafir minister (pp. 206-14). Notice was taken of Tiyo's sympathy with his much-loved Sovereign, in her sore bereavement—a sympathy which in its intensity of sorrow could have scarcely been surpassed by the most loyal and loving subject in the British Empire (pp. 257-60). Attention was requested to the Kafir Missionary's strong desire that all the tribes in South Africa might soon enjoy the benign influence of the British Government, as the best on earth, and the protection of Her Most Gracious Majesty, as the best friend of all men (pp. 307, 8). The hope was also expressed that if Her Majesty should be graciously pleased to accept this volume, it would still more endear British Rule to the Christian Kafirs, and would very strongly commend to the Heathen Natives the glorious Gospel, which *alone* can elevate and ennoble those interesting tribes, and make them what it made the subject of this Memoir—*a blessing to the world.*

Sir THOMAS BIDDULPH, Baronet, has sent a letter of date 5th February, 1878, to the Rev. Dr. J. Logan Aikman, of Glasgow, in which he acknowledges receipt of the Memorial-Volume, and intimates HER MAJESTY'S Gracious acceptance of it.

Yours Most Sincerely

Lyd Lugo

TIYO SOGA:

A PAGE OF SOUTH AFRICAN MISSION WORK.

BY

JOHN A. CHALMERS.

Second and Revised Edition.

EDINBURGH: ANDREW ELLIOT.
LONDON: HODDER & STOUGHTON.
GLASGOW: DAVID BRYCE & SON.
GRAHAMSTOWN, CAPE COLONY: JAMES HAY.

1878.

LOAN STACK -

"I HAVE REMARKED THAT A TRUE DELINEATION OF THE SMALLEST MAN, AND HIS SCENE OF PILGRIMAGE THROUGH LIFE, IS CAPABLE OF INTERESTING THE GREATEST MAN: *that all men are to an unspeakable degree brothers*, EACH MAN'S LIFE A STRANGE EMBLEM OF EVERY MAN'S: AND THAT HUMAN PORTRAITS, FAITHFULLY DRAWN, ARE OF ALL PICTURES THE WELCOMEST ON HUMAN WALLS."—*Life of Sterling.*

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PREFACE TO FIRST EDITION.

Soon after the lamented removal of the eminent Missionary, the Rev. Tiyo Soga, I was induced, as his fellow-labourer, to become his biographer. The delay in the production of this volume has been largely owing to the daily demands of my Mission work, to my place on the Board of Bible Translation, and to my distance from the Press.

The supervision of the work, on its way through the Press, has been kindly conducted by the Rev. Dr. Aikman, of Glasgow.

The book is now offered to the friends of Christian Missions, and *very specially* to the numerous admirers of Tiyo Soga in Scotland, in the Colony, and in the Mission-field.

JOHN A. CHALMERS.

Grahamstown, *October*, 1877.

The Second Edition has been subjected to a careful revision, and a full table of contents has been added. The disposal of a thousand copies, in three months, must be very gratifying to the Rev. Mr. Chalmers, the biographer, and also to the numerous friends of the Rev. Tiyo Soga.

J. LOGAN AIKMAN.

Glasgow, *February*, 1878.

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TIYO SOGA:

A PAGE OF SOUTH AFRICAN MISSION WORK.

CHAPTER I.

THE POLYGAMIST'S VILLAGE.

"The history of a man's childhood is the description of his parents and environment: this is his inarticulate but highly important history, in those first times; while of articulate he has yet none."—CARLYLE.

TIYO SOGA's father is a polygamist; the husband of eight accredited wives, and the father of thirty-nine children. His plurality of wives may be traced to his rank. As one of the chief councillors of the Gaika tribe, it would have been beneath his dignity, according to the Kafirs, to be the husband of only one wife. His many wives are also the proof of his having many cattle. Some may suppose that because Kafir women are *bought* for cattle they are serfs to their husbands. It is not so. The men are completely at the mercy of their wives. If a Kafir rebukes his spouse, or administers a slight corporal punishment for some great offence, she instantly rolls up her mat, takes her youngest child on her back, and turns her steps to her native kraal, to pour out her grievances into her father's ear. The father has a motive in patiently listening to the sorrows of his offended daughter. To punish his son-in-law for his temerity and impulsiveness

he invariably demands a bullock or two to enrich himself, ere his daughter can return to her married home. The result is that the men play the sycophant to their wives, and allow them very much of their own way.

A polygamist's village is composed of a large fold, in which his cattle are penned at night. A few yards higher than the fold, and forming a semicircle round it, are the huts of the wives and of such retainers as are distantly related to him. The door of each hut opens towards the kraal. The lord of the village visits the huts in rotation and on certain days, to prevent jealousy among his wives. Every piece of architecture in the village is circular; and, as a satisfactory reason, the owner points to the sun, moon, and winding rivers as his models.

Every such village boasts of a blacksmith, who makes the assegays, the brass girdles and armlets; of a pipe-maker, whose only tools are a hatchet, a knife, and a gimlet; of a tanner and tailor, who prepare the ox-hides, and cut them after the most approved fashion, for the women to wear as every-day garments or as court dresses. Around these craftsmen, leisurely and indolently plying their trades, the patriarch of the village and his associates lounge and bask in the sun, alternately smoking and sleeping, or at intervals listening to a lawsuit, or hearing from some voluble traveller his largely embellished tidings. They converse also on passing events, or descant upon the excellencies of a favourite steed or milk-giving cow. The women draw water, hew wood, repair the huts, weed the gardens, and prepare the food for the mid-day and evening meals. The younger boys tend the calves and goats; and those bordering on manhood, and clad in heavy sheepskin coverings, and with their woolly heads ornamented by feathers, herd the cattle. The delight of the village

patriarch is to watch his cattle on their return at nightfall to be milked by the young men, whose only dress on such occasions is the glittering brass girdle on their loins. The men partake of the mid-day repast by themselves within the cattle enclosure; the boys crouch at a distance, yet ready to clutch the food which their seniors may throw to them. Each man has his favourite whom he feeds, to enlist him as a messenger when he has need of such service. The women in a hut, along with the younger branches, do ample justice to the dishes of milk and baskets of corn placed before them. This dull monotony is varied by the visit of some chief on a begging expedition, a marriage festival, the slaughter of a fat bullock for its hide, a beer party in honour of a chief or influential neighbour, the *intonjane* dance—obscene in all its aspects—a death, a hunt, an ox racing, the presence of the family priest to offer sacrifice on the serious illness of a member of the family, or mortality among the cattle; the dance of the youths in their transition from boyhood to manhood, and by the nocturnal revelries in the largest hut, where each man singly, and in turn, dances to the lusty clapping of hands and the most barbarous and obscene songs of an enraptured audience. Superstition pervades almost every act of this large family. An infant, sleeping soundly on its mother's back and taken across a stream for the first time, must needs have its neck or forehead smeared with wet clay taken from the water's edge to propitiate the mermaids that gambol in its sedgy pools. None expectorates without obliterating the expectoration. If one is prostrated by disease the hair of a sacred cow is plaited and tied about his neck. When an owl utters its doleful wail, it is supposed to be out on an errand of destruction for its owner. Not a buzzard

approaches with solemn step keeping pace to its dismal cry, but is bringing poverty along with it. Each is jealous of, and seems secretly bent on impoverishing his neighbour. Each suspects the other of possessing deadly charms, or of being in league with a miniature elephant, wolf, or baboon, which, amid the darkness of the night, fulfils its deadly commission. On his person, and in his tobacco pouch, he carries secret charms to ward off evil. When at work, or on his travels, he secretly utters brief ejaculations to the unseen spirits to befriend him in his hour of need. It was on such a bench, in the great world-school, that Tiyo Soga sat for the first few years of his life. We shall see if that school made him the true and sterling man he became.

The date of a Kafir infant's birth is invariably marked by some noted occurrence during that year. One is registered in the memory of friends as having been born in the year of the comet; another in the year of the fruitfulness of the Karob tree; another in the year of the great winter flood; another in the year of the caterpillar; another in the year of some great historical event. To approximate the birth-month the mother relates that it was in the spring-time, when the crops were being sown, between the "increscent and decrescent moon;" or it was when the *pleiades* appeared before the dawn above the eastern horizon. The year of Tiyo's birth is memorable in the annals of Kafir history. How his biographer came to the knowledge of it is as follows:—On one occasion when visiting him, and while looking over some historical records of the Cape Colony, and after reading for some time "The Wrongs of the Kafir Race, by Justus," Tiyo exclaimed, "This book has enabled me to discover the exact year of my birth. My mother tells me I was born

during the year that Makoma was expelled from the Kat River, and I find that event took place in 1829."

Soga, the son of Jotello, being one of the chief councillors of Gaika, was invested with a kind of magisterial authority by his chief. Before the infirmities of old age told upon him he was a tall, muscular man, with a wild, piercing eye. Though naturally kind, he assumed a stern, fierce manner to add to his dignity. As a conservative, clinging tenaciously to the ancient customs of his country, he dreaded the new religion as foreboding a revolution. He claims the honour, however, of being the first Kafir that "whistled between the stilts of a plough," and the first of his race who utilized the waters of the running brook for agricultural purposes. These facts have been recorded by C. L. Stretch, Esq., of Glenavon, late member of the Legislative Council, in his diary, dated Fort-Cox, Province of Adelaide, Thursday, September 24, 1835: "Makoma, Sandilli and his mother, Sutu, with their councillors, visited the camp this day. The very immoderate desire for strong drink was again repeated. It painfully prognosticates a very unsettled and miserable future, from which it seems impossible to reclaim Makoma. When I have warned him of the consequences to himself and his tribe, he invariably alludes to the officers and the English generally as using wine and brandy, and adds, 'I get drunk when the sun shines; they drink in the dark night like wolves.'

"One of the visiting group, named Soga, attracted my notice on this and on former occasions. If external appearance indicates talent I should say he evidently stands out, from his countrymen at least, as a Kafir warrior, possessing a finely developed frame with a brilliant eye and acute glance. When it pleased him to communicate his hunting

or war stories, it was well to listen and learn; but he equalled the rest in begging for cattle, as having lost his all in the war, and as having a large kraal of wives and children to feed! . . . . I remember saying to Soga, when he was begging for cattle, 'You have both oxen and cows in your beautiful Chumie land, and if you will take the trouble to dig them out of the field you will be relieved from begging.' The fire of his eye kindled with displeasure, and raising himself he said, 'The peacemaker * thinks me a child to-day,' and there followed expressions of disappointment at my stinginess. I then explained my meaning, and told him that people got wealthy in cows and oxen by working for them, and if he would follow my advice, and plant such vegetables as the military at Fort-Cox would purchase, and directing him where to get seed, he would have no occasion to beg again.

"I thought no more of Soga, until about four months afterwards I observed a Kafir running towards my residence from the camp, exclaiming, with great glee: 'Peacemaker, I have got them.' Both his hands exhibited a good deal of silver in half-crowns and shillings.

"On leaving me in September, Soga thought of my word, and 'did not *let it run about.*' He began to work, and produced peas, onions, barley, and potatoes, which he brought on horseback to Fort-Cox, and for which 'Johnny,' *alias* the Redjackets, gave him the silver. He then understood how cows and oxen were dug out of the earth.

"I related the anecdote to Colonel Smith, my chief, and as he was always ready to second my suggestions, Soga got a new plough from the Government, and an order to

* The name by which Mr. Stretch was known among the Kafirs was *Uxolo'ilizwe:* The world at peace, or the peacemaker.

hire people from the Kat River, with oxen and gear, and also instructors in the A B C of ploughing.

"Fort-Cox, 9th June, 1836.—Inspected a water-furrow made by Soga—the first attempt of the kind by a Kafir that I know of—by which many acres of land can be cultivated on the Chumie, and irrigated.

"Fort-Cox, 13th July, 1836.—Johannes Classens, Martinus Müller and Pretorius Buise, sent by order of the Government to assist and instruct Soga to plough the lands he has lately cleared."

Thus a new era dawned at Soga's village; the sneezewood spade gave place to the crooked ploughshare; the oxen, which hitherto had galloped for the amusement and fame of their owner over the plains above the Chumie mountain, were yoked a willing team, and ploughed the virgin soil; the brook which had babbled for ages, undisturbed in its onward flow, was now made to irrigate his fields and crops—silent emblems these of a still greater power which was secretly at work, and is destined yet to revolutionize the moral wastes of Southern Africa. By the gift of the plough the Government, which had begun to conquer, showed that it desired to achieve a more lasting victory over barbarism, indolence, and poverty.

One of the many wives of a Kafir polygamist claims the honour of being the great wife, and her eldest son takes the precedence and the heirship. The others hold a subordinate place, and are to some extent servants of the chief wife. The rank of a woman is generally fixed at her marriage; and although occupying an honourable position, it not unfrequently happens that she is deposed for some misdemeanour as a wife. All the cattle, according to Kafir law, belong to the "great house." Whenever a fresh wife is married, several milk cattle are set apart

publicly in presence of the clan for her support. As a rule, they do not revert to the "heir" on the death of the father, but remain the property of the sons of these wives. The "great" wife may be the first married, or the second, or third. The dowry for the great wife is usually paid by the father or near relatives of the husband; and this great wife is recognised as *the* wife of the village. If the wife of a chief, she is acknowledged as the wife of the tribe, and the cattle are paid by the tribe. The ceremony of seeking an alliance is as follows: The friends of the man in search of a wife are sent with an assegay to solicit the consent of the parent of the young maiden, and, after stating their errand, they leave the assegay behind them. If the parents and relatives of the damsel are favourable to the alliance, they retain the weapon of war; if unfavourable, they return it. If there is no objection, they desire to see the cattle that the bridegroom is willing to give; and if satisfied with the number and quality, they at once solicit aid from their nearest kinsmen to purchase beads, brass-wire, black silk handkerchiefs, other ornaments, and also cooking utensils. When the bride is fully equipped, she goes to her future husband's village, attended by several male and maiden acquaintances. Having intimated their approach, they reach the village at sunset, where a hut is specially set apart for the bride and her attendants, a goat is killed for their supper, and the neighbours are invited to the wedding. For three days the marriage dances continue, and on the afternoon of the third day, in presence of a vast concourse of people, the bride issues from her hut attended by two bridesmaids, each wearing three girdles, girt about the loins with an antelope's skin; leisurely they mince their way towards the cattle kraal, and as the observed of all observers,

each carries an assegay in her hand. Having reached the entrance to the kraal, they transfix the assegays on the posts of the gate, their attendants cast a blanket round each blushing maiden, and thus veiled, they are led back to the bride's hut. A bullock is slaughtered, and the rejoicings are at an end. The bridal party remain behind for a few days to complete the arrangements about the number of cattle to be paid; and as soon as this is amicably arranged they surrender the bride and return to their home, driving the dowry before them, which is afterwards divided among the friends who contributed to the bride's outfit.

Tiyo's mother was the great wife of the councillor Soga. She belonged to the tribe of the Amantinde—the tribe of Jan Tshatshu of Exeter Hall celebrity. It is very likely that, as his father would pay all the cattle for her, and as all the arrangements of this alliance would be completed by the parents on both sides, she never saw her lord and master until her future was sealed by being taken to his village. This wife, *Nosutu*, became the mother of nine children, of whom Tiyo was the seventh.

Amongst the Kafirs, proper names are most significant. The names of children are suggested by the circumstances of their birth, or to express the feelings, hopes, or wishes of their parents. The young mother often indicates by the name of her infant her opinion of the treatment which she has received in her new home, or the estimation in which she is held in the village during the first years of her married life. For example, there are *Lahliwe*, the forsaken; *Tandeka*, the lovable; *Gosani*, For what servest thou? *Hlekani*, Why laughest thou? *Nikani*, What givest thou? The name of a man is frequently changed in consequence of some remarkable event in his history, or of some

prominent feature of his character. A man who lost nearly all the teeth in his upper jaw, received the euphonious name, "Father of gums," because though comparatively young he had only gums to show where teeth should have been. Another was known by the name of "Whirlwind," because of his tempestuous and unrestrainable temper. The name given to our hero at his birth by his mother, was Sani—a contraction for "Zisani," What bringest thou? Shortly thereafter it was changed to Tiyo, by his father, after an influential Galeka councillor who was brave on the battlefield, and wise in his counsels at the great place. In changing his son's name, Soga may have dimly expressed the hope that Tiyo would become famous in his country's annals, as his namesake before him had been, whereas his infant boy was destined to attain celebrity by his wisdom and courage in the bloodless conquests of the gospel.

A singular custom prevails among Kafirs at the birth of a child. The infant is washed twice a day with a decoction of the roots and leaves of a medicinal plant. As the child is undergoing its ablutions a fire is kindled, and incense is made from the leaves and twigs of a forest tree.* Over this cloud of smoke the infant is swung until it is thoroughly dry, and afterwards it is bedaubed with pot-clay, or with the pulverised bark of a plant, or with a mashed snail. This process is continued for about a fortnight, and is said by the Kafirs to possess both strengthening and medicinal virtues. Before the mother returns to her daily avocations a bullock is killed. On

* "Clausena (Myaris) inequalis Oliver described, in the Flora Cap, under the name of Myaris inæqualis Prese." I am indebted to Prof. MacOwan, of Gill Cottage, Somerset East, for the botanical name of this forest tree.

the day it is slaughtered every vestige is placed in the hut in which the infant's cry was first heard; there it is left for a time to be inspected and approved by the spirits of the ancestors, as a suitable sacrifice. On the following day, neighbours and friends assemble and devour the meat, with the exception of one leg, which is the lawful property of the priest, who not only prescribed to the mother whilst she was *enciente*, but also performed the rites and ceremonies connected with the sacrifice. The skull of the sacrificed animal, along with its horns, is thereafter suspended from the roof of the hut for several weeks. When such a sacrifice is omitted, and misfortune afterwards befalls the mother, or if the infant is seized by any malady, or becomes puny and sickly, the priest invariably gives, as the real reason, the dissatisfaction of the ancestors, who are using their influence to bring death and destruction on the home, and will refuse to be pacified until the fattest bullock in the father's kraal is killed. The omitted ceremony is then observed; the meat is devoured by kinsmen and neighbours—the women of the village, however, refusing to taste even a morsel of the sacrifice. After the feast, the bones, large and small, are collected, and burned along with the offal and the fat, and the branches of the sneezewood tree, within the cattle-kraal, to perfume the nostrils of the ancestors with the fragrant incense of the sacrifice. So deeply rooted is the belief in the potency of this custom among the Kafirs, that when an infant sickens the mother wonders why it should be so, when all was done to make her child healthy, strong, and active. Even some native Christians who have received the Christian sacrament of baptism, named after that custom, attach to it a superstitious virtue. Tiyo Soga, in his infancy, passed through this fire of Moloch, and underwent this baptism

of smoke, this baptism into heathenism; a bullock was sacrificed, and the household gods were supposed to be appeased!

There is nothing in life at such a village either to stimulate or ennoble. Amid such superstition and sensuality, barbarism and ignorance, there can be no intellectual growth, or purity of life; nothing by which a man can rise "on stepping-stones to higher things;" nothing to awaken lofty religious impressions, or to promise a blessed immortality. What happiness can there be in the prospect of becoming a floating spirit, yearning only to be remembered by those who are still in the flesh? What satisfaction can there be in the hope of snuffing the odour of burning bones? Beyond listening to the voluble bard as he chants the praises of the fleetest ox, or recounts in rhythmic numbers the deeds of valour at the hunt, or on the battle-field, of the brave old patriarch of the village, there is nothing to teach self-sacrifice, or how to live for others. How can a youth, nurtured at such a village, become a teacher, a guide, an example? How can Tiyo be taught that there is a God who loves all men and seeks the homage of the human soul? How can he know of that One blessed life of self-sacrifice, which on the cross bore the sins of all men, even of Kafirs, in His own body? Is there nothing in the world which may lead Tiyo out of ignorance into knowledge, out of superstition into reverence for God, out of that blinding homage for the spirits of his ancestors into a love for the men and women of his country, so that he may consecrate his life to the glorious work of teaching them how to live for both time and eternity? Yes, there is! But how, and by whom, is this instruction to be imparted?

CHAPTER II.

THE TYUME, OR CHUMIE.

"Not sedentary all; there are who roam
To scatter seeds of life on barbarous shores."

Not far from the polygamist's village was one of those institutions where, according to the sneer of the great living English historian, that "sort of something called Christianity" is taught. They, nevertheless, are centres of light and knowledge; and but for their existence the heathen world would never know that there is a higher life than that of eating, drinking, and making merry. This Chumie mission station, so close to Soga's kraal, was founded in 1818 by the Rev. John Brownlee, who has noiselessly left the world better than he found it. The chief, Gaika, in a religious mood, sent a message to the Government of the Cape Colony, requesting that Christian teachers might be sent to his country to instruct his children in religion," and that these teachers would become the medium of communication between the Colony and Kafirland. Faith in a missionary this barbarian chief must have had. Probably from what he had seen of Vanderkemp and Williams, he had judged that such men were worthy of confidence. The appointment was offered to the tall, sinewy Scotchman, and was at once accepted. Mr. Brownlee viewed it as a favourable opportunity in Providence for missionary effort in Kafirland, which had been closed against the gospel for several

years. After examining the country he fixed upon the neighbourhood of the Gwali tributary of the Chumie river, as a suitable locality for a station. Soga, the councillor and head man of the district, was instructed by his chief to promote the interests of the missionary. In a short time numbers of Kafirs and Gonas who had been under the ministrations of the late Mr. Williams, and who, after his death and because of war, were scattered throughout the country, settled down on what has since been known as the Chumie Mission Station. Thus encouraged, this solitary workman entered upon his duties of teaching, preaching, and conversing on religious topics, or, mounted on a bullock, itinerated among the surrounding kraals; yet without neglecting his favourite botanical researches. Unaided by man, except what he could obtain from the unskilled labour of the natives, he built a house for the worship of God and a humble dwelling for himself.

There was afterwards a considerable accession to the numbers on the station. The new comers had occasionally heard the late Mr. Williams, and many of them were less or more under gospel influences. This was especially the case with Ntsikana, the head man of the village where these people had resided. After the death of Mr. Williams, he kept up religious services with his people. Before his death, about the beginning of 1821, he enjoined his people to remove to the station on the Gwali. From amongst them several have arisen to assist in spreading the gospel among their countrymen. A true man in every sense was Mr. Brownlee. He was not eloquent in speech; but his life spoke volumes. He made no noise in the world. He had no egotism, no desire for fame, and never catered for the applause of men. He wrote no sensational tales of hair-breadth escapes, gave no romantic pictures of the

bright side of mission work, and filled no columns of missionary journals with thrilling incidents. He did not proclaim his own deeds; but in his loneliness he performed deeds of noble self-sacrifice. He was a worker, and did his work manfully, although the great world was ignorant of his name. He was the fittest man in every sense to lay a solid foundation for mission work in Kafirland. Bravest of the brave, he toiled alone under the eye of the Great Unseen—the only missionary in Kafirdom. The Kafir could not comprehend the mysteries of the Christian religion; but there was something in the man himself—in his unswerving purpose, his patience, his unruffled temper, his calm, contented expression of countenance, his perseverance, his unblemished life—which touched a chord, and made the Kafir feel that Brownlee was a man worthy of all respect and reverence. He was one of the grandest, simplest, most patient of men; one of the truest, most honourable, and accomplished of missionaries; a giant in stature; brave as Paul, and at the same time tender hearted as a child; generous, unselfish, hospitable; one of the benefactors of South Africa, though the world has not given him the homage which it has rendered to men much inferior in intellect and in usefulness.

Towards the close of 1821, Mr. Brownlee was joined by two brother Scotchmen, Messrs. Thomson and Bennie, who laboured with him for some time on the same field. These three men encouraged and strengthened each other; and more extensive operations were assumed. Many hindrances were, however, met with on the part of the chiefs, witch doctors, and the heathen Kafirs generally. The natives, who had fled to the station as a "city of refuge," were subjected to many acts of injustice and violence from the cruelties of witch doctors, which

were winked at by the paramount chiefs. Ultimately, undisguised opposition was manifested by Gaika. On one occasion, we are informed by Mr. Thomson, when an unreasonable demand of the chiefs had been firmly resisted, he broke out into a state of passionate excitement, and after a long harangue ordered the missionaries to leave on the following day. Mr. Brownlee and the other missionaries, after consultation, agreed as to their line of action. They told the chief that the Master whom they served had told them how to act in such cases as the present, and that if persecuted in one city they must flee to another; and now that he had ordered them to leave his country, they would immediately do so, and go to another chief and people willing to receive them. This reply had a wonderful effect upon the chief. He had not thought of such a result. His manner changed: the missionaries were not to be too much hurried in their movements; and after several shifts, he made the most abject apologies, and entreated them to remain in his country.

About 1822 or 1823, Mr. Brownlee had a severe illness, which necessitated a change. After his recovery, he and Mrs. Brownlee visited her relatives in Swellendam, and afterwards went to Cape Town. Whilst there, his intercourse with Dr. Philip resulted in Mr. Brownlee resuming his connection with the London Missionary Society. On his return to Kafirland he commenced a new mission on the Buffalo River, which afterwards became the site of what is now King William's Town.

The only memorials commemorative of Mr. Brownlee's honesty of purpose, his sterling integrity, his worth as a man, his devotion as a missionary, and his purity of life, which his fellow-men have awarded him, were two small sums of money raised on the occasion of his jubilee, as a

missionary, by his brother missionaries and others. One of these sums was set apart as a bursary to aid native youths in studying for the ministry. The other was expended on the purchase of a town clock on the tower of the Government offices in King William's Town—a fast rising European settlement, which he may be truly said to have founded. A faithful portrait of his character, in the following sonnet, was written in the year 1825, by Mr. Thomas Pringle, under the title of

THE GOOD MISSIONARY.

He left his Christian friends and native strand,
By pity for benighted men constrained;
His heart was fraught with charity unfeigned,
His life was strict, his manners meek and bland.
Long dwelt he lonely in a heathen land,
In want and weariness, yet ne'er complained;
But laboured that the lost sheep might be gained,
Nor seeking recompense from human hand.
The credit of the arduous works he wrought
Was reaped by other men who came behind;
The world gave him no honour—none he sought,
But cherished Christ's example in his mind.
To one great aim his heart and hopes were given—
To serve his God and gather souls to heaven.

The missionaries above named, except Mr. Brownlee, were sent out by the Glasgow Missionary Society. After correspondence with the Governor of the Colony, who was then in England, Messrs Thomson and Bennie were appointed to join Mr. Brownlee in Kafirland. Meanwhile, permission to enter Kafirland was withheld from other missionaries, and all intercourse of colonists with Kafirs was, from political considerations, strictly prohibited under severe penalties. The restriction was afterwards withdrawn, and these pioneers had great pleasure in welcoming into Kafirland two Wesleyan Missionaries, Messrs. Shaw

and Shepstone. In 1821, they were joined by the Rev. John Ross from Glasgow, bearing his University honours. These devoted men laboured together with great cordiality and mutual esteem, and, although ignorant of the Kafir language, they made their message known through interpreters. In 1827, the Rev. William Chalmers, also from Glasgow, cast in his lot with these faithful labourers, and was accompanied by Messrs. Weir and M'Diarmid, mechanics. For the extension of the mission the elder missionaries removed to other spheres of usefulness, and left Mr. Chalmers to carry on the work at the Chumie. The missionaries of those days, with salaries which a beardless clerk in a mercantile house would now scorn, had not only to preach and itinerate, but also to teach the schools at their stations. Mr. Chalmers had one perpetual round of preaching and teaching. From records, still extant, we learn that he taught a school with an average attendance of 80 scholars. It is a singular fact that the few mission schools of that period were more largely attended than those of the present day. The numbers were greatly reduced by an outbreak of measles, which the parents believed to be propagated by the school books. There was also jealousy of the instruction, when they saw that their children were, one by one, renouncing their heathen mode of life. Not content with working in a circle at the immediate Chumie Station, Mr. Chalmers established four elementary schools at neighbouring kraals, which were respectively named *Burnett's*, *Swanston's*, *Mitchell's*, and *Struthers'*, as the teachers received an annual grant of £10 from the congregations of three Scotch clergymen and from a Glasgow merchant bearing these names. An ecclesiastical record, thirty years old, gives a quaint description of school work at the Chumie,

very different from the admirable system of Government-aided schools established by Dr. Dale, the accomplished Superintendent-General of Education.

"Extract from Minutes of an ordinary Meeting of Presbytery, held at Chumie on January 1st, 1840:—

"The Presbytery proceeded to examine the schools of the district, and found present 150 scholars, of whom 65 were males and 85 females; 46 were dressed in European clothing. Of the whole, 52 read the Scriptures in their own language, and 15 also in English; 5 read the history of Joseph; 9 the account of the creation; 19 were found in the spelling book, and 65 were in the alphabet. Fourteen exhibited specimens of writing on paper, and 29 on slates; 14 also presented solved questions in simple multiplication. The more advanced were examined in natural history and in the Shorter Catechism.

"The Presbytery expressed their satisfaction with the number of pupils present, their approbation of the order and appearance of the scholars, and noted the improvement since their last examination.

"Signed JAMES LAING, Presbytery Clerk."

When it is considered that these 150 scholars, in various stages of training from the alphabet of reading to the alphabet of theology, came from the huts of barbarians, it is not wonderful that the reverend inspectors should have expressed their great satisfaction.

The school, named for the Rev. Dr. Struthers of Glasgow, was at the village of Soga, and was taught by his great son, Festiri, the eldest brother of Tiyo. This youth, on perceiving the advantages of education, not seldom deserted his calling as a herd and went to the mission school at the Chumie, where he learned to read. He also gathered

the children at his father's kraal, and for two years, without fee or reward, taught them in a wattle house erected by his mother and himself. Soga often punished this audacious lad for his carelessness as a cattle herd, until he found him immovable and encouraged by his mother. Mr. Chalmers then employed him to teach in his school, and also the children of a neighbouring hamlet. The children were summoned to their tasks by striking with a stone an old iron band of a waggon-wheel suspended betwixt two poles. When the scholars were able to read they were drafted off to the central school. Among the first thus promoted to a higher stage were Tiyo and two of his half brothers. Clad in sheepskin karosses, these three boys, in rain and sunshine, in summer and winter, marched daily to the Chumie. Tiyo is now under the training of his missionary. There was nothing during those early days to prognosticate his destiny as the first ordained preacher of his race. The instruction was elementary in the extreme. None would have asked which of the lads would become the representative man of his people? The teacher did not perplex himself with such problems. Some might call his labour drudgery; but it was honest work—it was God's work. Courage, brave workman! Tiyo Soga is one of these boys, and the time is coming when he will be the spiritual teacher and guide of his classmates! As the slender lad, in his meagre garb, stood daily before his instructor to repeat his task, this tenderest of men felt his large heart warming towards the Kafir boy. Discerning in Tiyo a nature capable of loftier and worthier pursuits than herding his father's goats and calves, Mr. Chalmers obtained the consent of his then Christian mother, who had severed the conjugal relationship with her husband, though

remaining at his kraal, to allow her boy to reside with him, and receive as a compensation for small services more substantial clothing. Thus did Tiyo gradually and imperceptibly drift away from the moorings which bound him to his father's kraal. In his teacher's house he received the hallowed influences of a Christian home. Thus early was the boy weaned from a barbarous life.

The Chumie was one of those choice scenes that "connect the landscape with the quiet of the sky." The peaceful spot was fitted to develop the reflective faculty of the soul. The gorgeous scenery around, with its ever-varying shades and lights, its cascades, its sequestered nooks, its rich foliage, its many-tinted flowers rich in perfume; with its bright blue skies and gorgeous moonlights; with its contrasts between civilization and barbarism, made indelible photographs of beauty on the mind to be recalled in after years when the world wore a sterner and more cruel aspect. *There* was the grand old mountain, with its deep and gloomy forest. *There* was a work of nature in its majestic playfulness, the tall indented rock crowning the lofty height; and, with the sunshine brightening it, and the clouds and glorified vapour clustering around, it would have stood well for the original of Hawthorne's "Great Stone-face." *There* were the sounding cataracts from the mountain springs, which became subdued into a "soft murmur" as they watered the plains below. *There* was the dense forest teeming with birds of every plumage that kept up a perpetual revelry of song. *There* were the numerous beasts of prey which had their lairs high up in the mountains. *There* was the large cave with fantastic drawings, which the self-taught bushmen have left behind as relics of their love of art, and which in times of war was a sure hiding

place. Nightly the hyena and the wolf howled and feasted on the flocks of the people. Not a year passed but we gazed with astonishment on the massive lifeless body of a wolf or tiger killed by the daring huntsman. *There* were the small but neat white-washed cottages which Brownlee, Thomson, Bennie, Ross, Chalmers, and Weir had assisted the natives to build. *There* were the fields and orchard tufts which in summer-time were "clad in one green hue." *There* was the mill which ground the wheat grown on the station, and the "mill-dam rushing down with noise." *There* was the octagon church at the top of a long avenue, with its clear-ringing bell summoning the worshippers to matins, and the avenue itself rang every day to the merry shout of children on passing to and from the school. Beside the church the crystal water from a mountain stream gurgled all the year long; around the church were the orchards belonging to the mission house, where the bee sipped the honey from the jasmine, the passion flower, and the honeysuckle; where the orange tree bore its golden fruits; where the banana spread out its broad, glossy leaves; where the almond tree flourished, and the grapes hung in heavy clusters from the vines.

The interior of the church on Sundays was inspiring. To a youth, some remarkable characters worshipped there. There was old *Jamba*, the whipper in, who on Saturdays mounted his favourite nag, "Centipede," and went forth to announce the day of rest to the villagers around, and who in church sang the loudest, the heartiest, and the most discordant. A bard was old Jamba, and there was no greater treat in church than to hear him engage in prayer, and go over one by one in striking similes the attributes of God. There was *Edward Irving*, tall, solemn-faced, clad in a suit of cast-off broadcloth, with

long staff in hand, marching with noiseless step up and down the aisles during service, the terror of every boy, and rousing all who were narcotized by the close atmosphere, or perhaps by the tones of the preacher's voice. There was old *Umbi*, the huntsman, who bore on his neck and head the marks of a fierce encounter with a tiger, and who, when called upon to lead the devotions at a prayer-meeting, invariably gave thanks for the goodness of the "grey heads" beyond the sea, who had sent teachers to reclaim the Kafir, although he was only a baboon vaulting from rock to rock. Though not a Darwinian in his professed faith, his face bore some slight resemblance to that of an ape. There was *Tamo*, the bee hunter, always alert to answer the mellow chirp of the honey-bird, which he followed through the tangled forest, and returned laden with a bag full of the choicest honey. There was *Leqe*, the leper, bearing the plague-spot on her sad face, but who, though she had lost some joints of her fingers and toes, was said to be cured by the skilful application of wolf's fat. There was *Mqata*, the sleeper, who no sooner sat himself down than he tickled the risible faculties of the boys by the loud respirations of his nasal organ, so that he had to be speedily roused and ejected from the church to prevent further annoyance. There was *Dukwana*, the printer, who, because he managed the small press, and printed the school books and the leaflet newspaper, entitled *The Morning Star*, from which we read of the truthfulness of George Washington, was looked up to as a very oracle. There was *Nolatsho*, the lunatic, who, as the moon became full-orbed, was wont to stand at the door of her hut the live-long night and gesticulate and spend her eloquence on the silent, shrinking, unresponsive stars. There was old *Fakella*, the cripple, who on all fours would

creep up the aisle, and perch herself in moody thought on the pulpit stairs. There was *Sufura*, the sightless, the merry-faced, who, as he sat in church, rolled his large glazed eyeballs and showed his white teeth, as if well pleased with the dense darkness which enveloped him. There was also the crowd of red-painted barbarians with fantastic head-gear, and invariably dressed as if for a dance, by command of Tyali, the chief, and who honoured the missionary more than the gospel he preached.

Such were some of the scenes which wrought on the youthful imagination of Tiyo, now drifting slowly away from heathen life. War has made a wilderness of that lovely spot. The mission station has passed into the hands of a European farmer. Although sold, and re-sold, and owned by men belonging to a race full of energy and industry, a melancholy stillness reigns where the sounds of active mission life were once heard. The only memorial, reminding the passer by that the Chumie was once a mission station, is a consecrated spot by the Gwali stream where numerous graves remain closed until the resurrection-morn. Around one grave is a stone wall, within which is a slate slab bearing the inscription that for twenty years the Rev. William Chalmers laboured here, and died in harness at the comparatively early age of forty-five years.

CHAPTER III.

LOVEDALE.

> "Now 'tis the spring, and weeds are shallow rooted;
> Suffer them now, and they'll o'ergrow the garden,
> And choke the herbs for want of husbandry.

About eight miles from Chumie was the Mission Station of Lovedale, with its Seminary, presided over by the Rev. William Govan, who was then laying the foundation of one of the most important institutions for the education of Kafir youths of both sexes. When this Seminary was instituted, youths from other denominations than the Free Church were admitted on paying a small fee (£12 per annum) for board and education. Few sought admission on these terms, and as the Free Church Mission, to which the Seminary belonged, supplied very few candidates, the number of native pupils was limited. Mr. Govan was greatly discouraged, and early in 1844 he proposed to his brethren in the mission that they should offer to receive two pupils from other denominations *free of charge*. This proposal was heartily adopted, and intimation was made at the stations of what is now the United Presbyterian Mission, and at those of the London Missionary Society, inviting candidates to appear at Lovedale on a certain day, and that the two who stood highest in the competitive examination would be

admitted. In compliance with this request, Mr. Chalmers sent two of his scholars as competitors. Tiyo was by no means the most advanced pupil in his school; but he was a great favourite because of his truthfulness, meekness, and patience. His missionary, however, resolved that there should be no favouritism. He therefore fixed a day for the examination of the lads in his school to ascertain which of them should be sent as a candidate to Lovedale. From an answer given by Tiyo, the whole current of his after life was changed. "Which is the greatest work of God?" asked the missionary at these Kafir boys. Each in his turn answered, "The work of creation." When Tiyo's turn came, he replied, "The salvation of mankind, because it shows God's love." That answer decided the missionary's choice. The boy had begun to think. His answer was not a random reply. He annexed a reason to his answer, and must therefore be encouraged. As Tiyo himself told the story, his teacher was unable to suppress his joy, and clapped his hands, shouting, to the amazement of his pupils, "Well done, well done, Tiyo!"

In July, 1844, Mr. Chalmers took Tiyo and a lad much his superior, *Ngxomboti*, to compete for the free scholarships at Lovedale. It seemed as if Tiyo was doomed to disappointment, for a very bright lad had been brought by the Rev. Henry Calderwood. Tiyo was the youngest, and had received the fewest advantages of all the competitors. He cast his large mild eye on his august examiners, wondering what the result would be, and very doubtful of his own success. As the examination proceeded, he was lost in a maze of confusion, and hardly understood what he said or did. The whole scene was new to him. The class-room seemed a prison. Among the various exercises prescribed to him was a simple question in subtraction.

With slate in hand he gazed in blank dismay, for several minutes, at the two rows of figures. The Rev. James Laing, full of fatherly sympathy for the intelligent and timid boy, and wishing to extricate him from the difficulty, volunteered help by a suggestion. "Take away the lower line from the upper," said the reverend examiner. Tiyo's face brightened, and eagerly grasping at the suggestion, he gave to the words a literal meaning, and quickly wetting the thumb of his right hand, obliterated with one stroke of his finger the formidable *lower* line of figures, which had stood on the slate like the second column of a regiment of soldiers. This act sealed his fate. He must return to the Chumie, and narrate with shame the story of his failure. Of the two successful candidates, the one from the Chumie, a few years afterwards, gave himself up to a life of crime. He was neither truthful nor honest, and soon these vices asserted their supremacy, and perverted the talents committed to his keeping. The other, from Mr. Calderwood's station, proved the most brilliant native pupil under Mr. Govan's tuition; but he became a favourite with fast men of another colour, who led him into devious paths, and but a few years ago he died a peaceful death, after having led the prodigal's life. Tiyo would have been lost to his country, and to the mission field had that examination decided his future life; but

> "There's a Divinity that shapes our ends,
> Rough hew them how we will."

Convinced that his favourite pupil was a lad of good character and promise, and morally far superior to those who had surpassed him, Mr. Chalmers arranged for Tiyo's education. Mr. Govan cordially accepted the charge, as Mr. Chalmers had spoken in the very highest terms of his

superior moral character. Thus Tiyo was admitted into the Lovedale Seminary, and it was a new era in his hitherto uneventful life.

"One might be led to infer," says the Rev. Bryce Ross, an eye-witness of Tiyo's defeat, "that Tiyo's failure was owing to inferiority in mental ability. As I was present at the examination, and also taught these youths whilst they were in the Lovedale Seminary, I can without the slightest hesitation state that the failure was not in the least owing to inferiority of intellect, but solely to Tiyo's not having enjoyed as great advantages at school previous to the examination. I hold decidedly that Tiyo was an apt scholar, that his powers were of a high order, that he had a well-balanced mind, and that he was possessed of popular gifts in an eminent degree. I differ from those who think that his future success was owing to his painstaking, which had to overcome a natural dulness. Nothing of the sort. But while I hold that his intellectual powers were of a high order, I hold also that his success is to be ascribed to a beautiful harmony between these and his moral qualities. I wish much his young countrymen could see this. While many of them have his natural abilities but not his opportunities, there are not a few who have both the gifts and the opportunities, and fail because they will not use them aright. Some do not make the needed exertion, on account of that false humility which takes for granted that the black man cannot do what the white man can. Others, again, are prevented from improving by that conceit and pride which assume that any acquirements of theirs are nonpareil as far as other natives are concerned. Tiyo was docile. He was never prevented from employing aright the powers which God had given him,

and from making profitable use of the opportunities occurring in providence for the improvement of himself and others, either by the false humility that assumed that because he was a Kafir he could not act as an Englishman, or by the self-destroying pride that would make him think he was a monarch among natives. Whatever was right he attempted, because it was right he should attempt it. I well remember a conversation I had with the late Dr. Nathanael Paterson, of Glasgow, upon such subjects. He asked me particularly what effect Tiyo's being singled out, and being so highly privileged, had on him. He told me that a native of the West Coast of Africa, who attended the Normal Seminary along with Tiyo, after promising well, had fallen by becoming *top-heavy;* and he added that was generally the case with those youths who were treated in such a manner. I assured him that such was not the case with Tiyo. 'Then,' said the doctor, 'there is good hope of him.' Moreover, Tiyo himself told me, after he came out as a missionary, that what greatly encouraged him when at college, was his fellow-students telling him that they had hope of him, as he was not puffed up with conceit. I therefore attach the greatest importance to this quality of docility in Tiyo, while I do not undervalue other qualities which contributed to his success, such as his early piety, his deep-rooted patriotism and his philanthropy. He was possessed in an eminent degree of the docility of such men as Nathanael and Timothy, without which, supposing he had the other qualifications, he would not in the circumstances have succeeded as he did."

The discerning eye of his missionary early perceived in Soga's son those attributes of mind which alone make a true man. When found wanting at a public examination,

his patron refuses to take him back to the Chumie, but gives him a chance in life by handing him over to a man in every way capable of developing the latent moral and intellectual energies of the boy; and soon his instructors discovered why Mr. Chalmers had adopted a new method of securing his protege's entrance into the Lovedale Seminary.

Now began the struggle. Away from the scene of his childhood, with its demoralizing sights and sounds; severed from his missionary, who had given him the start in life: pressed onwards by a public act which proved that his missionary, beyond all others, was hopeful; at an academy where the various races, white, black, and copper-coloured, so far as receiving instruction was concerned, met on common ground, and where a rare spirit of rivalry prevailed; standing the lowest in his class, with the sting of his failure wounding him the more when he thought of it, and yet withal secretly and mercilessly impelling him, he girded himself for his work. Urged by the ambition of the earnest schoolboy, he crept up slowly but firmly, and soon he was alongside of his victor, Nyoka, from Mr. Calderwood's, and at last he was dux in all his classes save one, and only second in arithmetic.

One of the text-books of the Institution was the Scottish Assembly's Shorter Catechism—a book which most Scotchmen venerate next to the Bible itself. It is told that on a Saturday morning, when the boys repeated memoriter the portion they had mandated, how Nyoka and Tiyo would repeat one-half of the book in English, proofs included, without a single mistake or pause, and how Nyoka, fretting against the dull boys who had not accomplished a similar feat of memory, would give vent to his eagerness in a flood of tears, whilst Tiyo, calm, but quite as eager,

reserved his tears for fitter occasions. "He showed," says Mr. Bryce Ross, "at that early age that sensitiveness which some think he obtained from education or civilization, but which I have every reason to believe was natural to him, and which was one of the causes of his early removal. Shortly after they came to the Seminary, Ngxomboti represented Tiyo to some of his school-fellows as having been disobedient and ungrateful to Mr. Chalmers whilst living in his house. I well remember the keenness with which poor Tiyo felt this, and did not rest satisfied until Ngxomboti was brought to order by some of the oldest pupils. The subsequent career of these lads showed that Tiyo, and not Ngxomboti, was the one to be believed in this matter."

Tiyo is now in a new sphere, and is thrown among his equals and superiors—an education of itself, if a youth is willing to learn. He is abroad in the world, where he must either advance or sink never to rise again. There are boys with whom he struggles every day to keep his place in the class. The slander is whispered by the lad who feels that his inferior is gradually surpassing him, and tries to check his further progress by injuring him in the estimation of his fellows. But as there are honourable boys, always ready to defend the weak and maintain the right, Tiyo, writhing under an injury false and cruel, throws himself upon them, and they nobly vindicate his character.

It is a noticeable fact that of Tiyo's schoolmates at Lovedale five entered the ministry, whilst two others, after venturing half way, turned to political and civilian life. This, perhaps, was owing to that Saturday exercise which made the teaching partake of a theological character. Whatever the reason was, whether the home training at

the mission settlements, or the natural bent of their own inclinations, or an earnest desire to engage on a work which demands the noblest self-sacrifice, it is an undoubted fact that, although Kafirland has become more densely populated by Europeans, and the Lovedale Seminary has risen to something more than a local fame, it has not again sent forth so many preachers of the gospel, who were classmates, as it did in Tiyo's school-days.

CHAPTER IV.

"THE WAR OF THE AXE."—1846.

> "War is in those who draw the offensive blade
> For added power and gain, sordid and despicable
> As meanest office of the worldly churl."

WHILST Tiyo was pursuing his studies at the Lovedale Seminary, a cloud like a man's hand was rising over the political horizon, and gathering strength as each day passed, until it hung like a funeral pall over the whole eastern frontier of the Cape Colony, ready to burst in all its force and fury whenever its massive folds were touched. The Colonists had been tried beyond endurance by excessive and oft-repeated depredations made on their flocks and herds, and were eager to be revenged upon the native races for their thieving propensities. On the other hand, the Kafirs fretted and fumed at seeing the country of their forefathers gradually passing into the possession of the conquering race. The boundary line was a source of perpetual irritation between the two races. The Kafir watched for a fitting opportunity to measure his strength with the Englishman, and hoped to drive his enemy to the dark depths of the deep blue sea. There was soon an opportunity for an open rupture. In the month of March of the notable 1846, a Kafir of Tolas' tribe, in an evil hour, stole an axe whilst lounging at one of the trading houses at Fort Beaufort, a military settlement, where Makoma the chief, neglecting the interests of his people at his own

kraal, became a frequenter of the canteens. Instead of watching over his tribe and endeavouring to elevate them, he was gradually acquiring dissipated habits, and was daily assisted home to his village in a state of helpless inebriety. The thief of the axe was apprehended, and the authorities resolved to send him to trial at Grahamstown. According to the treaties between the Colonial Government and the Kafirs, if any colonist was found stealing within Kafirland he was to be tried according to Kafir law; and if any Kafir was found committing the same offence within the Colony, he was to be tried according to Colonial law. On the 16th of March, therefore, the Justice of Peace at Fort Beaufort placed four prisoners committed for trial in the custody of four armed Hottentots to escort them to Grahamstown. Amongst the prisoners was the axe-stealer, whose liberation his chief had previously solicited from the Fort Beaufort authorities, but without success. The party in charge of the prisoners had not gone far on the Grahamstown route when they were attacked by a troop of armed Kafirs, who rescued the culprit and murdered the unfortunate prisoner to whom he was manacled. The escort, when attacked, fired upon the Kafirs, killed the prisoner's brother on the spot, and seriously wounded another. As soon as the tidings reached the ears of the Lieutenant-Governor he made a demand upon the chiefs for the surrender of the rescued prisoners, and of all the perpetrators of this outrage. Sandilli, the paramount Gaika chief, replied that he did not understand that any treaties in existence required that a person stealing so small a thing as an axe should be sent to Grahamstown; that he considered imprisonment at Fort Beaufort a sufficient punishment for so trifling an offence, and that the treaty only referred to the theft of horses and cattle.

Moreover, said Sandilli, one man has been murdered on each side; and as the Government is weeping for its man and the Kafirs for their man, the matter should end there. When this demand was obstinately refused by the chiefs, the Lieutenant-Governor at once sounded the tocsin of war, and issued the following order to the Diplomatic Agent, C. L. Stretch, Esq., for an immediate flight into the Colony of all Europeans resident in Kafirland:—

"GRAHAMSTOWN, *21st March, 1846.*

"SIR,—I am directed by the Lieutenant-Governor to desire that you will take instant steps for acquainting the missionaries and traders in Kafirland with the state of matters, and of the intention of the Government, in order to their moving into the Colony as soon as possible.

"(Signed) H. HUDSON, *Acting Secretary.*"

Disastrous were the effects which followed the theft of that hatchet! How great a fire does a small spark kindle! Surely as the world grows older, men will become wiser. What butchery of human life followed the petty theft! What a waste of British money! What taxation of the British purse! What nameless, indescribable horrors followed! What household joys were shattered! What sacred family relationships were severed! What happy homes were broken up, only the suffering survivors of these disasters can most faintly describe! The march of civilization was checked; the agriculturist was ruthlessly driven from his farm and homestead, the missionary from his church and station, and the trader from his merchandise. The war cry of the Kafir and the bugle of the British soldier rang and echoed throughout the grand forest-clad mountains of the Amatole, whilst the civilized

and the barbarian madly shed each other's blood. The command of the Saviour to go forth and preach the gospel was arrested so far as concerned the Kafir nation. Anxiety and danger and carnage prevailed. Surely in all this there is something sadly amiss which will be "unriddled by and bye."

As a result of the above order the Lovedale Institution was broken up, the pupils were dispersed, and the missionaries of the Scotch Societies abandoning their peaceful homes, hallowed by many sacred associations, fled with their families for protection to Fort Armstrong, on the Kat River. These men of peace suffered the greatest privations, and lost their little all. Amongst the refugees at the Kat River were Tiyo and his mother. Tiyo was severed from his class-mates, never again to sit with them on the same benches. Whilst men, women, and children were fast dying from hunger, the assegay, the rifle, and the cannon ball, Tiyo found stealthy opportunities for pursuing his studies. He passed a part of the long dreary evenings over his school books, and without means to purchase even a taper. His mother daily collected and prepared sneezewood splinters for a fire on the long winter evenings, so that her boy might see to read his books. As Tiyo sat, night after night, with book in hand by the blazing firelight, reading to himself, his untutored mother watched over him, and wondered what attraction these pages had, that he should be so assiduous in his perusal of them. Whilst she could not foresee the future of her son, she ceased not, amid the turmoils and sorrows of war, to commend him to the gracious keeping of the Prince of Peace, who makes the wrath of man praise Him.

One of the disastrous consequences of the theft of the axe was the total destruction of the Chumie Mission

Station. The church and mission-house, with the large and valuable library of the missionary, were reduced to ashes. The types of the printing-press were converted into bullets, and pages of the sacred books into wadding, for the guns of the Dutch Boers. When Mr. Chalmers returned to the Chumie from Fort Armstrong, he found the once beautiful station a heap of ruins. One of the last records of his life, written amid the solitude and desolation, is as follows:—"I write amidst the ruins of Chumie. Everything is burned. Even the fruit-trees have not escaped the devouring element. The most severe trial to me, and that which I feel most, is the burning of the pretty church. On the blackened walls of that church, within which formerly the barbarians so often congregated with us, and where so frequently the songs of Zion were sung, may now be inscribed, 'Ichabod,' the glory is departed. Ah! I cannot but feel sore, very sore here; and I often feel as if it were too much for me to bear. It was the delight of my eye, and the rejoicing of my heart during my missionary pilgrimage; and as I look on its ruined walls and behold all the desolation around, I do feel as if my work has been accomplished, and my warfare ended."

It is worthy of record that amid all the conflagration and carnage, the native Christians were loyal to the British Government. "The orderly, quiet conduct of these people," wrote Captain Sutton to their missionary, "in camp, and their readiness to meet the enemy in defence of this settlement, wherever they had an opportunity of doing so, cannot be too highly spoken of."

The step taken by Mr. Govan to place the Lovedale Seminary on a broader basis, and give it less of a sectarian character, by admitting pupils from other missions (some

of whom were to be free of charge), when reported to the Foreign Missions Committee of the Free Church, called forth their strong disapproval. The dissatisfaction sorely wounded Mr. Govan, and all the more that the support of the Institution entailed very little expense on the Home Church by its doors being thrown open to pupils from other missions. He therefore offered to resign as soon as the Committee could obtain a successor. In those days correspondence with Scotland was tardy. "The War of the Axe" was raging; Lovedale was closed; Mr. Govan was on the homeward route ere he received a reply to his letter of resignation. It is not for the purpose of reviewing the controversy betwixt Mr. Govan and the Foreign Mission Committee that this statement is made, but simply to show that Mr. Govan's resignation was the stepping-stone by which Tiyo entered upon a still more advanced education. As Tiyo had made great progress in his studies, Mr. Govan, with the consent of his brethren, resolved to take him to Scotland. It was not to lionize the Kafir boy and make him an object of curiosity; nor was it to exhibit him on platforms at annual congregational meetings, and make him repeat Kafir hymns, or sing them to audiences tickled by the unmusical and barbarous clicks of the Isixosa; nor was it to make himself stared at, as he walked the streets of large cities followed by a black page. Mr. Govan was not the man to pander to such sensationalism. He would not inflate Tiyo with conceit, or make use of him to open the purse-strings of people who would not support missions to the heathen on their own merits, but must have such exhibitions as that of a living chief or the son of a veritable Kafir councillor to evoke their sympathies. It was to give Tiyo the advantages of a Scotch education, and in the hope

that he would ultimately be a benefactor to his country. It was a great venture *thus* to test the capacity of the Kafir mind.

When the homeless missionaries in their hiding-place at Fort Armstrong unanimously resolved that Tiyo should accompany Mr. Govan to Scotland, the Rev. James Laing was deputed to ask his mother's consent. When he broke the intelligence, she promptly and simply replied, "My son is the property of God; wherever he goes, God goes with him: he is the property of God's servants, wherever they lead he must follow. If my son is willing to go I make no objection, for no harm can befall him even across the sea; he is as much in God's keeping *there* as near to me." That is self-sacrifice of the noblest stamp, and is now published to the world for the first time. Such was the utterance of a Christian *Kafir* woman, a refugee moreover whose husband and friends were at that very time armed to the teeth fighting their country's battles. History furnishes a long list of such mothers, from Hannah of Hebrew history downwards, who have bequeathed rich legacies to the world by their self-abnegation; and now to the honoured list is added the daughter of a barbarian. The world is all the better for such mothers. This proposal seemed an answer to Nosutu's silent prayers for her son as she kindled the fire at night, and sat there a weird figure gazing with motherly fondness at her boy seated or stretched out on the clay floor of the hut, with open book in hand. Such was *her* answer, but she laid the responsibility of the final reply on her boy. He had been a silent listener to the conversation, and must now decide. He consents without hesitation or reluctance. What bright hopes now fill his soul! Farewell to war and bloodshed; to sneezewood fires and smoky huts! He is now to see

for himself that wonderful world across the sea where the good men and women live who had sent to his people the glorious gospel. As his fellow-travellers had already started in a bullock waggon from Fort Armstrong, he had only time to exchange a few words of farewell with his mother and sisters, give each of them a handkerchief as a token of remembrance, and gather together his scanty articles of raiment, that he might overtake those already on the march. Twice he had been disappointed. He journeyed from Chumie to Lovedale to compete for a free scholarship and was rejected; when enrolled as a pupil at the Institution and making satisfactory progress, war put an end to his studies in Lovedale. He now walked by the side of the waggon, bound for the seaport town of Port Elizabeth, and occasionally relieved one of the escort by carrying his weapons of war. He had left his father engaged in battle, and his mother a solitary refugee at Fort Armstrong, clinging to her teachers and her God, and his countrymen lying in ambush amongst the fastnesses of the Amatole mountains, or occasionally joining in mortal combat with the colonists and British soldiers. His heart was full of youthful enthusiasm at the prospect of seeing new countries and their people. He had also the desire to learn more than could be taught him amid the turmoil and alarms of warfare. As a settled purpose for life is dimly shaping itself in his boyish mind, let us hope that his pursuit of knowledge under difficulties is at an end, and that away from the storms and billows, he may henceforth sail on smooth seas.

As one looks at all the obstacles which beset his early career, and how he was carried through them all, the conviction is irresistible that he has a mission to perform, a destiny to fulfil, and that these very difficulties shall

exert a salutary influence on his character, and teach him to value his increased privileges. The wide world over, God's great ones have had to contend against many adverse influences in their upward career. But as surely as the sun battles with the mists and clouds on the eastern horizon until it gains the supremacy, so surely does the man, destined to be the leader of others, meet and overcome obstacles and difficulties until he rises to his own place and power, and receives from his fellow-men the homage which he richly deserves.

CHAPTER V.

TIYO'S FIRST VISIT TO SCOTLAND.

"Farewell my home, my home no longer now,
And thou, fair eminence, upon whose brow
Dwells the last sunshine of the evening ray,
Farewell! Mine eyes no longer shall pursue
The westering sun beyond the utmost height,
When slowly he forsakes the fields of light.
Farewell my home, where many a day has past
In joys whose loved remembrance long shall last."

At Mr. Govan's suggestion, yet with the full approval of his brother missionaries, Tiyo accompanied his teacher to Scotland. Amongst his fellow-voyagers were the two sons of the Rev. John Ross, of Pirie, who are now actively and honourably engaged in mission work among the natives of South Africa, and the late W. R. Thomson, M.L.A., on his way home to prepare himself for the ministry in the Dutch Reformed Church. After several years of study at the Universities in Glasgow, Edinburgh, and Holland, Mr. Thomson turned aside to a literary and political life.

Mr. Govan and his party, after many detentions by the way, sailed from Port Elizabeth in July, 1846. "Bating a storm or two," says the Rev. Bryce Ross, "everything went on quietly on board, and a good deal of our time was passed in preparing our lessons for Mr. Govan. We youngsters, born in Africa, kept closely together. On board was a young Irish gentleman of the name of P——, who had left Ireland in a pet about eleven months before, and

was now returning from Kaffraria greatly disappointed. He narrated many daring exploits, in which he invariably bore a very prominent part. One day he told us that Sir Andreas Stockenstrom's party, of which he was an important member, had an engagement with a formidable Kafir company, which they completely routed and hotly pursued, and that in the flight many Kafirs were killed. Of course P—— knocked over a good number. At this stage Tiyo, who had intently listened to the tale of the dreadful destruction of his countrymen, asked P—— whether the victors were on foot or on horseback when they pursued and killed the Kafirs. P—— foolishly replied, 'We were on foot.' 'Then,' said Tiyo, 'not a Kafir did you kill!' P—— immediately shambled off as fast as his poor legs could carry him, and never again astonished us with his deeds of valour on the battle-field."

The mission party reached London on a Saturday afternoon. "Early on the Sabbath morning," says Richard Ross, "Tiyo entered the bedroom occupied by Bryce, William Thomson, and myself, carrying some large pieces of gingerbread, and with a face beaming with delight, said he had brought us something to 'wash out the sea.' We asked how he became possessed of it, when he replied that he had got it from two young men living at the hotel, who had purchased it on the street. On expressing our doubt and amazement at such traffic on the Sabbath, he promptly replied, 'There is no such thing as a Sabbath day here.' On the Tuesday Mr. Govan took us to see St. Paul's Cathedral, when Tiyo stood for a considerable time quite transfixed, and gazing up earnestly at the dome, he exclaimed, 'Did man make this?'"

These South African youths went to Scotland about the beginning of October. We cannot tell what Tiyo's first

impressions were as scenes wonderful and novel crowded in upon his rustic mind. He was a keen observer, and with his fellow-travellers felt quite at home. Only once he seemed to be afraid, on being suddenly whirled into the darkness of a railway tunnel, when he shouted: "Into what country are we being taken now?"

Towards the close of the year, Mr. Govan was inducted into the Free Church at Inchinnan, and taking his protegé with him, the late and lamented John Henderson, Esquire, of Park, not only reimbursed Mr. Govan all Tiyo's expenses to Scotland, but also offered to support and educate him. Tiyo was accordingly sent first to the school at Inchinnan, and afterwards to the Glasgow Free Church Normal Seminary, where he remained until the year 1848.

Whilst at school in Glasgow he seems to have mingled freely in the sports of his classmates. A severe loss which he sustained at that time taught him the lesson that others, as well as his own countrymen, were afflicted with *kleptomania*. Some Cape Colonists seem to think that residents at mission stations, who enjoy so many precious privileges and make a profession of the Christian religion, should be entirely free from vice and crime, and should manifest a degree of excellence even greater than that of their European neighbours. So judged our inexperienced Kafir youth from the books he had read, and the Christian efforts he had witnessed for the moral and spiritual elevation of his countrymen. He rushed to the conclusion that every citizen of Glasgow was pre-eminently good, and free from every form of evil. As he threw himself heart and soul into the joyous pastimes of his school-fellows, he one day placed his satchel and all his school books on the door-step of a house facing one of the public streets of that city

whose motto is, "Let Glasgow flourish by the preaching of the Word." When the sports were over, his books had disappeared.

Whilst a pupil at the Normal Seminary, the John Street United Presbyterian Church, Glasgow, with the full concurrence of Mr. Henderson, adopted Tiyo, with a view to his education as a missionary. He then met for the first time *the one* man who was thereafter more than a father, the late Dr. William Anderson. Tiyo has photographed this important event of his life in a letter to John Street Church on the occasion of the jubilee of that "chivalrous child of genius," and it has been already given to the world by George Gilfillan in his biography of Dr. Anderson:— "It is now twenty-three years since I came into contact with the doctor, on a Sunday evening in Shuttle Street Sunday School, in connection with Greyfriars United Presbyterian Church, Glasgow. That evening Dr. Anderson took possession of my soul and feelings. It was not by anything he said that he impressed me as he addressed the scholars of the Sabbath School. At that time I but imperfectly understood the English language. It was his exceeding *fellow-feeling* towards a strange boy that won my heart."

There is nothing special to record concerning the school life of the Kafir youth. He was solitary amid the perils of a great city. His school-fellows are now so scattered, that few are found to tell how the sable African performed his daily tasks, what progress he made in his studies, and how he comported himself in the class-rooms and on the play-ground. Whilst a stranger, he was not alone, as the all-seeing eye of the Great Unseen, whose dwelling-place is wherever His creatures are, watched over Tiyo, and guided him past the pitfalls in which countless rustic

lads are ruined. He was shielded from temptation by a power higher than his own. Though far removed from the hallowing influences of the mission where he found shelter on leaving the kraal of his infancy, and though a daily spectator of iniquity on the streets of Glasgow which might make the very angels weep, he was protected from vice by the everlasting Father who keeps ward and watch over the most helpless of His children. During this, his first sojourn in Scotland, the seeds of Divine truth, sown in his heart in his own country, germinated, struck deep root, and burst forth and budded. The promptings of the Spirit within him led him to make an open profession of the Christian religion, and publicly to avow his faith in the Living Saviour. As a stranger in a strange land, he renounced all faith in the superstitious beliefs of his forefathers, severed the links which bound him to heathenism, and received the seal of adoption into the family of Christ, by being publicly baptized by Dr. Anderson in John Street Church on the 7th May, 1848. It was a soul-inspiring scene. Dr. Anderson's large heart was stirred to its very depths. The subject of his discourse on that occasion was the story of the Ethiopian eunuch, and one picture given that day is indelible. The famous preacher prefaced his sermon by reading the eighth chapter of the Acts of the Apostles, descriptive of Philip's interview with the Ethiopian. When he came to verse 38, and read the words, "and they went down both into the water," he suddenly paused and looked up, his bright eye flashing, and as if answering some opponent with whom he was engaged in hot yet friendly argument, he shouted, "I grant that they went ankle deep, but I grant no more," and then proceeded with a sort of satisfaction, as if he had relieved himself of a burden.

In a far-off country Tiyo felt a homelessness deeper than that which made him yearn for the free air of his native hills, and bethought himself of his Father and our Father, and rose up and made the confession, "I have sinned!" His resolve was genuine, heartfelt, true; he never swerved from it, and was consistent throughout; and as if to illustrate the parable of our Saviour, when in after years the ring and the robe and the shoes became his, and his also the banquet and the father's smile, there were elder brothers not a few, of another and more privileged race, who got angry, and grudged him the place of honour and the happiness vouchsafed to a Kafir. Though somewhat in anticipation of the narrative, we now introduce the following reminiscences by the Rev. George Brown, with whom Tiyo returned to South Africa:—

"My acquaintance with Tiyo," writes Mr. Brown, "commenced in the year 1848. He was then a boy, attending school in Glasgow. The unassuming modesty of his disposition was his prominent characteristic. I am not aware of the reasons why it was resolved to send Tiyo back to Kafirland when he had received only an elementary education. In Tiyo himself a feeling of *home-longing* had become very discernible. He seemed to think me tardy in completing arrangements for leaving Scotland.

"We left Glasgow by the express train to London on Tuesday, 24th October, 1848. A goodly company on the platform of the Caledonian Railway Station bade us good by. Of all, there is none more fondly remembered, or a more deeply interested friend in the Kafir mission than Dr. Struthers, who with great warmth gave us his parting blessing. As Moderator of Synod, he had handed me the usual official certification of my position, in which he describes 'Tiyo Soga as a Christian native youth,' and

commends us together to God and the work of His grace, and to the respect and kind offices of all who love the Lord Jesus Christ everywhere. When we reached Carlisle Tiyo looked at me and said, 'We are already far from home.' The Christian kindness of friends in and around Glasgow had not failed to impress his sensitive heart.

"We were on board the barque *Jane* from 28th October, 1848, to 31st January, 1849, on which day we landed at Port Elizabeth. There were no Donald Curries to send *Windsor Castles* into South African waters in those days.

"On arriving at the Chumie Station I began my work among the natives, with Tiyo as my interpreter. All competent judges declared that he rendered my language with wonderful accuracy and force into the Isixosa. So long as Tiyo was with me, I directed his education with a view to his rising to a position of great responsibility and usefulness. In addition to the more formal text-book, or school education, he studied very carefully with me that heart-searching book, 'Edwards on the Religious Affections.' Tiyo had an outfit of comfortable clothing quite equal to my own; but ere he had been a year here his friends received it all. The very last time that he rode out with me, to make him at least respectable, I had to furnish him out of my own wardrobe. I have seen one of his brothers ploughing with Tiyo's *bran* new black coat as his only article of clothing. It was the same with his money.

"I cannot personally speak of Tiyo in his maturity, when his education was more complete, and his character formed; but from the universal respect in which he was held, he must have improved his precious opportunities. For none other of his race had more been done, and we all rejoice in what Tiyo became and did."

Tiyo's sojourn in Scotland came to a close in the end of the year 1848; and from official records of the United Presbyterian Church we learn that he returned to South Africa as a catechist, at a salary of £25 a year, which the John Street Juvenile Missionary Society most heartily contributed. He arrived at the Chumie in February, 1849, to mourn over the changes which the past years had wrought. One thing, however, had survived the devastations of war and bloodshed, which was the imperishable gospel preached to his countrymen. Although the Chumie church had been reduced to ashes during the war, and the missionary he loved so well had rested from his labours, a new pastor, the Rev. John Cumming, rallied the scattered flock, and was abundant in labours, with all the zeal and energy of a man in the fulness of his strength. For six months Tiyo used all diligence in his work—now as an evangelist, then as a local catechist, and again as an interpreter—chiefly around the Chumie, and occasionally at Igqibigha. He had ample opportunities of pleading with his countrymen to renounce heathenism and aim at the higher life. His own example was a testimony to the truth and power of the gospel. Young and inexperienced though he was, he was possessed of a higher wisdom than the veteran councillors of his tribe could claim. He was now not only a Christian in name, but strove by God's grace to lead a Christian life. The step he had taken made him so far lose caste among his countrymen, and forfeit all his hereditary rights. But he had seen a way by which his countrymen, dead to purity and holiness, might rise to higher things, and ventured fearlessly to repeat the one sharp, short, ringing word which in all ages has preceded any great spiritual change. "*Repent*" was the message he delivered to old

warriors famous in battle; to beardless youths, whose highest ambition was to be signalized by deeds of bravery in mortal conflict with British soldiers; and to his own kinsmen, who saw in him only a well-clad youth, in receipt of a salary for his services. "*Repent*" was the one cry he uttered, and in his youthful ardour he hoped to elevate his own Gaika tribe. But the call to such a reformation was disregarded by the people; the gospel of peace was to them a thing which they had no desire to embrace. Their thoughts were still brooding in discontent over the encroachments made upon their country; and they wished to regain their lost pastures, where the cattle of the white man now browsed and fattened. Tiyo had much to tell them of the scenes he had witnessed across the sea,—of the greatness of the English nation, of the marvels of civilization, of the schools of learning, of the vast emporiums of wealth, of the restless industry, and of the rapid modes of travel. But whilst he eagerly tried to awaken in his countrymen a consciousness of their degradation, and a desire for the arts of civilization, he seemed to them as a mere dreamer, because he did not tell them how to recover their pasture lands. The callousness and cupidity of his immediate relatives, and the stolid indifference of his tribe were enough to damp the enthusiasm of any youthful spirit; but Tiyo did his work with such zeal and conscientiousness that the missionaries spoke of him as one who, if judiciously trained, would leave his mark upon his country. Even at that time, in his youthful zeal to preach the gospel, he proved himself a willing workman, and well entitled to a liberal education, so that he might afterwards take his place on the same platform with men of refinement and culture.

CHAPTER VI.

"THE WAR OF MLANJENI."—1850.

"Falsehood is never so successful as when she baits her hook with Truth."

WHILST Tiyo's message fell powerless on the listless ears of the masses, there was another youth of the same age, Mlanjeni by name, belonging to the Ndlambe tribe, who was fast earning a reputation for himself, and who ultimately became so famous among his countrymen that his name was repeated in every Kafir hut with mingled feelings of fear and reverence. He professed great antagonism to witchcraft, and gave out that if any one approached him who was intimately connected with the occult art, and had in any way bewitched another, or was capable of doing so, he had the power of not only proving the fact, but of rendering the sorcerer a helpless cripple for life. Accordingly two poles were fixed near Mlanjeni's hut, and if any one, charged with sorcery by his friends, came to ask if he was a witch, he was made to walk towards these poles in the presence of an assembled multitude. If innocent, nothing occurred; but if guilty, Mlanjeni instantly swooned, lost all power over his limbs, and continued for some time in a trance. The paralysis of Mlanjeni was the signal for the people to arise and drive off the witch amid great shoutings of "Bolowane."

The Kafir race eagerly grasped the delusion that the cause of disease and death, which they uniformly ascribe to sorcery, would be openly revealed; that the secret of

immortality in this world would be discovered; and they hoped that those persons who were destroying their nation, on being unmasked by this wonder-worker, would be easily disposed of by being plunged into the sea, and that when all the destroyers were destroyed, disease and death would disappear. As these tidings were repeated, each added to the marvellous power of this impostor, until at length it was published far and near that Mlanjeni was a man of supernatural power—that he lighted his pipe from the sun, and was able to heal the sick, to give sight to the blind, to make the dumb speak and the lame walk.

Here was one of their own people, nearer and more wonderful than the One of whom Tiyo the missionary spoke, and therefore there seemed no call to place their trust in the unseen. Restless excitement spread among the people. Having craftily gained the willing ear of his countrymen, he issued orders that all dun and cream-coloured cattle possessed by Kafirs should instantly be killed. The command was "Sacrifice!" The Kafir race took this as a signal for doing sacrifice to their great deliverer, and forthwith throughout the length and breadth of Kafirdom, except at mission stations, the offal and the bones of that class of kine were burned within every heathen kraal, and the smoke thereof was regarded as grateful incense to the wonder-worker.

The plotters of mischief, desirous of turning Mlanjeni's influence to political account, declared that he had yet another power, which would speedily save his countrymen from being British subjects, regain for his chiefs their lost country, fill the guns and the cannons of the white man with water, and make every one of his countrymen invulnerable. The tremulous wave of an earthquake throughout the Cape Colony, and the wreck of several

ships at Port Elizabeth, were noised abroad as the sure signs of Mlanjeni's marvellous intercourse with the spirit world and the unlimited range of his power. He was the man of the hour, the deliverer for whom they had yearned so long; and although a weak, sickly lad, the wonderful descriptions of his omnipotence made the nation look towards him as its saviour.

Since the war of 1846, the thought of lost territory rankled in the heart of every Gaika; the insinuation that the appointment of Mr. Charles Brownlee as Gaika Commissioner was the virtual deposition of Sandilli, who was acknowledged as their head by the Gaikas; the complaint that a portion of land had been appropriated after the last war to which the English had no right; the planting of four military villages in the Chumie basin, near the banks of the river, which were designed as a defence of the frontier, on a tract of land which they maintained had been taken from them by spoliation; the frequent impounding of their cattle for crossing the Chumie river,—all these were latent causes tending towards another outbreak. Accordingly Sandilli in disguise betook himself to the village of this youth, not only to consult the oracle, but to render sacrifice to him and to yield him willing homage as the destined restorer of his chieftainship and country. So secretly and stealthily did the influence of this impostor grow, that it had assumed serious dimensions ere the Government officials were aware of the mischief at work. Mlanjeni now openly avowed himself an *Itola*, viz., able to charm the warriors, and make them invulnerable on the field of battle. He therefore ordered every man who desired strength of limb and success in war to offer sacrifice. He distributed twigs from the plumbago plant, to be worn round the neck, and gave

each warrior a small stick to carry bound up with his assegays, which, in the event of a war, he was instructed to point towards the enemy and invoke the name of Mlanjeni, when the white men would flee in terror, and be drowned in the sea.

It was in 1849, whilst these iniquitous machinations of Mlanjeni were secretly becoming the rallying cry of the dismembered Gaikas, that the Rev Robert Niven* proceeded to establish a new mission station at the confluence of the Keiskama and Gxulu rivers, in the very centre of the far-famed Amatole, which had been the Kafir stronghold in all former wars. Mr. Niven had Tiyo associated with him in the double capacity of schoolmaster and evangelist. Tiyo had the very rawest material to work upon, as he was now among a people who had never had a missionary, and knew nothing of, and, if possible, cared less for education. Although a successful commencement was made, strong opposition was manifested. His school of seventy scholars was speedily much diminished, because he had not undergone the rite of circumcision. The parents affirmed that their children would die on receiving instruction from "a boy," who had not the courage to make himself a man! So hostile were some parents, that they threatened even to put him to death because he opposed the hereditary custom of their race. Alas, poor Tiyo! How galling to think that one who, by malicious schemes, was hastening the ruin of his people, should receive the reverence of Kafirdom, whilst he who laboured and prayed for their elevation was so unheeded and even despised. It is very wonderful that, amid his many and seemingly fruitless labours among his people,

*Mr. Niven acted under the sanction of his Excellency, Sir Harry Smith, H. M. High Commissioner, and also of the Church's Foreign Mission Board.

Tiyo should have struck his lyre and composed those sacred songs which shall continue to be sung as long as there are Kafir Christians to celebrate in the sanctuary, or in the home, the victories of the cross of Christ.

On discovering that his tribe was under the deceiver's spell, Sandilli waited an opportunity for an open rupture. Several cases of resistance to the police in Tyali's tribe had just occurred, which the Gaika Commissioner regarded as of great significance. To avoid a forcible collision, he simply referred the cases to the Governor, and told the police to abstain from violence in exacting the fines imposed. The resistance indicated dangerous designs in connection with what they knew Sandilli and Mlanjeni were doing. His Excellency Sir Harry Smith came up to Fort Cox, and held a meeting with the Gaika chiefs and people. The Governor publicly stated that he would punish the guilty and protect the innocent. He affirmed his disbelief of any design on the part of Kafirs generally to revolt, and his determination to maintain peace. Then he suddenly burst forth into one of his most demonstrative utterances to impress the Kafirs with awe, which was one of the distinguishing features of his character. He openly denounced Sandilli as absent from the meeting because of his intrigues with Mlanjeni, and offered a reward for Sandilli's apprehension, at the same time assuring his audience that he would not allow a "redjacket" to hunt the chief.

Four days thereafter, on Tuesday, the 24th December, 1850, 600 British troops under Colonel M'Kinnon, Chief Commissioner and Commandant of Kaffraria, were marched from Fort Cox, under his Excellency's orders, past the kraal of the paramount chief of the Gaikas, and up through the tangled forest in which he had been lurking. On passing through the gorge of the Keiskama, near the Boma Pass,

where there is a dense wood on either side, the chief's body-guard attacked the Colonel's rear, killed nine of the infantry and Dr. Stewart, the military surgeon, and became possessors of four baggage horses laden with 3000 rounds. At three o'clock p.m. of that day the troops encamped near Uniondale, the mission station of the Rev. Robert Niven. Colonel M'Kinnon informed Mr. Niven of the attack, and suggested the immediate necessity of securing the safety of himself and family. The colonel expressed his surprise at the attack, declared that the movement of the troops was a mere demonstration, and that he so little dreaded hostile shots that the muskets of the infantry were not even loaded.

Christmas day dawned—that one day in all the year on which the merry bells of Yule ring welcome to the night on which was first announced, amid the jubilant songs of the seraphic host, the gospel of salvation to all mankind in the words, "Peace and goodwill; goodwill and peace to all mankind." That Mission family, and many a Cape Colonist besides, have associated that day with the saddest recollections and the most merciless acts of cruelty. As Mr. Niven was in the act of removing his wife and young family to the Chumie, they were robbed on the journey of all their horses and of some of their garments by the insurgent Kafirs. Faint, and filled with anxiety, the mission group trudged along on foot a distance of twenty-five miles under a broiling sun towards their place of safety. Mr. Niven purposed returning on the following day, as he had left behind him all his property; but that was impossible, in the face of scenes witnessed by the way, and of tidings which followed him, and also from the severe shock given to Mrs. Niven's nervous system which had been much enfeebled by a recent illness.

Whilst Mr. Niven and his imperilled family were hasting for protection to the Chumie, a most sanguinary assault was made upon one of the military villages near the Chumie. The settlers at Auckland, with their families, were about to enter on the festivities so common in their fatherland at Christmas, when a number of Kafirs armed with assegays appeared, professedly to hear the news and share in their festivities. Whilst partaking of the hospitality of the veteran soldiers, the armed Kafirs sprang upon their entertainers, and several men were cruelly murdered. Three Europeans rushed into an unfinished house in the hope of keeping the enemy at bay; but after a noble defence they were heartlessly stabbed to death amid the cries and intercessions of their wives. The newly made widows and their fatherless children, at the instance of the enemy, were escorted by a Kafir named Madolo (now an humble Christian) to within sight of the Chumie, and were left there to tell, amid broken utterances and bitter sobs, the tale of their sorrows to the sympathizing mission families, who showed them no small kindness. The other military settlements were also attacked on the same or the following day. Hermanus, a noted warrior living near Fort Beaufort, soon found himself at the head of 900 warriors, composed of Hottentots and other rebels, and his force was speedily increased by deserters from the Hottentot regiment of Cape Mounted Rifles. The tocsin of war sounded far and near. The years 1850 and 1851, so full of battles and bloodshed over the eastern frontier of the Cape Colony, have always been spoken of by the Kafirs as "The War of Mlanjeni."

On that memorable Christmas day the chief Anta, with a horde of excited Kafirs, added yet another drop to the overflowing cup of sorrow. After pillaging the house at

Uniondale, they set fire to the whole buildings, and to the church, which had been built mainly by the contributions of Christian friends in Scotland. The only outward memorial that survived the conflagration is a fragment of the church gable on the way-side—a silent and sorrowful memento of the heartless sacrilege. Tiyo followed in the track of his missionary after nightfall. As he threaded his way in the darkness through the Amatole bush, he had a narrow escape for his life. Some Kafirs in ambush had heard the sound of his footsteps. After a hot chase, he outran his pursuers, and found a place of safety for the night; and as the day dawned he proceeded on his journey to the Chumie. Whilst the war was raging, and during his stay at the Chumie, many messengers were sent to Tiyo by the chief Makoma, with letters taken from white men who had been killed, requesting him to translate their political tidings; but all these letters Tiyo returned, with a declaration that, whilst he respected the chief, he would not mix himself up in a contest which carried death to his fellow-creatures. To avoid any further annoyance, Tiyo placed himself beyond the reach of the messengers, and went to Philipton, on the Kat River, whither the missionaries and their families had gone, under escort, for greater safety.

There may now be introduced reminiscences by Miss Ogilvie—a member of Mr. Niven's family, and niece of his devoted wife—the agent of the Glasgow Ladies' Kaffrarian Society—a lady who has laboured with singular devotion at the Umgwali United Presbyterian Mission Station for the social and spiritual elevation of her own sex:—

"Looking back on the brief existence of Uniondale, it seems to have had a beginning and an end, and little

between. Tiyo joined the mission at the end of 1849, six months after our arrival at the Gxulu, and commenced his work as a teacher, with the rude material of a school only six months in existence, and amongst a people to whom mission work was quite new. School work was varied by occasional itineracy amongst the heathen population, either alone or in company with the missionary. At this time he made his first contributions to the "service of song" in his native tongue. The Kafir Hymn Book compiled in 1850 contains some from his pen. During his residence at Uniondale, Tiyo had a house for himself and his sister Tausè, whose courage and presence of mind afterwards saved the life of the missionary, who a few months previously had baptized her. Mr. Tiyo was a frequent guest at the mission house; and, from his quiet intelligence and unaffected simplicity of manner, was always welcome. He heartily entered into any scheme for the amusement of the young. His first appearance as a public speaker was on the occasion of some festive gathering, probably the only new year or anniversary at Uniondale. He rose to more than usual animation, and the impression made on my mind by the gracefulness and fluency of his address was subsequently recalled by the remark of one of his professors in Glasgow: 'Mr. Soga has all the elements of an orator.'

"At Uniondale Mr. Soga experienced something of the bitterness of those Kafir prejudices about which he afterwards wrote. Strong feeling was excited against him on account of his not having conformed to the heathen rite of initiating manhood. His life was endangered, and the missionary deemed it advisable to consult his father on the matter. The old man had perhaps private reasons for believing that the threat of murder meant nothing, and

quietly remarked, 'If they do kill him, he will still have eternal life.' To purchase safety by a compromise of his Christian profession did not seem possible to the heathen father. How sad to think that he is a heathen still! I did not then know Tiyo's worthy mother as I have since learned to know and love her. I believe that her son was no exception to the remark that the most distinguished servants of the Christian Church have been indebted, more or less, to the influence of pious mothers.

"For a month or two before the war there was a good deal of excitement and restlessness at the station. The residents on the station were not free from molestation. Thefts were frequent. One night, whilst Tiyo was absent, his house was entered, and the covering taken from the bed on which his sister was asleep. The thieves were traced, and restitution was made through the influence of Vika, the petty chief of the district. So loath were the station people to believe that war was impending, that the 24th December, the day on which it broke out, found them at their posts.

"In the morning all were at their usual duties: in the evening arrangements were made for flight. Blood had been shed; and the country, in native parlance, '*was dead.*' Ere another sunset, the promising station was a mass of smoking ruins, never to be rebuilt. On the morning of the 25th the mission family left the station, and the missionary had hoped to return after placing his family with friends nearer the colony. Tiyo and Busak, the native elder, were left in charge of the station. What befell the travellers by the way has already been written. The last thing I remember seeing at the station was a young married woman, who had been the first native inquirer, being driven off with a *sjambok* by her heathen husband. It

was hard to see it, but it turned out to be for good. During the forenoon, this woman hearing that an attack on the station was arranged for that day, contrived to escape from her brutal husband, and to warn the station people of their danger. They had only time to secure a few articles of their own and the missionary's, and carry them to Vika's kraal, ere Anta and his men came down and demolished the station. Tiyo Soga and two boarders at the mission house left that night, and next morning brought the tidings of the disaster to the Chumie. Mr. Soga did not say much of his adventures; but one of his fellow-travellers reported the destruction of the family Bible, which some young men ripped up with their assegays, saying, 'There's the thing Niven always troubles us with!'

"The station people, after remaining a few days at Vika's kraal, came to the Chumie, travelling by night, as Mr. Soga had done. Poor old Busak lost his all, about twenty head of cattle, and without a murmur. Along with his wife and six children, he united with us in thanksgiving to God for spared lives. A year afterwards he was found dead from an assegay wound, reported to have been received while trying to protect his master's cattle from a foraging party of the insurgents."

Tiyo Soga had lived in troublous times. During the war of 1835—"The War of Hintsa"—and when a mere child, he endured the unspeakable miseries of war. When taken for shelter to the Amatole bush, he suffered from cold, and rain, and hunger, nestling under an overhanging rock, or tree whose branches touched the ground, and was lulled to sleep on the arms of his mother or sister by his own bitter cries for food. Then followed "The War of the Axe" in 1846, which suddenly interrupted his education at

Lovedale. In 1850 he had to flee for his life, and leave a sphere which promised great usefulness. Are his steps to be ever dogged by some evil spirit because he has renounced heathenism and embraced a strange religion? Is it because he has espoused the new religion which is quietly undermining the customs of his ancestors? The chequered life hitherto led was enough to make a youth descended from such a superstitious race pause and ask: "Am I in the right path? Is there any truth in this Christian religion? Is there any peace in the profession of it? Is not Mlanjeni with the army revered and honoured by every Gaika as he braces the warriors for battle with his magic arts, and makes them fearless on meeting the foe? And why should not I, the son of Soga, the Gaika councillor, who can boast of an honourable pedigree of worthy councillors, cast in my lot with my countrymen, and have all success on my return to a heathen life, with all its superstitions and falsehoods?" But Tiyo was not the man to waver on such matters. He would not go back. He must move onwards, for he felt

> "How dull it is to pause, to make an end;
> To rust unburnished, not to shine in use!
> As though to breathe were life."

Dark and inscrutable as the future seemed, he would not prove faithless to his conscience and his God. Advance he must, as he felt that he was on the right way. As we look back upon these thwarting influences, the conclusion is irresistible, that had "The War of the Axe" not raged, Tiyo would never have crossed the seas, nor been equipped for his varied duties at Uniondale. If Mlanjeni with his delusive charms and dark falsehoods had not fascinated the Gaikas, Tiyo would not have risen to that sphere of higher usefulness which made him the honoured preacher

and the representative man of his race. The apparent obstacles were but the stepping-stones by which he reached to a higher sphere. These wars, which drove missionaries from their stations, and compelled some of them to visit or finally return to their fatherland, opened up the way for a barbarian's son to receive an education, and rise to a position of great usefulness.

CHAPTER VII.

TIYO SOGA'S SECOND VISIT TO SCOTLAND.

"In these rigid feelings of caste distinction the Egyptian princess was brought up. The voice of Society said, It is but a Hebrew. The mightier voice of Nature—no, of God—spake within her, and said, It is a human being, bone of your bone, and sharing the same life."

"THE War of Mlanjeni" dealt a disastrous blow to the missions of the United Presbyterian Church in Kafirland. Its missionaries, though few in number, had hitherto laboured with much success among the Gaikas, and had gained great influence over the chiefs and people. When the war broke out, they were blamed for aiding and abetting the Kafirs in their hostilities against the Colony. Pained by these suspicions, they prudently left the converts at the Chumie, and went to Philipton, on their way to the frontier. The Christian converts were also meditating removal to a place of safety in the Colony, when Sandilli announced that if any of them left the old-established station they would be treated as enemies, and be murdered without mercy. They resolved, therefore, to remain and be neutral. The male converts betook themselves to the cave in the Chumie mountain, and the women and children remained at the station, encouraged by the sympathy and counsel of the widow of the Rev. William Chalmers. Stealthily on Sundays the men descended to the church to worship God with their families, and, amid sobs and tears, offered up their prayers to God for the restoration of peace. Whilst suffering from hunger, and from the

still deeper misery of suspense, a messenger summoned them one day to meet Colonel Somerset on the spot where the village of Soga once stood, and to deliver up their arms. When the colonel reported the reception of the native Christians to the Governor, he returned a message to the effect that he wished the submission of the chiefs, and had nothing whatever to say to the converts. After waiting many days at the military camp, and wondering how they would be disposed of, seeing they had given up their only weapons of defence, they were ordered to march across the Chumie River. As soon as they crossed the river they were told to prepare for death, when they remonstrated against such treatment in the absence of the colonel. The Fingoes spoiled them of most of their clothing, and chased the unarmed men and defenceless women and children under a volley of stones and other missiles; but none of them were seriously injured. After anxious consultation, it was resolved that two women should instantly proceed to Fort Cox, and report their helpless condition to the Gaika Commissioner, Mr. Charles Brownlee. Mr. Brownlee advised them to proceed to King William's Town, and place themselves under the care of his venerable father. Dukwana, one of the elders, returned to the Chumie to report the tidings of their dispersion to the widow of the missionary with whom he had been so long associated in Christ's blessed work. The others set out on their perilous journey to King William's Town; and on that memorable day the doom of the Chumie was sealed, as it then ceased to be a mission station.

"When the missionaries were on the eve of leaving Philipton," says Miss Ogilvie, "a messenger met them with the tidings that Glenthorn, the hospitable home of Mr. John Pringle, which had been spared during the

former war, and had been a refuge to both missionaries and converts, was burned by rebel Hottentots, and the family were obliged to seek refuge elsewhere. It was added that the road was unsafe to travel, so there was no choice but to return to Philipton, where Mr. Soga soon joined the missionaries. It became evident that the shock which Mrs. Niven had sustained on that terrible Christmas day was such that a voyage to Europe was indispensable. One of the many perplexities of Mr. Niven was how to dispose of Mr. Soga. He could not be left behind without the danger of losing what he had gained. There seemed no opening for him in the Colony. The proposal was entertained that he should return to Scotland and study for the ministry. His own and his father's consent was obtained. To the inquiry, 'Where are the means to come from?' Mr. Niven's answer was, 'From the Bank of Providence.' Through what channel they came I cannot say; but they did come. I think that an old and tried friend of the mission, C. L. Stretch, Esq., had a hand in the transaction." At the end of three months from the outbreak of the war the mission-party set out for Glenavon, in Somerset East, the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Stretch and their venerable father, Mr. Robert Hart, the old and special friend of the missionary.

Mr. Stretch supplies the link in the story as follows:— "The missionaries who fled to Philipton in 1850 made their escape to Grahamstown while Mr. Niven with his afflicted wife and a few native Christians came to Glenavon, where they knew of a home. Young Tiyo Soga was of the number. I heard accidentally of their approach, and mounting my horse, travelled until I met the party outspanned at the Fish River. It was a melancholy meeting. The partner of Mr. Niven's trials and dangers

was greatly afflicted; the children, shocked by the scenes of brutality which they had witnessed, gathered round their parents on the grass; and greatly distressed were the native Christian converts, who looked the very picture of sorrow. You need not wonder that I wept to find a man, amidst all the sorrow he had endured for months from insult, danger, and loss of all his possessions, thinking only or chiefly of his partner. He was 'alone, and yet not alone,' with his boys.

"I got the waggon inspanned and brought the party to Glenavon. To make the painful story short, I did what I could to make them feel that they were amongst friends. Young Tiyo took up his abode in the cottage of Minto Gaxa, a Fingoe boy I took under my charge at Fort Cox in 1835, when he was four years of age. He was with me at Blockdrift, and was the schoolfellow of Tiyo at Lovedale, where they learned to love each other. He was then twelve years old, and often did he bring Tiyo down at that time to the Residency to share the pastry that fell to his lot. You may fancy what joy they exhibited when they met, although under such painful circumstances. I used to ask them how they got on at the cottage, and I recollect that one day Tiyo's reply was, 'We sing the 137th Psalm!' I reflect with joy to think that a few pounds at that time given for the purpose you allude to, and which I never thought would be known on earth, were not put into a napkin, or saved to gratify selfish desires."

Mr. Niven and family, after a time, left their hospitable retreat—taking Tiyo along with them—and sailed from Port Elizabeth in June, 1851, in the brig *George Lord*, which reached London after a pleasant passage of 75 days. Mr. Niven mentions a circumstance, worthy of special notice, that before sailing from Algoa Bay, the situation

of Government interpreter, at a good salary, was offered to Tiyo, which he declined that he might devote himself to the work to which he felt he was called—that of preaching Christ to his kinsmen according to the flesh. Penniless Kafir though he was, he replied as follows to the friend through whom the offer came: "Allow me to have the benefit of your offer to take me on to Scotland. I had rather beg my bread from door to door in your streets to gather up what will pay my fees at College, and thereafter attend the Theological Hall in order to learn better how to preach Christ as my *known* Saviour to my heathen countrymen who *know Him not.*"

Tiyo's father, although possessed of cattle, contributed nothing to the support or education of his son. What cared he for education? Why waste his substance on a son who had virtually disowned his father by embracing the Christian religion? Why part with cattle to humour a foolish lad who would have his own way in seeking for a thing, without which his ancestors had managed to live happily? Missionaries might do as they pleased with the renegade, who had relieved the old father of all responsibility when he severed himself for ever from the parental kraal. In his struggles as the son of a barbarian, he was indebted for the development of his mental faculties to the liberality of Christians of another nation.

When Tiyo reached London he found the British nation at peace, and jubilant over "a thing called Crystal Palace." On the streets of the metropolis were men of many nations, who had come to do homage to Industry under the dome of the great temple. The truly wonderful sight could never be effaced from Tiyo's memory. What a contrast to the chapter in the history of his native land, which was then

being written in blood. A few months ago he had witnessed acts of demolition; now he saw what a nation could be and do when glorying in its manhood. If his countrymen had only ceased from superstition, and given themselves up to the arts of peace, they, too, might have contributed their share to the marvels of civilization in that great palace of art. As he mingled with the surging crowd of sight-seers, he felt strong in hope, and resolved humbly to remain a learner, that he might aid in realizing the poet's dream—

> "When all men's good
> Shall be each man's rule, and universal Peace
> Lie like a shaft of light across the land;
> And like a lane of beams athwart the sea,
> Through all the circle of the golden year."

As already stated, John Street Church formed an attachment for Tiyo Soga during his first visit to Scotland, which now took a practical form by contributing to his support. The way that the Kafir youth was brought into relationship with this congregation is briefly told by R. A. Bogue, Esq., of Glasgow—a gentleman who from the first felt a deep interest in Tiyo, and that interest gathered strength as he saw more of the inner life of his young friend. "Early in the winter of 1847," writes Mr. Bogue, "the Rev. Mr. Govan called upon me. In the course of conversation, he said that the Foreign Committee of the Free Church proposed to give up Lovedale Seminary, and he felt in a difficulty because he did not know what to do with a Kafir youth named Tiyo Soga, whom he had brought to Scotland. He had therefore called upon me, as Treasurer of the Glasgow Missionary Society, to see if we could give any assistance. I replied that our Society might not do anything; but if the lad's character was satisfactory, perhaps the church I was connected with

would take him by the hand, and give him education to become a teacher. It was accordingly arranged to introduce the Kafir youth on that very evening. In conversation it came out that he was unbaptized, but greatly desired to receive that ordinance. Shortly afterwards I introduced him to Dr. Anderson, and in due time he was baptized publicly in presence of the John Street Congregation, after he had given a short confession of his faith in Jesus Christ." That event was duly chronicled in the minutes of Session, in the following terms: "After a full narration of the case of Tiyo Soga, an African youth, the Session agreed that he be baptized on the afternoon of the first Sabbath in May (7th, 1848), and that Mr. Thomson and Mr. Morton accompany him." The Juvenile Missionary Society of the Church agreed to pay for Mr. Soga's education, and afterwards to pay his salary as a teacher when he went back to South Africa. When Mr. Soga returned with Mr. Niven in 1851, the Congregation, through the Session, met his charges home, and paid all his college and hall expenses up to his ordination; and never was satisfaction more complete than the Session had in the recollection of what they had done for Mr. Soga.

On his return to Scotland, therefore, in 1851, Tiyo was coming back to a circle of friends who had not abated their interest in his welfare, and would gladly continue their support. Accordingly we find the following minutes among the Session Records of John Street Church:

"*21st October, 1851.*—Appeared Tiyo Soga along with the Rev. Mr. Niven. Mr. Niven gave an account of Mr. Soga's character and diligence in his work as a teacher during his late mission to Kaffraria in that character. He spoke of him in very high terms of commendation. He then stated the reasons which had moved him to

bring Tiyo to Scotland. The Session unanimously agreed that, as the Sabbath School undertook the expense of Mr. Soga's board, &c., they would defray the charges of his education at College and the Divinity Hall, so that in due time he might return to Kaffraria as an ordained missionary.

"*18th December, 1851.*—The Moderator (Rev. Dr. Anderson), Mr. Bogue, and Mr. Paterson were appointed to superintend Mr. Soga's conduct and progress in his studies, and to counsel him in all things they may regard necessary for his present peculiar circumstances."

There were many corrective influences by which this solitary Kafir student was preserved from perilous paths. There was the thought of his countrymen perishing and calling loudly by their degradation for one to elevate them. There were those who had taken the deepest interest in his progress, and who would be cruelly disappointed if their efforts on his behalf proved abortive. The "committee" and "sub-committee" for his superintendence formed a sort of vigilance committee, invested with very full powers. There were the young men of high moral tone with whom he associated, as one destined for the Church. There was the one man, Dr. Anderson, who, by his example and words, interested himself in his African charge, and who frequently brought him face to face with his Sunday scholars at their annual festive gatherings. Then there was his own resolve of many years' standing, "To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield." Keeping ever before him his high purpose, enjoying so many precious privileges, and conscious of powers wanting only a fitting sphere for their exercise—surely by such a one, "ere the end, some work of noble note may yet be done."

In November of the year that Tiyo Soga returned to Scotland, he was matriculated as a student in the Glasgow University, and entered the Latin Class, which was then taught by the active, quick, restless-eyed classic, and strict disciplinarian, Professor William Ramsay. He also attended the Junior Greek Class, then taught by the distinguished Professor Lushington,

> "Wearing his wisdom lightly, like the fruit
> Which in our winter woodland looks a flower."

Tiyo Soga did not distinguish himself at college as a prizeman. He found it very hard work to prepare each day's tasks, and ofttimes felt that he could barely keep pace with the progress made in the classes. Diligent he was; but he was not distinguished. Had he been a prizeman, such a victory would have bordered upon the marvellous, as the young men with whom he studied were fresh from high-class academies, where they had been drilled from their earliest years in the rudiments of knowledge, and many of them had entered the University for the sake of fresh laurels. Tiyo's first impressions were those of heathenism, and his pursuit of knowledge had been repeatedly interrupted by the ravages of war. All that can be said of him is, that he was eager to learn, persevering and painstaking, and that his exhibitions in the College class-rooms were exceedingly creditable.

What a passport to promotion are college honours with some men! How idolized are often those who wear the perishable chaplet of prizes, though won in very many cases by tutors and cramming! Tiyo Soga is not to be despised, nor is his college course to be pronounced a failure, because his name does not rank on the list of prizemen with honours in the ancient University of Glasgow. The mere

presence of Tiyo, humble, modest, earnest, and pious, passing in and out under the low-arched gate of the old College, was felt by not a few of his compeers as a power and an influence. One of his fellow-students, the Rev. Robert Johnston, of the Presbyterian Church of Port Elizabeth, graphically describes his introduction to Tiyo within this academic grove as follows:—

"It was shortly after his enrolment as a student at the University that I made the acquaintance of Mr. Soga in the inner quadrangle of Glasgow College, on a raw, cold winter's morning of 1852. There, a fellow-student, who has ever since manifested the deepest interest in Mr. Soga, laid his hand upon my shoulder and asked me to follow him, as he had a special introduction to give me. I followed him through the heavy looking archway, and in the inner quadrangle we came upon a little group of which Mr. Soga and Mr. William Chalmers, now Magistrate and Civil Commissioner of Cradock, Cape of Good Hope, formed the centre. An opening was made in the circle, and I stood face to face with our Kafir student, looking on the large, dark, expressive eyes, received the somewhat timid, hesitating smile, and grasped the hand of him who was my friend and fellow-labourer in after years. That memorable meeting I believe had much to do with my after life. Then I did not know its influence and its power; but it gave a different water-shed to the stream of my life. I was only thinking of the sunny slopes of home ministerial work and life; but then and there this Kafir youth laid the hand upon me which has not left me, and never shall. In a few years I found that all my desires and thoughts with regard to ministerial work were, stream-like, flowing towards life and work in the foreign field, and in South Africa itself."

In Tiyo's note books, which contain pencil jottings of the prelections of his professors, there is nothing to give an insight into his student life, its tendencies and its favourite pursuits. We learn, however, that his leisure hours were devoted to that vast field of literature which was opened up to him in the College Library. He read the works of Washington Irving, Prescott, Macaulay, Foster, Vinet, and Mosheim. In poetry, he appears only to have read Longfellow; whilst copious extracts from Boswell's "Life of Johnson," show that he was specially fascinated with that biographer, who has painted with a large brush the portrait of his hero. "The Evidences of Christianity," by Paley, he very carefully perused. As he advanced, he set himself to study English history, which he did to some purpose, as those who knew him best can testify.

The Kafir student was quite fascinated with the work of Conybeare and Howson. It poured a flood of light on a portion of the one great Book whose principles he desired to teach to his countrymen. Tiyo did not haste through a book, to boast of the number of volumes he had read. He had an object in reading, and gathered instruction as he proceeded, and freely expressed himself when he differed from the author's views. During his college days he made copious extracts of passages which were striking, or that contained some fresh truth which he wished to rivet on his memory or to recall when he had some purpose to serve. After copying a gloomy passage from Foster's letters, he makes the following reflection:

"December 17th, 1854, Sabbath evening.—Though life is sweet, were it a matter of choice, I would much prefer to die now than twenty or thirty years after this, and die then an unforgiven sinner! May I be deeply impressed with such awful thoughts as these."

On the same page he adds: "December 20th, 1854.—What assures me that I shall see next year? I hope I shall. Well, but hope is not certainty; and though it often realizes its object, it is as often disappointed. My life hangs by the feeblest and most attenuated thread which the gentlest breath may sever. The insignificant fly may alight upon it and break it."

The same note-books, amid many illegible pencillings, record that he was a Sunday school teacher in a destitute district of the city. Much of his time was also devoted to city mission work. In this department of Christian effort he gained much knowledge of human nature, was shown many kindnesses, yet at times suffered for his colour. On visiting a miserable Irish hovel, the Hibernian, indignant that a "blackie" should venture to cross his threshold on such an errand, made him beat a hasty retreat down the rickety staircase, amid a volley of oaths which characterized his colour as having some connection with the lower regions—a kind of reception which none of his own countrymen would give to a messenger of peace. We find, also, that he was a member of the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Society in John Street Church; and the only records of his work in that particular school are two essays. These productions discover a strong desire for self-improvement, and contain many apposite illustrations and much mature thinking for his years.

"The Pilgrim's Progress" was Tiyo's constant companion during his academic career. Though several years elapsed ere his countrymen were thrilled by that story in their own tongue, Soga was silently and busily preparing himself for that greatest of all his works.

CHAPTER VIII.

TIYO SOGA'S STUDENT LIFE CONTINUED.

"The princess of Egypt escaped from the trammels of narrowness and stood upon the rock of the Eternal. She breathed the spirit of that kingdom in which there is 'neither Jew nor Gentile, barbarian, Scythian, bond nor free.' She breathed the atmosphere of Him who 'came not to be ministered unto but to minister.' She was animated by His spirit who came to raise the abject. She felt as He felt, when she recognized that the very degradation of the child was a claim upon her royal compassion."

THE Theological Hall of the United Presbyterian Church at that time met in Edinburgh during the autumn, when the grand old city was enlivened by English tourists, as they went to and came from the moors and glens of the Scottish Highlands. United Presbyterian students attended for four sessions at one of the Universities, and after examination and approval by the Presbytery in the bounds, they were admitted to the Divinity Hall. Tiyo Soga was allowed, after examination, to enter the Hall in 1852, after his first session at college. The professorial chairs were then filled by men of mark who took a deep interest in their pupils. There was old Dr. John Brown, with snow-white locks falling lightly on his shoulders, and a beautiful face irradiated by a heavenly brightness. There was Dr. John Eadie, massive physically and intellectually, who charmed the students with his eloquence and varied learning, and brought himself very near to his pupils. There was Dr. M'Michael, on whose features shade and sunshine alternately played. There was Dr.

Harper, somewhat hard and stern, but most logical. There was Dr. Lindsay, the exegete, examining every word of the Epistle to the Hebrews, keen, accurate, and minute in his researches. At the feet of these men of consecrated scholarship the Kafir student sat for five sessions to receive his theological training. Tiyo Soga's physical strength was somewhat overstrained by the arrangement made for the prosecution of his studies. In addition to the Arts Classes at the University in winter, and the Hall in Edinburgh in autumn, he appeared along with his fellow-students before the Presbytery of Glasgow each second month, for examination on theological studies and for preaching sermons. It was not hot haste to force him through college and hall, despite his early disadvantages, that his supporters might soon get rid of the burden—but his own ambition was at the earliest possible date, to help to resuscitate the Kafir mission, even although his University and Theological studies should be restricted to five years. The following certificate to John Street Church at the close of his first theological session by the distinguished biblical critic, the Rev. Professor Eadie, is proof that the Kafir student had won the respect and approbation of his instructors:—

"GLASGOW, *28th September, 1852.*

"I have great pleasure in certifying that Tiyo Soga was a most punctual and diligent student during last session in the class of Biblical Literature. All his appearances were very creditable indeed. Knowing how limited was his more immediate preparation for the study of the original languages of Scripture, I was greatly surprised at his proficiency. Some friends wished him to attend the Senior Class, as he was thought scarcely qualified for

the scholastic exercises of the Junior Hall; but his own desire was to *begin at the beginning*, and that desire must have stimulated him to great and persevering diligence. I am happy to be able to give him such a certificate of mark and attendance. I hope that he will distinguish himself by renewed and continued application to his important studies.

"JOHN EADIE."

There was no desire whatever to make Tiyo Soga a preacher of the gospel if he had neither talent nor piety. He had consecrated himself to the sacred work, and needed only careful training to develop his latent and great energies. "He was a zealous, persevering, and successful student," says the Rev. Robert Johnston. "He made conscience of his student-work. Invitations to pass the evenings with friends, or to speak at Sabbath school soirees, were constantly pouring in upon him; but to a very large extent he declined them. Tiyo Soga was a true student, as he was a true man. There is proof of this in the honourable place which he took among his fellow-students in all departments of study, and even more in the ability which he manifested in all his pulpit appearances at home, in the colony, and in Kafirland. The freshness, strength, and beauty alike surprised and delighted all, and proved that he was the earnest student still, and that the cry of his spirit ever was 'More light! more light!'"

By his fellow-students he was universally esteemed and beloved. His more immediate associates were men of talent, superior attainments, and high moral worth; and most of them now occupy prominent positions in the Church. "From the time that we entered upon our theological studies in Edinburgh," says Mr. Johnston,

"we saw more and more of each other. We sat at the feet of the same reverend teachers; we had the same text books; we had the same knotty points on which to try our intellectual strength; his special student friends were mine."

A great stimulus to exertion was given to Tiyo Soga both by his professors and fellow-students. He was dignified to a degree. He never demeaned himself by act or word, so as to expose himself to rudeness or contempt. His compeers recognized his sterling worth, and each claimed him as his intimate friend. Many thus treated would have become vain; but humility was his crowning grace from first to last.

"I believe," says the Rev. Henry Miller, of Hammersmith, London, "that Tiyo and I, as John Street lads, were more intimate than any other students. We made many excursions together, delivered addresses, discussed abyssmal things, read the Greek Testament, and prayed together. Tiyo and I had a grand trip to Campbelton in connection with the Students' Missionary Society in the summer of 1855. At Campbelton we were received like apostles. Provost Galbraith entertained us as if at a public banquet. The ministers of the town, the medical men, and other leading people were present. Soga had the seat of honour in the dining-room. God's grace had made my African brother a Christian, a scholar, and a gentleman, whom the best men in the community were proud to honour. We had a great meeting in the church on the Sabbath evening. These visits had doubtless a formative influence on Tiyo's mind. One thing I always perceived; they never 'put him about.' He was never bashful or awkward, but had the natural ease and manners of a *born* gentleman."

From Edinburgh, 23rd September, 1856, Tiyo writes to Mr. Bogue: — "Our testimonials were presented yesterday before all the students and professors. It was a day of intense excitement, and Mr. Johnston and myself feel thankful that it is over. Each of the professors, after the addresses were presented, made remarks full of encouragement and sympathy. I expect to be in Glasgow next Monday, when you will have a sight of the address and the thirty-eight volumes presented along with it."

The letter refers to one of the most interesting incidents in the annals of student life at the Theological Hall of the United Presbyterian Church. For five sessions the Kafir student's presence at that Seminary had not only excited curiosity and speculation about his future, but had also argued powerfully for mission work in South Africa. Such was the unconscious missionary influence exerted over his classmates, that one of the ablest and most accomplished of their number, Robert Johnston, resolved to accompany him as a fellow-worker to the wilds of Kafirland, and others looked towards mission work in other lands. The missionary enthusiasm showed itself in the resolution to present Tiyo Soga and Robert Johnston, on completing their theological course, with an address and several valuable works of Christian literature. The afternoon of the 22nd of September, 1856, was fixed for the ceremony. The venerable and venerated professors, with well nigh two hundred students, met in the Senior Hall Class-room. A solemnity bordering upon sadness pervaded the assembly. The pent-up enthusiasm burst into a hearty cheer as the Chairman of the Students' Missionary Society, the Rev. W. Hutton, now of Moffat, rose and read the two addresses to the two missionary youths. That day shall long be remembered. Even now

it stands out "like a sun-edged cloud long after the sun has set."

"The following address was presented to Tiyo Soga, along with thirty-eight valuable theological volumes:—

"To Mr. Tiyo Soga.

"Beloved Brother in Christ,—The present is to us an occasion of singular interest. It is an unprecedented circumstance in the history of our Hall, that one of the sable sons of Africa should be completing his course of theology in connection with it. And now that having passed through the ordinary curriculum, you are about to return to your native country as a commissioned ambassador of Christ, we cannot allow you to depart without giving you this written testimony (together with one of a more substantial kind) to the esteem and affection with which we regard you, the deep interest we feel in your temporal and spiritual prosperity, and the earnest desires we cherish for your success in the great work to which you have consecrated your life. Independently of all considerations as to your origin and early training, we have reason to respect you for what you *are*—standing on the same level as ourselves. You have taken your place among us, and have maintained an honourable position in the various departments of study in which you have been called to engage. When we consider the comparative disadvantages of your early years, and the difficulties to be encountered in mastering a language so utterly dissimilar in its genius and forms to your native tongue, we cannot but highly appreciate the extent of your acquirements and the accuracy of thought and expression manifest in your compositions. Those of us who have known you most intimately have

marked in your calmness of judgment, simplicity and frankness of disposition, humility of deportment, warmth of affection, and that strength of Christian principle which, we are persuaded, will enable you to act a consistent and exemplary part in the important position you are about to fill.

"You are now about to depart to the land which, with all its spiritual darkness, you still love to think of as your home,—around which cluster the manifold associations of your early years, and whose scenery is indelibly engraven on your heart. We trust that you go forth filled with love to Him who 'hath called you out of darkness into his marvellous light,' burning with zeal for the advancement of His cause, and cherishing fervent and unquenchable desires for the salvation of your fellow-countrymen. The remembrance of the way by which you have been led cannot fail to stir within you fervent gratitude to Him who hath so magnified towards you the riches of His grace. You will doubtless have serious difficulties to encounter. Your first work will be to 'build the old wastes and raise up the former desolations;' but let your difficulties and perplexities only be the means of quickening your faith, and of bringing you with the more frequency and earnestness to the footstool of God's throne. It is impossible that Scotland can ever be erased from your recollection; that you can forget its scenes and society, and the Christian privileges which you have enjoyed. You cannot forget that you leave behind you not a few with whom you have enjoyed much delightful intercourse, with whom you have been wont to take sweet counsel, and walk 'unto the house of God in company.' Let it be our mutual consolation, that if interested in the love of Christ, we are still indissolubly united together,

and have a common meeting-place at the throne of heavenly grace.

"And now, beloved and honoured Brother,—We must bid you and your dear coadjutor who goes forth with you in this noble enterprise, a solemn 'Farewell!' May He who has guided you hitherto be with you still, making 'darkness light before you and crooked things straight.' As you traverse the waters of the mighty deep, may you realize the presence and protecting care of Him who holds the 'winds in his fist' and the 'waters in the hollow of his hand.' When you reach your native land, may you have your dwelling in the 'secret place of the Most High,' and ever 'abide under the shadow of the Almighty.' May an abundant blessing attend all the labour of your hands; so that through your instrumentality multitudes of your countrymen who are yet without God, without Christ, and without hope, may be elevated to the possession of knowledge and purity and heavenly joy. And after an honourable and successful career, may you 'come to your grave in a full age, like as a shock of corn cometh in his season,' and be numbered among the most distinguished of those who, having been 'wise, shall shine as the brightness of the firmament,' and having 'turned many to righteousness, shall shine as the stars for ever and ever!'

"United Presbyterian Theological Hall,
Edinburgh, 22nd September, 1856."

To this address, which was signed by 186 students, Tiyo Soga made a brief but appropriate reply. The reply, written in pencil, is found in one of his note books; and it is a singular circumstance that it immediately follows his notes of a lecture by Dr. John Brown on the text Romans ix. 3, a subject which Tiyo Soga often

afterwards took as a theme of discourse in addressing his countrymen. Whether or not the venerable professor, who was the closing lecturer on that interesting day, had in view the coming event, it is impossible to say. The following is

TIYO SOGA'S REPLY.

"MR. HUTTON AND DEAR FELLOW-STUDENTS,—I feel that it is no affectation in me to say that this season will ever be a memorable one in my history. Throughout the whole course of my study in Scotland, and especially in this Hall, I have experienced a very large measure of kindness and sympathy; but the present scene seems to be the crowning act of the whole. I am sure that the recollection of that kindness and sympathy would have been sufficient of itself to have made me ever grateful to that God, whose providence cast my lot in Scotland and amongst you. By the transactions of this day, however, you have deepened the gratitude which I already owe to God, to this land, and to the members of this Hall.

"I am aware that, to contend successfully against the difficulties of that work to which I have devoted myself, motives higher than any with which our fellow-men may furnish us are necessary; yet there is much even in human sympathy to revive the heart. I go home, then, to Kaffraria much cheered by your best wishes, your affectionate remembrances, and your prayers; and above all am I gladdened with the thought, that I carry away from this Hall, in the person of my excellent brother and companion, Mr. Johnston, a gift which Kaffraria herself will hail and welcome with joy. For the valuable present before me I thank you sincerely, and for this yet more touching expression of your sympathy and encouragement,

which I hold in my hand I would especially thank you. Both will remain lasting memorials of you. Scotland, as you, sir, have said, I can never forget. I shall ever look back to her as my second home. This Hall I can never forget, nor our venerable teachers, at whose feet we all, I am sure, so willingly and so profitably have sat.

"And now, dear brethren in Christ, *Farewell.* May the 'God of peace sanctify' each of us 'wholly;' and may our 'whole spirit, and soul, and body be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ.' 'Brethren, pray for us,' as we shall pray for you. 'Let us not be weary in well doing, for in due season we shall reap if we faint not.'"

Amid the plaudits and the well-wishes of his fellow-students, Tiyo Soga closed his academic career. He had not been brilliant, but he had been true; he had not been a leader, but he had been loving; he had gained no laurels, but had won the priceless affection of those who sat on the same benches with him; he had assumed no airs of superiority, but he had been conspicuous for his humility and teachableness. Good wishes and expressions of sympathy and brotherly kindness were freely bestowed upon him to an extent rarely surpassed.

"I certainly had exceptional means of understanding and estimating our friend's character during his student life," writes the Rev. T. Campbell Finlayson, of Manchester. "His was a sincerely devout and pious soul. From all flippant and irreverent dealing with things sacred he instinctively shrank. And yet his piety was free from cant, ostentation, and asceticism. He entered with the utmost heartiness into innocent recreation. He had a keen sense of humour; and it was delightful to hear his

merry laugh and to see the twinkle of his eyes in the midst of social enjoyment. He was a frank and genial companion. So sunny often was his smile, that one scarcely saw his dark complexion. He made us feel that distinctions of colour and race were as nothing in presence of the uniting and equalizing force of a common spiritual faith and sympathy. As to his intellectual abilities, I always regarded him as above the average; and his appearances in his college classes testified to his diligence as a student. Looking back on our intimate friendship, now of several years' duration, I cannot remember one act which struck me as unworthy of his Christian profession. His disposition was so affectionate, his manners so agreeable, his judgments so charitable, and his actions so considerate, that his friends might readily enough forget he was a Kafir, but could not well forget that he was a gentleman."

The John Street Session having taken steps to give Tiyo Soga a modicum of medical knowledge at the Andersonian University, in addition to defraying all the expenses "for the rest of his education," now that they considered his term of training at a close, took measures for awakening an interest in the Kafir mission as well as of testifying their own respect for him, as the following minutes show:

"The Session proceeded to consider the approaching cessation of the relation between the Church and Mr. Tiyo Soga, and it was strongly felt that it would be good for the cause of missions if Mr. Soga could be licensed to preach the Gospel after the ensuing session of the Hall, and thereafter be sent through the churches for six months, to excite an interest in the Kafir mission. In accordance with this feeling, the pastors were requested to represent

the mind of the Session to the Presbytery, and also to the Mission Board."

"9th September, 1856.—The Session, understanding that Mr. Tiyo Soga would be licensed by the Presbytery to preach the Gospel, and that he would then be accepted by the Mission Board as one of their agents, and be sent out to Kafirland as a fully ordained minister, agree to heartily recommend his case to the Church, and propose that they should raise sufficient funds to give him a respectable outfit for the mission field."

Having passed the final examinations for license, he was, on 10th December, 1856, along with a fellow-student, the Rev. Daniel Maclean, first of Jamaica, and now of Lanark, licensed to preach the gospel by the United Presbyterian Presbytery of Glasgow. On the Sunday following, the 14th December, he occupied in the forenoon the pulpit of Montrose Street Church, where he preached his first sermon as an accredited preacher of the Cross. In the afternoon he stood in the pulpit of John Street Church, and demonstrated beyond dispute that the sum of £202, given for his education and support, was not misapplied. Concerning that day's services Tiyo recorded: "The Lord strengthened and assisted me." Of the sermon preached in John Street, Dr. Anderson wrote: "There were some things in which I did not concur with him. I do not see the difficulty with which he grappled. The handling of the subject shows that he will think for himself. Considering the speaker, and the manner in which he treated his subject, I have seldom listened to a discourse with greater interest or higher satisfaction. It clearly shows that the gift of a fine mind is not the monopoly of climate or colour. There were acuteness and ability displayed, while the devout breathing throughout the

discourse reminded me of the earnestness of the Ethiopian eunuch: 'Here is water, what doth hinder me to be baptized?' The style of composition, considering that he spoke in a foreign tongue, was good to a degree—some beautiful figures."

On the evening of the 23rd of December of the same year Tiyo Soga was ordained to the office of the ministry in John Street Church, along with Mr. Maclean, by the same Presbytery which licensed them. The sermon was preached by the Rev. H. Calderwood, of Greyfriars, now Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh, from 1 Cor. iii. 7. The Rev. Dr. Anderson presided as Moderator. The old church was densely crowded from floor to ceiling by a vast audience. Perched in an obscure corner of the gallery, as deeply interested spectators, were a number of junior students as Soga's personal friends. Calderwood was effective to a degree. There was no rhetoric: scarcely a figure in the sermon; yet withal it had a deep, earnest meaning, which fascinated, although it neither excited nor thrilled; and even then to young men of thought and purpose there was proof sufficient that the preacher was destined to occupy a prominent place as a teacher. The platform, to one of Soga's countrymen, would have betokened an unusual and singularly important event, for the "grey heads" were there, and the "bald heads" too, which, when found in a Kafir gathering, are sure signs of something great coming. Drs. Lindsay, Macfarlane, and M'Michael were among the group; and Drs. Robson, Edmond, and Logan Aikman, and Messrs. Taylor and Ramage were there. To complete the picture, there were younger men whose names were household words in the United Presbyterian Church, such as John Ker, Middleton, and John Maclaren, each *facile princeps*

in his own special walk. The most distinguishing feature of that service, and the most memorable part of the evening's programme was the ordination prayer offered by Dr. Anderson, and his address which followed. The old man seemed wild with excitement. With one hand resting on the woolly head of Tiyo, whilst the other was outstretched to heaven, he screeched out one of the most extraordinary prayers that ever fell from human lips. With a pathos and earnestness never surpassed, he offered supplications for the richest blessings to rest on his young Kafir brother. Then there was a sudden break to this thrilling devotion, and something followed very like a tirade against the colonial policy of England; the petitions seemed to bristle with scathing satire against Her Majesty's Government and the Premier, and the Colonial Secretary's name rang throughout the church, whilst his blundering acts were confessed as if by his own lips. In marked contrast were the supplications presented for "*the noble Kafir chieftain, Sandilli.*" When this point was reached, and whilst not doubting the fervency and devotion, we instinctively felt that the nobility of character attributed to the Gaika chief was purely ideal, and suggested by the presence of the Kafir who that evening publicly received his commission to go forth as a herald of the Cross.

On that memorable night the dream of Tiyo's youth and opening manhood was realized. He was now fully equipped as a preacher of the gospel. If he has been singled out at a venture to occupy a solemn position for which he is not qualified, his unworthiness would soon reveal itself in connection with God's work. His patrons and educators have pronounced him worthy of all confidence and respect. His countrymen have yet to learn what can be taught by one of their own race,

elevated, civilized, and christianized by the gospel. He had solemnly vowed before God and men "to endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ, that when the chief Shepherd shall appear, he may receive a crown of glory that fadeth not away."

The few months following his ordination were to him a season of ceaseless excitement. The congregations were eager to hear the "newly-fledged Kafir preacher." Invitations more numerous than he could accept poured in upon him from all quarters, inviting him either to preach or to address congregational meetings, Sunday school soirees, or other religious gatherings. Anxious to arouse an interest in the Kafir mission, he appeared in many pulpits and on many platforms, though his physical strength was often unequal to the constant strain on his nervous system. As an instance of one of the black minister's experiences on one of these public occasions, let the reader take the following, as contributed by the Rev. Robert Johnston, of Port Elizabeth:

"On the Sunday after his ordination, Mr. Soga was occupying the pulpit of the Rev. Mr. Niven, Maryhill, when the following ludicrous incident occurred: The little church was crowded to excess, so that a part of his audience was very close to him. The ordeal was all the more trying, as good manners were overcome by curiosity. As he entered the pulpit he felt unusually nervous. Whilst the second psalm was being sung he had his right arm reclining on the edge of the pulpit. As he looked timidly round upon his audience, his eye caught a little boy standing against the pulpit, and with puzzled face gazing upon the sooty hand which lay before him. The black hand absorbed him. It was a new experience. He was evidently reasoning upon the subject,

and would try an experiment. He raised his hand quietly and drew his forefinger across Tiyo's hand, and then turned it up to see if any soot had been removed in the process. With his finger still clean, the puzzled aspect of his face increased, and immediately a bright idea seemed to strike him, and wetting his forefinger on his tongue, he again drew it across the hand and turned it up, evidently expecting that he should now succeed in carrying away some of the soot with which he had covered himself. The look which the boy now gave Tiyo was almost too much for him, and had he not recollected where he was, he would most assuredly have gone off into a violent fit of laughter. The funny experience did him good. It steadied his nerves, and he never preached with greater comfort.

"Tiyo Soga had many true and tried friends in Scotland. But not a few desired his acquaintance, and to have him in their houses out of sheer curiosity, or perhaps to hear him repeat the Kafir alphabet, or sing a Kafir hymn. Soga was 'bored' by such invitations in Scotland. Although his studies were important and pressing, the invitations poured in upon him, and he had sometimes to be the African lion of the evening. On one such occasion he had found his way to the house of a good friend. Host and hostess were all that could be desired. The elder children and other guests evidently considered it an evening to be remembered. A rosy, curly-headed boy had been told of the coloured guest. But the thing was a mystery. The black face at once arrested him. He paused in a sort of *dumbfoundered* state as he found himself fronted so closely by such a sooty face. He looked, and better looked. By and by the fear began to abate, and he mustered courage to take furtive glances at

the object of his alarm. Then he blurted out in something more than a whisper, and to the confusion of his parents and their guests, 'Is that a new catched ane?' Soga said he blushed deeply, although perhaps fortunately his colour hid his blushes. He felt drawn to the little fellow all the more, and although 'a new catched ane,' he and the little philosopher were great friends ere the evening was over.

"The last time I visited Dr. W. Anderson was with Soga, shortly before he left for South Africa. Soga had been spending a little while with me at my father's farm at Chapelside, which looks down upon the vale of Clyde over against Bothwell, Uddingston, &c. When accompanying my friend to Glasgow, he proposed we should look in upon the doctor at his country residence. We found the doctor at home, and thoroughly enjoyed the short visit. He asked, 'Do either of you lads snuff?' On being answered in the negative, he rejoined: 'Be thankful, for if you were wrecked on some desert island or rocky coast, or your ship water-logged, or you should need to betake yourselves to the boats, and have weary days of it upon the wide ocean, with very little provisions and water, you would not suffer as much as I would, were I wrecked, because of this detestable habit of mine.' He followed up this strangely comforting remark with the following: 'I called one day at a house on business. On the table there was an ordinary brass snuff-box, which of course was soon in my hand, but there was nothing in it to quench my snuff-thirst. I observed various rude "nicks" along the edge, as if made by a strong knife. The master of the house detailed the history of that box and the "nicks." "My son is a sailor, and a snuffer. On a late voyage the ship became water-logged, and he escaped

to the rigging of the vessel, taking with him as much provisions as he could possibly carry. My son had his snuff-box, and these 'nicks' were made as he clung to the mast of the ill-fated vessel. Shaking the snuff well to the one end of the box, he lifted it back pinch by pinch to the other end of the box, keeping careful count of the pinches the while, and then dividing the whole by the probable number of days before a vessel should pass, he rationed himself off accordingly, and whenever he took a pinch, a nick was added, that he might not mistake as to the number of scanty snuff-meals which he should take every day, and he suffered more from want of snuff than either meat or drink."' The doctor concluded: 'Be thankful, lads, ye don't snuff, and keep away from the detestable habit.'"

On 27th February, 1857, Mr. Soga was married to Miss Janet Burnside. During the early days of his student life his affections had gone forth to a young girl of his own colour, named "Stella," who was on a visit to Scotland with her uncle, the Rev. Dr. Garnet, from America; but her life was quickly ended after leaving the Scottish shores. Had she lived to be united to him, there was every prospect that she would have proved a most excellent wife. He was delicate, considerate, tender, sometimes irresolute, open handed, and easily imposed upon; brimful of the milk of human kindness, ready at all times to sacrifice his own interests for the benefit of others of whatever colour, and he required some one as an help-meet who would be his counterpart, and thus make a complete man of him, by filling up those features of character in which he was defective. Taking the step towards amalgamating the black and white races made many Cape Colonists feel that there was a desire on Tiyo's part to

make himself an Englishman. This insinuation was a great sorrow to him. He would have been the worthy husband of the noblest, most refined, most accomplished and most loving woman on the face of God's earth; but as he was destined to labour in his native land, where prejudice against colour runs so high and strong, his friends might have foreseen the difficulties he would encounter, and how, if not a man of true sterling piety, there was a possibility of the music of his domestic life being made mute "by a little rift within the lute." His wife, on the other hand, possibly from missionary enthusiasm, and also from the fact that her husband was one of the "lions" of the United Presbyterian Church, must have passed through no slight ordeal when the stern realities of African life burst upon her. She was honourable, thrifty, frugal, devoted, and marched heroically and faithfully by her husband's side through all the chequered scenes of his short life. There is an exquisite vein of humour running through the following invitation to the marriage ceremony, which Tiyo sent to one of his dearest and most intimate friends:

"As a poor culprit, who has fallen into the traps and snares of Cupid, the Invincible, will you and Mrs. —— (if well then), in virtue of old friendship, come and witness the final execution of the sentence against the criminal, and give me the benefit of your mutual blessing before I shall be launched into the *horrors of matrimony*. Ker, of Campbell Street, will be the executioner. The terrible tragedy takes place in Ibroxholm, Paisley Road, at twelve o'clock noon.

"I am, dear ——,

"In terror of coming events,

"TIYO SOGA."

The year 1857 was one of considerable missionary excitement in the United Presbyterian Church, because seven of her sons—one of them a Kafir—had given themselves to Christian work in the foreign field. These seven were grouped together as one family in a photograph, and appeared individually as "one of seven" in the various pulpits, and preached to interested congregations: unitedly the mystic number appeared on the platform, and in succession addressed missionary meetings. As if to commemorate in song this sevenfold youthful sacrifice, the Rev. Dr. John Edmond took up his lyre and sang this missionary hymn:

THE SEVEN.

Brothers to the swart race sent!
Brothers to the Lord's work lent!
Go the way your Master went,
  By the Spirit driven;
To the desert and the war—
To the kloofs and isles afar,
Where the spoilers' strongholds are,
  Valiant go, ye seven!

By the blood The Blest One shed,
When He bowed to death His head;
When the pierced limbs streamed red,
  And the side was riven;
By the bursting of His grave,
Signal of His might to save;
By the living fire He gave—
  Conquering go, ye seven!

He who once from Olives' crest,
Parting to His glorious rest,
North and south and east and west,
  Sent His own eleven;
Bade them swift as couriers run,
Publishing salvation won
Widely as the circling sun—
  Sendeth you, His seven.

Fear not earthly bonds to sever,
He forsakes His servants never;
"I am with you, lo, for ever"—
So the word was given.
Leaning on the promise sure,
Underneath His shield secure,
Strong to do, and dare, and dure,
Joyous go, ye seven!

Long have veterans from the field,
Bending weary o'er their shield,
Brave, but few, for help appealed
Patient have they striven.
Now be grateful succour sped!
Step where stood the honoured dead,
Where the pioneers have led,
Follow on, ye seven!

Hark! they call you, o'er the wave,
Sons by fallen warriors' grave;
Children of the exile slave:
(Be the wrong forgiven!)
Haste, then, herald sons of peace,
Bid the mourners' wailing cease;
Sound the captive soul's release;
Speed ye, brothers seven!

As you toil, this thought will cheer—
Seven-fold love has linked you here;
And when summons, late or near,
Calls your first to heaven,
There shall he in white robes drest,
As he mingles with the blest,
Whisper, mindful of the rest,
"I am one of seven."

Rod from noble Erskine's root!
Branch from good Gillespie's shoot!
Twined and clustered now with fruit,
Like the cedar thriven:
Happy Church, united, free;
Bless The King that blesseth thee,
Prospered aims, adoring see,
Sending forth thy seven.

Pledge them honoured as thou art,
Pledge them open hand and heart,
Pledge them prayer when far apart,
Offered morn and even;
Till in Eden bloom shall smile
Kafir glen and Indian isle,
Sending blessings back the while
Seventy-fold for seven.

On 13th April of the same year Tiyo Soga, after receiving sundry testimonials from his friends and well-wishers, left Glasgow. On the following day he writes from London: "In the good providence of our God we reached this city of wonders in safety this morning. We are well physically, though mentally *sad*. Oh, what a night was last night to us, especially to poor, dear Mrs. Soga! I have never before commiserated any one so much as I did her last night and this morning on our journey. I have made no sacrifice at all. She, poor thing! has made all the sacrifice. I trust that a sense of this will render me a tenderly affectionate husband."

"Mr. Soga and I, with our wives," writes Mr. Johnston, "sailed from London in the *Lady of the Lake*, which had a full complement of passengers. We had a long voyage of nearly three months. He must be a most consummate actor who can hide himself successfully, and not reveal his true temper and nature during a long sea voyage. Mr. Soga gained much upon us during our ship imprisonment, as there was nothing of the actor in our friend. After three months' close companionship we learned to respect and love him more and more. He was patient, courteous, kind, self-forgetting, and humorous at times, which is a most desirable quality, especially in such circumstances. He was always the Christian gentleman and the Christian minister."

Tiyo Soga had completed his instruction in the school-room—for education ends with the end of life—and as an agent of the United Presbyterian Church in his native land, and also the first ordained minister of his race, the following report of the John Street Session proves a fitting conclusion to this chapter of the story of his life:

"2nd June, 1857.—The Committee of Session appointed in December, 1851, to superintend the studies of Tiyo Soga, now report to the brethren that their care (they cannot call it labour) has terminated in the happy events of Mr. Soga having been licensed to preach the gospel, and ordained as missionary to his Kaffrarian kinsfolk. The committee felicitate the Session, the Sabbath classes, and the Church at large, on the manner in which all parties have thus far been honoured of the Lord in having received the charge of maintaining and inspecting the studies and character of this young man of colour. It is scarcely possible to conceive of anything more satisfactory. Among professors in the College and Divinity Hall, there has been a sort of vying with one another who should give the best testimony on his behalf in respect of his diligence and progress; and for the few months he continued to preach in Scotland, few, if any, of his co-licentiates were more popular, and that not on the ground of it being wonderful that he should preach so well, but on the ground of the substantial excellence of the matter of his discourses and the grace of their delivery. What is better: such have been the propriety, the purity, the prudence, the gravity, the solemnity of his deportment, and yet the cheerful, affectionate freedom of his social conduct, that your committee, though they feel they have been faithful in warning him against the seductions incident to youth, *never did so on*

account of anything they ever heard or saw of him which required check or rebuke.

"It is your Committee's prayer that all our Church undertakes may prosper as well as the charge with which He who holds the seven stars in His right hand, has prospered our charge of the Rev. Tiyo Soga. And yet we depend on the same Lord of mercy still, that our hopes be not blasted and withered, but that we may reap fruit in the prolongation of his life, in the maintenance of his graces, and the blessing of his efforts for the evangelization of his brethren. We wait on the Lord for good news from the far country.

(Signed) "WILLIAM ANDERSON.
"WILLIAM PATERSON.
"R. A. BOGUE.

"The Session at the same time received from the same committee the report that the entire cost of Mr. Soga's education and board amounted to £202, and that the subscriptions for his *outfit* reached the handsome sum of £132 1s. 10d.

"The Session most cordially voted thanks to the Committee for their great diligence, and by the blessing of God for bringing their charge to such a very satisfactory termination."

It cost £202 to instruct Tiyo Soga so as to qualify him for the ministry! To turn out such a man charged with such a message as that with which he was commissioned was marvellously cheap. John Street Church did it. John Street Church has the credit of it. John Street Church reaps the reward for it: "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these my brethren ye did it unto me." She adopted this Kafir youth and made him her own; she watched over him and taught him, and warned

him and supported him. But for her benevolence, Tiyo Soga might have become as degraded as any of the nation from which he sprung. Such work is enduring, and carries a blessing with it. Until, therefore, it can be shown that the beneficence was grudged or stinted, let John Street Church continue to merit the blessing of the Master: "Whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones a cup of cold water only, in the name of a disciple, verily I say unto you, he shall in no wise lose his reward."

CHAPTER IX.

THE CATTLE-KILLING DELUSION.

"Wild words wander here and there."

"THIS is the end of war," said Sir Harry Smith, Governor of the Cape Colony, in King William's Town on 23rd December, 1847, at a peace meeting which he held after a protracted war. As he uttered these words, he threw forcibly on the ground the staff of war, after the Kafir chiefs had touched the staff of peace, thereby signifying their submission. His Excellency was sorely disappointed afterwards to find that peace is not purchased by touching a staff of peace, for he discovered that the Kafirs had not been conquered, but had only submitted for want of food and ammunition. The smouldering embers were soon to be fanned into a great war flame by the "wild words" of a false prophet, Mlanjeni by name. The dramatic farce of Sir Harry was followed by a tragedy which caused thousands to weep and mourn, and thousands more to meet an untimely grave. Many false seers had arisen amongst the Kafir nation, and Mlanjeni threatened to eclipse them all, but it was not so, as the sequel clearly shows. After a war of nearly two years' duration, another peace meeting was held at King William's Town, on 10th March, 1853, by the then Governor, Sir George Cathcart. He broke the power of the Gaikas by forbidding them to return and settle amongst their natural fortresses in the Amatole mountains, and by

placing them in the undulating woodless country between the Keiskama and the Kei rivers.

The Gaikas looked on this measure with great abhorrence. Their hearts yearned for their old haunts, where they enjoyed unrestrained liberty amid rich pastures and dense forests, and had water and game in abundance. It was touching in the extreme when, shortly after being located in their new and unappreciated country, the itinerating missionary found them in a stooping posture, brooding over the past and the present, and, above all, concerned about the future. Being asked why they were cast down, the answer was uttered in a melancholy strain: "Do you not see? I cannot live with comfort on these flats where there is no bush. I have no rest day or night; my cattle are always turning their heads towards the Amatole, lowing and bellowing night and day for their former rich pastures. They can never fatten here; they have no shelter. Soon they must all die, and so also must we."

When England, France, and Russia, were engaged in mortal combat in 1854, the tidings of this gigantic war spread rapidly throughout the world, and even reached the hamlets and huts of the Kafir people. The news that England was fighting her battles across the sea revived once more the Kafirs' hope of throwing off the hated English yoke. The remark was frequently made, "The Russians are black people like ourselves, and they are coming to assist us to drive the English into the sea." What in British Kaffraria was whispered in the ear, was openly proclaimed among the Galekas in the Transkei, under the paramount chief, Kreli. The day and hour were foretold when the Russians would come to the rescue, and some of the Kafirs were confounded when

the fixed time arrived, and no Russian Cossack made his appearance in Kafirland.

In March, 1856, Mhlakaza, the most renowned of Kafir seers, rose among the Galekas, and by a prophesying medium (his daughter Nongquasè), preached to the Kafirs a new gospel, which was none other than a resurrection from the dead. She professed to have held converse with the floating spirits of the old Kafir heroes and chiefs—Ndlambe, Hintsa, Mdushane, Gaika, and Eno—who had witnessed with sorrow the ruin of their race from the oppression of their conquerors; and as they could no longer be silent spectators of the wrongs and insults of the Kafirs, it was their intention to come to the rescue, and save their progeny from extinction. They would appear once more in the flesh among their people, and as preceded by a frightful whirlwind, which would not only sweep off all the English, but also all Kafirs who did not believe in this revelation, or refused to obey their orders. They demanded, as a pledge of their belief, and as a mean of hastening the arrival of the golden era of liberty and prosperity, that there must be the utter extermination of all cattle, great and small—horses and dogs being the only animals excepted; also that every grain of maize and Kafir corn should be sold or thrown away; and that the land everywhere should be untouched, and not a sod thereof be turned—for if the ground was disturbed by cultivation, the advent of the resurrection would be retarded or altogether hindered. They further declared that on the day of resurrection there would live again and follow in their train all Kafirs who had died, and the choicest of English cattle; that the richest and daintiest food would be provided; that waggons and clothes, and above all, guns and ammunition in abundance would be at the disposal of

every believer. The living Kafirs would also die, but soon rise again, and old people would resume the bloom and elasticity of youth. They stated further, that the Kafirs must now have done, and for ever, with witchcraft, and destroy all their charms. By such measures the cause of death would be abolished, and the race would become gifted with immortality and enjoy perpetual youth.

The delusive prophecies of the Galeka father and daughter threatened to come to an untimely termination, as the tribe among whom they lived became scornful and indifferent; but suddenly Kreli, the paramount chief of the Galekas, rose upon the scene, made frequent visits to the village of Mhlakaza, and ultimately avowed himself a believer in the teachings of the false seer. He professed to accept the new gospel with his whole heart, and proved his belief in it by killing hundreds of his finest bullocks. As the great chief repeated his visits to Mhlakaza alone, and held secret counsel with him, it is impossible to say with certainty what were his motives. We can only conjecture that it was to rouse his countrymen to make one last desperate effort to recover their lost power and country. Simultaneously driven to madness by famine, they would rush unitedly into the colony on an errand of extermination. Accordingly he sent a message throughout the length and breadth of his own country, and even to the chiefs in British Kaffraria, calling upon the nation to obey to the letter the command of their ancestors.

At first the Kafir nation was stunned. The sacrifice seemed too great; for dearer to the Kafir than friends or family were the cattle which he loved to herd. But the command of the chief was stern and inexorable. Though the chiefs in British Kaffraria shrank from fulfilling Kreli's behest, they ultimately, with a few exceptions, came under

the spell of Nongquasè's prophecy. Tidings of the marvellous sights witnessed near Mhlakaza's village filled the country. It was alleged that the horns of beautiful oxen had been seen peeping from beneath the rushes which grew around a swampy pool near the village of the seer; and that the distant lowing of the restless rising animals had been distinctly heard. Kreli declared that he had seen a celebrated horse of Mhlakaza's, long since dead, but now restored to life; a child, likewise, of the prophet had been brought back from the grave; a heavy ear of the finest self-grown corn had been exhibited as a sample of the grain which the earth would yield spontaneously after the resurrection. Some even went further, and averred that they had actually seen the risen heroes emerge from the Indian Ocean—some on foot, others on horseback—pass in silent parade before them, and then sink once more amongst the tossings of the restless waves.

By the month of October of the same year such numbers of cattle had been already slaughtered, and such quantities of corn destroyed among the Galekas, that hunger began to make havoc among their ranks. When the time had passed which Mhlakaza had fixed for the resurrection to take place, and without fulfilment, he ascribed the failure to the dissatisfaction of the ancestors with the doubters and unbelievers, who had not killed their cattle at once, or not slaughtered in sufficient numbers. For six months—from new moon to full moon, and from full moon to new moon—he fed the people with the hope of this resurrection. At one time, when the common people became impatient, the false prophet said it was near at hand; wonderful sights had been witnessed at his kraal, and hundreds declared that they had heard their dead chiefs and heroes

and forefathers rushing through the air like the wild chase of old, and others maintained they had seen them marshalled in battle array. "Before the event takes place," said Mhlakaza, "you will see the sun rise in the west, in mid heaven he will unite with the moon, then the earth will be enveloped in dense darkness, the heavens will rain powder, and all those who have not obeyed my orders will have their houses consumed with fire."

The Gaika Commissioner, Mr. Charles Brownlee, used every effort to arrest the progress of this mania, by reminding the people of the falsehoods of their former prophets, who had brought misery and death on the Kafir race. He rode day after day through the Gaika district, endeavouring to break the spell of this delusion; but they had always some fresh tale of many wonderful things about to transpire: the white men would be transformed into frogs and mice and ants on the resurrection morn, and the whole colony would once more be inhabited by Kafirs. The one answer of the Commissioner to all these statements was "*Napakade*," "*Never*;" and from this oft-repeated word Mr. Brownlee's name was changed. Throughout the district which he ruled and beyond it, and up to the time he left the Gaika tribe, he was most widely known and saluted as a chief by the title of "Napakade."

Mrs. Charles Brownlee furnishes the following account of this delusion:—"The first thing I remember about the matter was copying an official letter for my husband. He had been to Queenstown, and came home late at night. His clerk was employed in superintending the construction of some roads, and I had therefore often to assist in copying work. As I wrote I wondered, and at last went to my husband and said, 'What is all this nonsense? Surely you are not going to send such a report to

Government?' 'This is no foolish story,' he replied; 'and if you read a little further you will see that these people are beginning to destroy their property, as ordered by the prophet. All this, I fear, is a deeply laid plot.' 'And will they all kill their cattle, do you think?' I enquired. 'I fear so,' said he; 'and not only that, but they have been told to empty their corn pits, as the prophet promises to have them miraculously filled. They have been further told not to cultivate. They will most likely obey in every respect, as there are threats of utter destruction to the unbelieving, and of boundless prosperity to those who obey.' 'And then?' I said. 'Then there will either be war, or you will see men, women, and children dying like dogs about your door. We must try and prevent either contingency.' I felt incredulous, but never was any prediction more literally fulfilled. The following letter is the one referred to, and it will give you a better idea of the state of matters at the time than I can:

'DÖEHNE, *28th June, 1856.*

'COLONEL MACLEAN, *Chief Commissioner,*

'SIR,—I have the honour to report for your information that I have just received the following statement from two trustworthy sources: That it is currently believed and circulated in Kreli's country that last moon a girl, the daughter of Mhlakaza, a councillor of *Mzabelle,* saw some strange people and cattle at the mouth of the Gxara river; that she reported this to her father, who went to see what they were. He was directed by these people to return to his kraal, to purify himself for three days, and on the fourth day to offer an ox in sacrifice, and then to return to the strange people. Mhlakaza, having complied with the directions of the strangers,

returned on the fourth day, and saw a number of black people, among whom he recognized his brother, some years dead. He was told by these people that they had come from across the water; that they were the people who had been fighting against the English, against whom they would wage perpetual warfare; that they had now come to aid the Kafirs, but before anything could be done for them, they were to put away witchcraft; and as they would have an abundance of cattle, those now in possession were to be destroyed. Mhlakaza was then appointed as the only medium of communication with these people, and he has sent to the Kafir chiefs to acquaint them with what he had seen. My informant states that this story is firmly believed among the Galekas; and one who has returned only to-day from Kreli's country, informs me that on arriving at the kraal of Qwabe, one of Buku's* sons, he found two oxen killed on the same day. On enquiring the cause from Qwabe, he was informed that it was done in compliance with the order given by Mhlakaza, and that it was Qwabe's intention to continue killing his cattle. Qwabe farther told my informant that Xossni, Buku's chief son, who was then at Buku's kraal, had sent directions that cattle should be sacrificed for all his wives who had small children, and that on his return home he would kill cattle according to the order given by Mhlakaza. My informant was likewise told by Qwabe, that Kreli had sent to his brother Dema to make inquiries respecting the strange people, that Dema had gone to Mhlakaza, who assured him of the truth of the report, stating that at that time the men were absent on an expedition against the colony. Xoxo, a brother of Kreli, is said also to be

* Buku was Kreli's uncle, second to Kreli in the tribe—Buku and his sons having direct control under Kreli of a large section of the Galekas.

convinced of the truth of the report, and is represented as killing his cattle. Kreli's views on the matter are not known; but Mhlakaza's statement is generally believed by the Galekas, who are slaughtering their cattle to a great extent, encouraged by the example of Mhlakaza, who is killing his cattle, and who is looked upon very much as Mlanjeni was.

'Mhala's people,* from the Nahoon to the sea, and from thence to the Kei, are represented as being in a very unsettled state. They are said to have visited Mhlakaza in great numbers, and are killing their cattle. In connection with this, and that which gives the case a more serious aspect, is the fact that Kreli has within the last five days sent to inform Sandilli that while you were across the Kei, you demanded from him the late Cape Corps deserters, and six of the leaders of the rebel Hottentots, among whom you named William Uithalder and Rhenardus Paarl. This Kreli professes to believe to be seeking a cause of quarrel, and this misrepresentation of your demand for the delivery of the late deserters has been generally circulated among the Gaikas and Galekas. The effect of this report, in connection with the belief in the statements of Mhlakaza, has been to cause great excitement in the midst of the Galekas; and under these circumstances we may expect to hear of violence and robbery committed on British subjects. The reports of April and May caused me no uneasiness whatever; but these are of a much more serious nature, from the fact of their being received by so many chiefs and influential people. Evil-disposed persons will perpetrate outrages, though not authorized by the chiefs, and a collision may end in serious results. Should a collision be avoided the

* A branch of the Gaika tribe.

storm may soon blow over. The utmost precaution will be necessary by travellers; for under the present circumstances I do not think any solitary or unprotected traveller is safe, and it would be well for traders and others who cross the Kei to travel under the protection of some influential Kafir. I cannot say that the sons of Buku and other chiefs really believe what they profess to believe. If not, it is evident they are only adding weight to the statements of Mhlakaza, and are bent upon evil; but if they are deceived, the imposture will soon be discovered, and the discovery will work its own cure. The chief cause of fear is, that acts of violence by private and unauthorized persons may bring on a crisis, which might otherwise have been averted. It would not be advisable on the part of the Government to take any direct steps in putting down this state of things; any active measures would only tend to strengthen the influence of the evil-disposed. All that I think is necessary would be distinctly to intimate to the chiefs that we are aware of what is going on, and that so long as it was confined to words we would not interfere, but that the lives and property of British subjects must be protected, and that we would be prepared to meet any aggressive movement on the part of the Kafirs. I feel strongly persuaded that the murder of Mr. Rainer, the robbery and assault at the Gonubie, and the robbery at the Kobongo church mission station may be ascribed to the causes above assigned. I do not think it would be advisable to use any haste or show of force in the settlement of these cases; but a decided message to the chiefs to whom these cases might be traced, and an assurance that they will not be passed over unpunished, may have the effect of putting a stop to further violence, and the cases may be effectually worked out when the excitement

has somewhat abated or passed over. I have sent to the chiefs in my district to inform them of the late robbery and murder, and have directed them to be more vigilant than ever in suppressing crime, and to beware of the dangers into which they may fall by listening to false reports. I have not thought it advisable yet to refer pointedly to the statements of Mhlakaza, and I am glad to say that up to this time they have not been favourably received by the Gaikas, who have not yet begun to slaughter their cattle. I will be among them and at Sandilli's kraal for the most of next week, and will use every endeavour to counteract the false reports now so industriously circulated. . . . . .

'With regard to Kreli's statement respecting your demand for the delivery of the rebel Hottentots, I have sent to Sandilli, to say that I have heard from yourself that you made no such demand; that the demand was simply for men who had deserted during peace, and who are known to be in Kreli's country, in just the same manner as Kreli and other chiefs have often sent to you, and to me, for the recovery of stolen horses and for the delivery of the thieves, which had always been complied with when in our power; and that the statement that you had demanded the rebel leaders was either a mistake or a wilful misrepresentation. I have also sent to Kreli to give him the same information. On the return of my messenger from Kreli, and on my ascertaining his temper and the state of affairs, I will, if you think it advisable, pay him a friendly visit. I do not think it would be necessary for me to be the bearer of any message; but I could explain matters to him in a friendly manner, which would perhaps have a better effect than taking a direct communication either from His Excellency or yourself.'

"On the Monday after this letter was despatched," adds Mrs. Brownlee, "my husband went out to the Gaika location, and remained with the people till the end of the week. This he did to strengthen by his presence and advice those who had resisted the delusion, and to hold back the timid and the wavering, among whom were Sandilli and many others who waited on his word. Sandilli, his brother Anta, and one or two others of the Gaika chiefs had thus been detached from the influence of Kreli; but the rest of the Gaikas, and many other tribes in British Kaffraria, were destroying their cattle and corn. Reports were in circulation of armies reviewing on the sea; others sailing in umbrellas; thousands of cattle were heard knocking their horns together and bellowing in caverns, impatient to rise, only waiting until all their fellows who still walked the earth were slain; dead men, years in the grave, had been seen, who sent pathetic appeals to their kindred not to delay their coming back to life by refusing to obey the prophet. Then cattle were killed. Feasting was the order of the day; but it was utterly impossible to consume all. Dogs were gorged on fat beef; vultures were surfeited; whole carcases were left to putrefy on the ground, until the air was tainted with the corruption. The sale of cattle was prohibited; and when any were suspected of doing so, they were closely watched, and their cattle were taken from them and destroyed. In some cases avarice contended with faith, present possession was stronger than the hope of future gain, and many took their cattle to a place of security by night. But even when they managed to elude the vigilance of the fanatics, the prices obtained for their stock hardly paid for the risk and trouble. Peace hung by such a slender thread, and war was so imminent, that purchasers would not give

more than five shillings for a cow, and sixpence for a goat. At the beginning of the delusion my husband, foreseeing that a starving people would soon be on our hands, made arrangements for purchasing as much grain as could be obtained. Though much was cast away, it was difficult to induce the deluded people to carry to market what they were wantonly destroying; but he succeeded in purchasing for Government about 1000 bags of grain at from 5s. to 10s. per bag. It is impossible to describe how deeply grateful we were in after days for this store, as corn during the famine rose to £2 and £3 per bag, and even at these prices it was difficult to secure it.

"The chief Anta, half-brother to Makoma and Sandilli, took a firm stand against the delusion, and other leading men of the Gaikas also resisted it to the utmost of their power. Among these was Go, with his ready wit and fearless heart; old Soga, with his fiery eloquence; Nxokwana, of high rank, a councillor, and brother-in-law to Sandilli; and last, but not least, Tyala—grand old Tyala—who, for nobility of character, for rectitude, wisdom, and dignity, had not his equal in the tribe. These, backed by 'Napakade,' for months kept back in a great measure poor, weak, wavering Sandilli. As long as these were by his side he had courage; but whenever they left him he was surrounded by evil councillors, among whom were his brother Dundas—a regular firebrand—and Sutu, his mother, who worked upon his feelings and fears, and generally succeeded in inducing him to kill some cattle. His mother said, 'It is all very well for you, Sandilli; you have your wives and children, but I am solitary; I am longing to see my husband, and you are keeping him from rising and me from being restored to all the freshness and the vigour of a blooming maiden.' Sandilli

wished to keep in with both parties, and thought that by destroying part of his property he would be saved by the skin of his teeth from the judgments that would overtake all unbelievers.

"After the delusion had been at work for ten months, an order came from the prophetess that within eight days' time all cattle must be killed. It was a week of painful excitement and anxiety. I feared for my husband's life, as many of the evil disposed were very bitter against him, from believing that he had influenced Sandilli to save the cattle. The eighth day came, on which the heaven and the earth were to come together, amid darkness, thunder, lightning, rain, and a mighty wind, by which the 'Amagogotya,' or unbelievers, together with the white man, would be driven into the sea. What preparations had the believers been making during these eight days! The cattle kraals were enlarged, the corn pits cleaned and also enlarged, and huts re-thatched to resist the storm. At the dawning of the great day, a nation, many of whom had doubtless not slept, rose joyfully, decked themselves with paint, chains, and rings innumerable to welcome their long lost friends. One of the saddest sights was that of old women, wizened by age and doubly wrinkled by hunger, decked out with the brass rings jingling on their withered arms and legs. The sun made the circuit of the heavens, closely watched by expectant hosts, and set, leaving the earth in darkness, and black disappointment in the hearts of thousands. The crafty prophetess placed the whole blame of the failure on those Gaikas who had not killed their cattle. My husband felt the crisis had passed; for those tribes who first destroyed their cattle were hungry and dispirited. The back of the plot was broken; the simultaneous action of the tribes had

been thwarted, and war was no longer imminent. I should have mentioned that Mr. Brownlee had removed Sandilli from his own kraal to one a few miles from our residence, to have him among the well-disposed, and away from evil councillors. Soon after the disappointing eighth day, Mr. Brownlee visited Sandilli, and found quite a change in his behaviour. Instead of being frank and communicative as heretofore, he was reserved and sullen. On being asked for the reason, he said that he wanted to go back to his own place; his wives were not comfortable; the huts were small and cold. Mr. Brownlee felt something was wrong,* so he said, 'Well, Sandilli, I cannot prevent your going; but if you take my advice, you will remain where you are.' That night Sandilli fled in the rain with his wives and children back to his former abode, killed all his cattle and ordered all his tribe to do likewise. Those who had resisted the delusion disobeyed the order, and on the following day there was almost a fight between the 'Amatamba,' the believers, and the 'Amagogotya,' the unbelievers. Mr. Brownlee found about five hundred of the latter sitting on a height, and about the same number of the 'Tambas at Sandilli's kraal fully armed and greatly excited. 'We want to fight,' said the Amagogotya, 'and rescue our chief from those evil men.' 'Fighting will not do,' said Mr. Brownlee. Then addressing Sandilli's party, said, 'Who is it that comes like a wild cat at night, and pours evil counsel into the ears of the chief?' 'Do you call me a wild cat?' answered Mlunguze, an intrepid, reckless man. 'I did not call you a wild cat, Mlunguze.

* Mr. Brownlee found the cause of Sandilli's flight was a message he had received from Makoma to the effect that he had seen Senga and Baziya, two councillors who had died seven years before, who had told him to send and warn Sandilli to rise from the dust and save himself.

Does your conscience accuse you? And are you, then, that evil spirit who is leading your chief astray to his destruction and that of the tribe? Beware, Mlunguze; you will have good cause bitterly to repent this!' Baba, an old councillor, said, 'Why cannot you leave us alone? You say we will starve. If we so choose, what is that to you? Let us starve; when we are hungry, as you say we will be, hunger will testify against us!' 'Baba,' said Mr. Brownlee, 'I will write down your words in my book, and I will remind you of them when hunger testifies against you.'* Soga then remarked: 'I do not blame Sandilli; he is a child (meaning *mentally*); but with his councillors who gave him bad counsel rests the guilt.' 'No!' said Tyala, with stentorian voice. 'No! Sandilli is no child; he is a man. He ought to have been the leader and saviour of his tribe! He is the culprit; put the rope round his neck!' 'Traitor,' shouted Mlunguze, 'Dost thou denounce our chief to our face? Die, traitor!' With these words he sprang to his feet brandishing an assegay. Instantly Mr. Brownlee placed himself between the two infuriated men, saying, 'Sit down, Tyala; and you, Mlunguze, take heed.' Mr. Brownlee then addressed Sandilli at some length, and ended with these words: 'I have done with you now, Sandilli; I have used my utmost endeavours to save you, but you have rejected my advice. I leave you to those whose counsels you

* Some months after these words were uttered, Baba sent Neku to tell Mr. Brownlee that he was there, and wished to speak to him. Mr. Brownlee said, "Tell Baba I said my say to him long ago; now I have nothing more to say to him." However, Baba sat at the gate until Mr. Brownlee passed, when the following conversation took place: "Are you hungry, Baba?" "Yes, I am *very* hungry!" "Look at all these people, Baba, who are also very hungry, and tell me what you think of it? This is your work."

have followed. And you Baba, and you Mlunguze, take care of this child, whom you have deluded to his destruction.' The meeting then broke up. There was much weeping that day. The tears were not those of women and weaklings, but of strong and grey-bearded men.

"The work of destruction commenced afresh. Cattle were killed; corn was scattered to the wind; and as cultivation had been forbidden, no drearier prospect can be imagined.* At the sowing season Mr. Brownlee sent Go to Kreli, hoping that the finishing stroke might yet be averted. The chief assured Go that the nature of things was to be changed. Go said: 'How can you say all things are to be changed? Nature has not changed. I see the grass sprouting, the trees budding, and even there, on that refuse heap, pumpkin seeds thrown out are growing; all this assures me there will be no change.' His remonstrance was vain. Matters became very hot for the Amagogotya; their lives and property were threatened, and their crops destroyed by the 'Tambas. Mr Brownlee directed them to concentrate, which they did. They were attacked, and some were killed, whereupon they fled to Mr. Brownlee for protection, who permitted them to go into the Reserve, and remain till danger was over."

To this tale of a nation's self-destruction, the Rev. A. Kropf, General Superintendent of the Berlin Missions, furnishes some additional incidents:—"One of Mr. Brownlee's police, a heathen, when sent with a message to Kreli, said to his councillors: 'God lives there above. When you speak of Him, you invariably point upwards; but now you expect a miracle to come from beneath, which will there-

* The reason given for forbidding cultivation was that corn would grow of itself, and cultivation would prevent the wonders taking place.

fore not come from God, but from the Devil. Does God ask your help if He wishes to make thunder, or lightning, or rain, or when He causes a man to die? Does He wish your cattle to perform a miracle? If the wonder you expect were of God, do you think that such preparations as cattle killing were necessary? You say that great changes will come over the world. How is it, then, that there are no signs of them? The trees have leaves of the same kind as last year, and your mealies and Kafir corn are sprouting as in former years. Will God not change these also, if He wishes to change all other things?' The mother of Kreli having heard these words, told him to go to her son and repeat them to him; but Kreli refused to listen to such arguments. Another Kafir gave witness on Christmas day before a large meeting of Kafirs, by saying, 'I tell you, you are deceived. Though you may kill me for my words, I can only die once.' The Gaika councillors, Soga and Tyala, did their utmost to prevent their chief, Sandilli, and his tribe from pursuing the suicidal policy, but in vain. They were obliged to flee for their lives, with their people—in all fourteen kraals—and took refuge on the Bethel mission lands in the neighbourhood of the Dôëhne post, where also the Gaika Commissioner resided. They were regular attenders at church; and one Sunday, when the sermon for the day was from 2 Peter ii., Soga the councillor rose and said: 'I am hot and convinced by the words we have heard, that Mhlakaza is a well without water, a cloud that is carried away with a tempest. I do not believe in the lies of Mhlakaza; and I wish that this word may be heard by all Kafirs, and that they may acknowledge their folly. Missionaries, sow ye broadcast this seed, so that it may reach the heart of my chief Sandilli.'

"The period of this mania was one of anxious excitement. Hundreds of men and women passed daily the Bethel station on their way to the trader's shop to sell the skins and horns of the slaughtered cattle. No word escaped the lips of the otherwise talkative Kafir, but it was evident that his heart was wounded to the very quick. When missionaries pointed out the folly of their procedure, and asked them how they would recognize their cattle when they rose from the dead, as they sold their skins and horns, gnashing of teeth and eyes gleaming with wrath were the only answer.

"The trader at the Dòèhne asserted that he had bought upwards of 1000 skins in one day. Hundreds of goats were daily driven past the mission station and offered for sale. When there were floating rumours of a Kafir war, there was no purchaser. The Kafirs were not allowed to take them home after being exposed for sale, and so they stabbed them and left the carcases to rot in the valley near the station. The prophet gave orders that the money received for skins should be spent in the purchase of sugar and coffee. As this was the only food allowed, it is evident that the object was to reduce them to the utmost verge of starvation.

"When Kreli heard that the Governor was concentrating his troops in British Kaffraria, he sent to Mhlakaza to consult the oracle, but Mhlakaza replied that the spirits were mute and refused to vouchsafe an answer to the unknown messenger, and he must send a man of undoubted influence. The chief sent Ngxito, who had not killed his cattle, but the spirits were still silent. At last Kreli, attended by Buku and thousands of warriors, went to the kraal of Mhlakaza early in 1857, to see if he could not elicit a reply from the now silent spirits, but

Mhlakaza was nowhere to be seen. When the chief was sorely pressed by his people, and the whole prophecy threatened to prove a bubble, a message came from the false prophet that their ancestors had been on the road, but had turned back on hearing that several chiefs and councillors had not yet obeyed their commands. 'If you see the next full moon rise blood red, come again to me,' said the deceiver, 'for this will be the sign that I have found favour in the sight of the spirits; if not, wait till the next new moon.'

"The Galekas began to realize their dreadful position, and looked with alarm into the future; but the Gaikas rushed headlong into the mania, and killed with eagerness their few remaining cattle. The land stank from carrion, and the vultures were unable to finish the carcases. By the end of January, 1857, upwards of 40,000 head of cattle were said to have been killed.

"The full moon rose blood-red, and on the 8th of February, Kreli appeared again at Mhlakaza's, attended by 18 councillors and 5000 warriors. The latter were afraid to approach the prophet's village from not having fully complied with his orders. Kreli went alone to Mhlakaza, and held a secret interview with him. On returning, he told his attendants that he had witnessed strange sights and heard strange sounds, as of people underground talking and wrestling to be released from their bondage. They were commanded now to enter upon the very last act of this dark tragedy,—one short scene more and there would burst upon them the marvellous transformation. Only one cow and one goat were to be left to each family; all the rest must be put to death, and within eight days after the chief's return. If they obeyed, then the resurrection of cattle and ancestors would

take place on the eighth day after the chief reached his home. On that day the sun would rise later than usual; when it reached mid heaven it would become blood-red, then suddenly set where it rose, and there would follow a great storm, with thunder, lightning, and darkness. These tidings so definite roused the flagging enthusiasm of the Galekas, and with fresh vigour they commenced to destroy their remaining cattle, hoping that in a few days they would rejoice in the company of their old chiefs, warriors, and friends. They threw away their last grain of corn, and were cheered with the thought that soon all white men would be banished from their land. Great preparations were made for this great and notable day. With lightning speed the tidings flashed over the whole of Kafirdom; the believers stabbed their cattle to the very last one, and left their carcases as food for vultures and wild dogs; immense corn pits were dug in the various cattle-pens, and were left open to be filled by the unseen spirits; the huts were covered with new grass, firmly tied, so that they might not be carried away by the expected hurricane; all around the huts the grass was cleared, and a space clean swept, so that when the terrible day dawned and the hot sun poured down his burning rays the various reptiles, which are the source of so much witchcraft and mortality, would be scorched to death as they tried to creep into the huts. The doors of the huts were reduced in size, so that wolves and baboons and elephants, which are the cause of so much sorcery, would fail to get a shelter, and be killed in the act of seeking an entrance. On the seventh day the various families crept into their huts and remained there—none daring to venture abroad. Amid breathless expectancy the weary hours passed with nothing to disturb the stillness, save the weary wail of

some weak starving infant. The cattle kraals were empty. As the long dreary night wore on apace stealthy glances were cast towards the eastern horizon, to catch the first faint dawn of the resurrection-morn. At last the sun rose, on the eighth day after the chief's return, the 18th day of February, 1857, not later than usual, pursued his accustomed course without pause or deviation, and set at the time noted in the calendar. No change whatever was discernible; the orb of day was neither larger, nor slower in its progress; it stood not in mid-heaven, neither did it go backwards. It was a bitter disappointment; but probably there might have been some mistake, and all hope now centred on the ninth day. There was no sleep to the eyes. It was a dreary, anxious watch. They had obeyed the command to the very letter. There was nothing more to destroy in cattle or grain. Through all that night they longed and yearned for the bright resurrection-morn. The morning of the 19th of February dawned, and still the promised liberty came not; nor were the long-expected blessings given."

The point was now reached in the deeply-laid plot, so cunningly calculated by its originators. Upwards of 100,000 wild Kafirs—stung by the bitter pangs of hunger, and the deeper pangs of disappointment, driven to despair, poverty-stricken, their cattle recklessly killed and nothing found in their stead—were now ready, like a pack of hungry wolves, to commit all possible mischief. It was unsafe to travel. Thieving and roving commenced, and only under escort could waggons proceed on their journey. The victims of the deception began to despoil those who had neither killed their cattle nor destroyed their grain. Bloodshed, plunder, and confusion prevailed. It seemed as if the Colony would soon be embroiled in another war.

On 15th March, 1857, reports the Gaika Commissioner: "The utmost confusion reigns throughout the country, parties large and small invest the land, and are stealing cattle and committing murders on the owners of cattle, wherever they are able. Last week I heard of 31 Kafirs being killed, either in defending or in taking cattle."

The prompt measures of the Governor to banish all found with weapons in hand, and to shoot down all thieves on attempting to escape, had a wholesome effect in crushing any outbreak. At this critical time the "German legion" arrived in British Kaffraria, and despite their many faults and failings their mere presence kept the Kafirs in awe. After a few thieves had been shot down, the people saw that resistance was useless. Thousands of them now became willing to go with their families and seek service with the farmers, or become dispersed among the Tambookies and Fingoes.

Despite the cruel disappointment which followed the 19th of February, Mhlakaza was able to keep up his reputation for some months longer by the subterfuge that the resurrection had been delayed by two chiefs underneath the ground, who had been quarrelling as to which of them, on account of his rank, had the prior claim to rise first. When the attempt was made to revive the delusion, Sandilli showed his fickleness and vacillation by destroying his cattle, which he had repeatedly assured Mr. Brownlee he would not kill. It is said, however, that he was led to take this step by Makoma and Mhala, who upbraided him for deserting them and being the cause of the non-fulfilment of the predictions. On the 28th of May writes the Gaika Commissioner: "The Kafirs are now everywhere preparing to receive the cattle which are to rise; their corn-floors and pits are cleaned to receive the

grain." The predictions were unfulfilled; the open-mouthed pits gaped in vain, and the kraals enfolded no cattle. Never were people more tenacious of their belief in what is false and destructive.

By the end of June the people began in great numbers to leave their kraals, where they had lingered for many weeks in patient expectation. In Kreli's country especially the suffering was great; the people were so emaciated that many perished by the way on their search for help. On the 28th of July, 1857, the Gaika Commissioner writes: "Want amongst those who have destroyed their cattle has reached the highest pitch; many have arrived here in the last stage of wretchedness and emaciation, and are so reduced as to be unable to travel into the Colony for service. I have thus had to feed them, until they became somewhat stronger. Five have died here since their arrival. I have heard of numbers who have perished by the way. Last week, during a tour throughout the country, I found very wretched objects at their kraals." The Rev. A. Kropf adds another touch to this sorrowful picture of misery: "We shall never forget the frightful sight which presented itself to us of a little class of Galekas who, from hunger, could move no further than the kloof near the Bethel Station. They were so emaciated that they resembled apes rather than human beings. They picked up the bones which had been bleaching for years in the sun, and tried by cooking to extricate a little nourishment from them. There were more than 40 children in this group; some were no longer able to stand, others could not open their mouths, and those that could only uttered the pitiful cry, 'I die! I die!' After one cold night we found 23 corpses, mostly of children, in this kloof, lying between the stones.

We saw dead bodies of young men being gnawed by their dogs, and dead mothers with children still sucking the cold lifeless breasts. Young men of twenty years of age had lost their voice from hunger, and chirped like little birds; and often it happened that, after they had received their portion they cast a wistful glance at the food, then dropped down dead at our feet. No pen is able to describe the misery. The house of the Gaika Commissioner was besieged day and night by hundreds of Kafirs, mere skeletons, to get a little food. If any one in those days was the good Samaritan, and fulfilled to the letter the language of Matt. xxv. 35, it was the wife of the Gaika Commissioner, who did everything in her power, until her own health at length failed, for these poor starvelings, who were reaping the fruits of their own infatuation."

To complete this dreadful tale of suffering, Mrs. Brownlee, with all a woman's tenderness, relates the following pathetic scenes, which must have lacerated all the finest feelings of her nature: "And now the final step was taken; a dreadful pause ensued, and all intercourse between the people ceased. Those who had destroyed their cattle sat at their village with the silence of a desperate hope, waiting the fulfilment of the prophecy. Every morning the corn-pits and kraals were eagerly inspected, and hope sickened but was not quenched. The moon was anxiously watched by night, and the sun by day, by hunger-stricken hosts. The bones which they had cast away in the days of feasting were gathered and gnawed. Women and children wandered through the fields to dig for roots. One would have thought all hope would now be extinguished; but still they clung to it. Messengers were sent to tell them that they could obtain food at the towns, and would be provided for on their way to the

Colony to get work, wages, and food; but it was not till many deaths had taken place that they began to move. By this delay they were so reduced that many died by the way. One poor old man was found dead, with his head overhanging his corn-pit; he had gone with his last breath to look if it had not yet been filled, and falling never rose again. Those who reached us were most pitiable figures, breathing skeletons, with hollow eyes and parched lips. As for the poor innocent children, it was heart-breaking to look upon them, as they resembled aged men and women in miniature. Daily, as these spectres came in crowds and crawled along, one might have imagined that the prophet's prediction had come to pass, and that the dead had indeed risen from their graves. I shall never forget the first corpse I saw. It was that of an old woman, who had come within a few yards of our house and dropped down in sight of help. It made one's blood run cold, that a fellow-creature should thus die, when with a few steps more she could obtain a mouthful of food. How common that sight afterwards became! On one day eight corpses were carried out from our premises. On the same day eighteen out of a party of thirty-six, on their way to King William's Town, died on the journey, and a great many more across the Cumakala stream. My late dear brother, Hugh, was sitting on one of those boulders across the river, noting the number of dead bodies he had counted, and on looking down he saw the corpse of a little child at his feet, lying in the long grass. What a tale of suffering that little one could have told as it wandered about crying for food, and with no mother's gentle hand to close its eyes in death! All that day my brother superintended the burial of the dead. One girl was being carried to a hastily-dug grave, when he discovered that life was

not quite extinct, and that her pulse beat feebly; remedies were applied, and she revived and lived to go into the Colony. The recollection of that fearful time, after the lapse of well nigh twenty years, makes me sick. The first sound in the morning and the last at night was the endless and most pitiful cry for food. Among the dying multitudes there were the deformed, the maimed, and those afflicted with dire diseases; but these sad specimens of humanity had, until lately, been strong, active, and healthy.

"We had instruction to get, on account of Government, whatever was required. Corn and meat were daily dispensed to all comers; and soup and sago, &c., to the sick and little ones. Hundreds came too late, only to get one meal and die; others were too far gone to relish the daintiest fare; and others were so voracious that they went about picking up anything and everything they could put into their mouths, and brought on disease after they had been rescued from famine. Hunger made them exceedingly selfish. Mothers snatched bread from their children. The strong tried to take the bread from the helpless. Private charity was largely exercised everywhere. The black man found that the white man had a kind heart. One lady near us took three children—one of them an infant a few days old. It was really charming to see this lady's little daughters nursing and fondling the small dark object dressed in snow-white robes. This little black baby and its pretty English nurses are now in heaven.

"I might multiply incidents of this sad weary time. I would only add, that this wholesale destruction of cattle is more wonderful when we remember that a Kafir loves his oxen as an Arab loves his steed. Mr. Brownlee estimates that 30,000 Kafirs entered the Colony and obtained work; above 20,000 died; and at least 150,000 cattle were killed."

The curtain drops upon this act of self-destruction with the spectacle of a once proud, haughty nation crushed and crippled, starving and begging, with thousands of human skeletons wan and weary creeping onwards, inch by inch, to the Colony, where food could be found; the highways strewn with corpses, the towns and villages of the Colony overrun by hungering and dying men, women, and children. Alone stood the haughty Kreli, clinging tenaciously to the belief that the day of resurrection would dawn. His nation was wrecked, ruined, scattered; yet he remained firm in his belief. The act had been played out, and the prophecies of Mhlakaza proved as false and deceptive as the mocking *mirage*, which made many on the very point of death cling to the hope that all was not hopelessly lost. On the 20th of October, 1857, the Gaika Commissioner writes: "From the Butterworth drift to the Thomas River, all the country for fifteen miles on either side of the Kei is now uninhabited, with the exception of a kraal here and there containing a few individuals, who cannot long continue to drag on the miserable existence they now lead. My tour on the Kei was shortened by the failure of provisions, caused by sharing them with the people whom I found by the way, and whom it was not in our power to aid."

The Government and the colonists nobly stepped forward to the rescue. Soup kitchens were established in the various towns, and willing workers were ready to render a helping hand. The utmost care had to be exercised in feeding people who for many days had not tasted a morsel of food, for if allowed to partake of a hearty meal they fell down lifeless, as if a bullet had passed through their heart. The very nation, whose destruction was secretly sought by this perfidious tragedy,

became the saviour of many thousands of Kafirs. The whole nation would have been broken up for ever had the colonists not supplied the famishing with food and raiment and shelter. Our common Christianity prompts to the exercise of beneficence even towards a fallen foe; and a powerful illustration is given in the unwearied offices of the Christian lady whose graphic pen has narrated this tale of sorrow. Of all others she had the greatest reason to steel her heart against the cry of the helpless Kafirs; as her two brothers had been wounded in the war of 1850; her husband had suffered from a cruel gash inflicted by an assegay; and her husband's brother, one of the gentlest of men, was mercilessly butchered whilst doing an unselfish act. Yet this Christian lady, and many others besides, buried all feelings of anger or revenge when the Kafir nation was reduced to beggary. The injunction of Scripture was observed everywhere. The enemy, when hungering, was fed; and from the thirsty, water was not withheld.

Tiyo Soga landed at Algoa Bay on the 2nd of July, 1857, and found that those to whom he had come to preach the gospel were a dispersed nation, utterly destroyed by their own folly. The tidings greeted him on his arrival, that the Galekas and his own Gaika tribe were ruined, scattered, famishing; and *that* was enough to unnerve any man. The nation that clung with such tenacity to a lie, demolished its dearest idols in that belief, and so readily yielded up present possessions in the hope of future good, has surely the capacity of being taught to trust in Him who is the resurrection and the life. Tiyo Soga resolved, in these saddening circumstances, to teach his scattered countrymen that there is a resurrection, in which all will participate, who look to Jesus as "the Way, and the Truth, and the Life."

CHAPTER X.

TIYO'S RETURN TO SOUTH AFRICA AS AN ORDAINED MISSIONARY.

"But Thou, O Lord,
Aid all this foolish people; let them take
Example, pattern: lead them to Thy light."

TIYO SOGA'S diary of his voyage in the *Lady of the Lake* from London to Algoa Bay is too lengthy to find a place here. It pleasantly describes the monotonous life in a sailing vessel. It sparkles here and there with humour, and reveals his tenderness of heart. As seated by the bedside of an old man prostrated by disease, he tells us that "anything more humble, more calm and cheerful under the pressing infirmities of three score years and ten I have yet to see."

One passage, illustrative of his caution, and prophetic of the line of action he would adopt in his future labours, well merits transcription:—"We are sometimes treated at dinner by a Colonial gentleman on board to a few round shots against missionaries in South Africa, and the result of their labours. On these occasions, although I might return the fire, and feel very strongly tempted to do so, I deem it advisable to maintain strict silence, unless it be in the way of correcting a mistake. My reasons for this are two: the first is, that as this individual, judging from his own remarks, has no sympathy with missions, there is nothing more likely than that in the heat of debate I

might unguardedly drop remarks which may be reproduced and perpetuated in the Colony to the prejudice of myself, and of the cause with which we are identified. The other reason is, that missionaries (more especially those belonging to our Society and to the London Missionary Society) being generally considered by the Colonists unsound upon the question of native rights, these random shots may be thrown out as feelers to ascertain the tendency of our own opinions upon the point. Now if these be in opposition to those of our friend, we may find them some day reproduced, and in all probability largely supplemented, in one of the hostile Colonial newspapers. Politics are the rock upon which missionaries are in danger of making shipwreck of themselves; and we cannot, I think, keep far enough from said rock. If we live, time will develop our sentiments on these contested points; and prudence, I think, demands that at least we should at the commencement of our missionary career keep them to ourselves."

From this point Tiyo Soga, to a great extent, becomes his own biographer. The story of his life must be told very much in his own words and in his letters. There is no literary display about them. They are a simple, frank, unvarnished statement of his uneventful life. The first, dated Algoa Bay, 3rd July, 1857, describes his arrival in his native land:—"We arrived here last night after a pleasant and most agreeable passage of 73 days. 'The Lord hath been mindful of us.' You should have been with us this day to witness the wonder and amazement with which a black man with a white lady leaning on his arm seemed to be viewed by all classes! We were 'a spectacle unto all men!' In walking through the streets, black and white turned to stare at us, and this

was the case as often as we went out. It seemed to some to be a thing which they had not only never seen, but which they believed impossible to take place. From the remarks of some of my countrymen as they passed us, I at once understood that the report of our presence has gone far and wide. The day has really been one of the triumphs of principle. Mrs. S. evinces far more indifference to these prejudices against colour than I can do. My rule of conduct among the Colonists is, never to force myself into their company. I had an opportunity of vindicating this very same resolution to-day. Brother Johnston and I, with our wives, were introduced to one of the ministers of this place. He entered into conversation with me; but at first it seemed somewhat restrained. He asked us to tea in the evening, but the invitation seemed addressed to Brother Johnston and his good lady. Knowing the prejudices existing in the Colony against colour, I had resolved never to break forcibly through these prejudices. We accordingly did not go until he sent one of his boys to explain that he thought we had understood the invitation as also including us. I have written this only with the view of showing you the line of cautious policy I mean to pursue in my first intercourse with the people of this land.

"*Monday, 6th July.*—Yesterday was Sabbath. It is a day long to be remembered. I preached three times. In the morning and afternoon I attempted to wield my rusty Kafir sabre. It was an effort in the morning. I did not lack matter, nay, I may rather say I was charged with matter; but I lacked the facility of giving power and expression to my thoughts. I felt very much in the position of a stout man who was striving to put on the clothes of another much smaller than himself. In the

afternoon I felt the bulk so much diminished as to be able to accommodate myself to the costume. In the evening I preached in the Wesleyan Chapel, which was crowded to excess. On Wednesday next I preach in the Independent Chapel for Mr. Harsant. You are aware that something more than *colour* is required to gain a white man's respect. I may say, therefore, without anything like vain glory, for I have nothing to be proud of, that my poor intellect procures respect for me. It has been so here especially."

The Port Elizabeth Telegraph of the 9th July, 1857, tells its readers of the Kafir preacher occupying the Wesleyan pulpit, and does so in the following terms: "For one hour he commanded the unmitigated attention of a densely packed, highly intellectual congregation. In this person may be seen the transcendent operation and effects of Christianity, civilization, and science trampling under foot every opposing prejudice and difficulty, however formidable or seemingly insurmountable."

From Port Elizabeth he proceeded to Glenthorn, where laboured the Rev. John F. Cumming,—at that time the only missionary in connection with the United Presbyterian Church. On his way thither he passed through Grahamstown, the city of the British settlers of 1820, rendered famous to the denomination of which he was an agent, inasmuch as one of its deputies to the mission field narrowly escaped for his life in passing through it; but all these hostile feelings were hushed when Tiyo Soga first entered it as a missionary. His reception was most cordial. When he preached in Trinity Church, among his auditory was the Lieutenant Governor and his staff. This distinguished military gentleman was so pleased with the sermon of the Kafir that he turned to one of

his attendants at the close of the service, and asked why none of his military chaplains could preach as this Kafir had done? whereupon one of his staff naively replied, "Your Excellency, the sermon is a borrowed one!" "Oh indeed!" replied his Excellency, "then that makes all the difference in the world."

But whilst his reception from the Cape Colonists cheered and nerved him, the tidings of his self-deluded and self-destroyed countrymen crushed his spirits, and deeply wounded his sensitive nature, as the following letters show. The first is dated from Glenthorn, 7th August, 1857, and is addressed to his old and well-tried friend, the Rev. Dr. Anderson. "I proceed in a week or two with Mr. Cumming, to King William's Town, to rejoin Mr. Johnston, and afterwards we make our entrance into Kafirland. As we have not yet reached our final destination, I shall give you, in this letter, some account of occurrences in the colony, connected with our movements. I may premise, by telling you, that the arrival of no missionary in this country has produced such excitement. I will allow you to conjecture the principal cause of that excitement. I am glad to tell you, that the excitement has been of a favourable, rather than of an inimical nature. This you will see by the paper, which I sent you some few weeks ago, and by the one which accompanies this letter. The latter is the great oracle of the eastern province, and the one from which anything unfavourable might have been anticipated. But you see that its tone is changed. That is the paper which generally thundered against the Kafirs, and certain missionaries and missionary institutions. Times are now changed. Nothing indeed could have more exceeded our most distant anticipations, than our reception in the Colony. Although

there are among certain classes here, strong prejudices against colour, yet my reception showed me that these prejudices are not so much against the mere skin as against the circumstances and the character of those whose complexion I bear. The Christian public in Algoa Bay, Uitenhage, and Grahamstown held out the right hand of fellowship. In Algoa Bay and Grahamstown, I preached to crowded congregations. In both places the most influential churches are the Wesleyan and the Independent. I received from these in both places the most cordial invitations to preach in their pulpits. In Uitenhage, I preached to the Wesleyan and the Dutch Reformed congregations. I know you will be glad to hear all this. Although I had offended no man in the Colony, I was not without fears lest the enemies of the black man might plan and plot every possible means of annoyance. If you knew the state of feeling towards colour in this Colony, you would understand better why I entertained such fears, and why I refer so particularly to the reception I met with from the ministers and people of those places I have named. I have often said to Mrs. S., and in no spirit of vain glory, that in this land the white face of Brother Johnston might very easily have admitted him into any society without any other qualifications; but the Scotch education, not my black face, has been my passport into places where that face would not be permitted to enter. Thanks to you then, my Scotch friends, you have, under God, given me a position which I might never have attained; I hope that grace will be given me to walk worthily of that position.

"You will not be surprised to hear that preaching, under the circumstances related above, was more trying to me than in Scotland. There I was sure of the sympathy

of many; here I could calculate only on the sympathy of few. You never in your life saw more intensely attentive audiences than those to which I had the honour of preaching. I have no doubt that some came with the object of *hearing* and then *laughing* at the ridiculous blunders and nonsense of a Kafir preacher. Such thoughts often passed through my mind, and became motives to courage and boldness of speech. There are times when the very means which malice and prejudice make use of to ensnare, annoy, or put down a man, become sources of strength. When I preached at Algoa Bay, in the Wesleyan Chapel, I was twice interrupted by a voice, whose object I thought at the time was to silence me. On this very account I felt that a voice would never succeed in putting me down, say what it may. I was glad, however, afterward to learn that the disturbance occasioned by that voice was purely accidental; it was some drunken wretch who was struggling to give himself elbow room, amid the pressure of the crowded house. In Algoa Bay, Uitenhage, and Grahamstown, I had also opportunities of preaching to the Kafirs, Fingoes, and Hottentots. The interest and excitement here were as great as among the white people. Oh! the wonder and astonishment with which they viewed me! You should have witnessed it in order to realize it. They are all staggered at the distance at which I seem to stand from them. Most of them appear never to have even dreamed that such positions were decreed for any but the white man. Others again could not contain themselves for joy and delight at what they saw. When we arrived at Algoa Bay, I could both see and hear that at first they were at a loss to discover the race to which I belonged. I overheard one for example asking, "Of what race can he be?" But their amazement seemed complete, when they

heard me using that very language, to which I have no doubt they would think that I was a stranger. It was really amusing, and to speak the truth, sometimes annoying, to see the crowds that turned out to *stare* at us, in every street we passed in Algoa Bay. Poor Mrs. S., had she not had a stout heart, would scarcely have dared to venture out in any of the towns in which we have been. In the coloured people I know it was nothing but curious wonder that made them stare so much at us. I do not know what may have been the predominant feeling among the white people. I would not be surprised if, to some, there was something absurd in the fact of a black man walking side by side with a white lady.

"So much for matters connected with our arrival in the Colony. I will now give you an account of the present state of Kafirland and the Kafirs. We have come at a most critical period of the Kafir nation. You will, no doubt, have heard of that awful delusion, by which the Kafirs have been induced to slaughter all their cattle, and to neglect the cultivation of their gardens, in the belief that there was to be a resurrection of such cattle as in numbers and superiority of breed were never known or seen in Kafirland, and that corn would likewise spontaneously spring out of the earth in such abundance, that there would be no room to contain it. My poor infatuated countrymen are now most bitterly reaping the fruits of having been the dupes of designing impostors. The rod by which they are now being chastised has been wielded by their own hand. They have actually committed national suicide. Oh! the misery and wretchedness, now to be witnessed in Kafirland, as the result of the poor Kafirs having believed a lie, baffle description. Famine has almost depopulated the land. I cannot exactly say

the rate at which they are dying from sheer starvation in Kafirland, for I do not wish to exaggerate. But many have died and many are dying. Thousands have taken refuge in the Colony, and they have found a refuge I am happy to say; for even their greatest enemies, touched with pity at the sight of so much destitution, have held out a helping hand, thus proving that men are generally better than their theories. Some have thrown themselves among the native tribes beyond, others have crossed the Orange River, distant from Kafirland, I think, two or three hundred miles. These have gone to the Bechuanas, to seek means of subsistence. The proudest people on the face of the earth have been compelled by the severity of the present distress, to do things at which they would formerly have shuddered. What think you! Parents are said, in some cases to have eaten their children. Such are the reports, that come from Kafirland; and it is difficult not to believe that such things have taken place. On our way from Algoa Bay, through Grahamstown to this place, we met with scores of Kafirs flocking into the Colony and they were the embodiments of extreme misery and suffering. But, oh! the sight of the children was enough to move the stoutest heart. When they stretched out their little hands to receive the few crusts of bread I could spare for them, they positively looked like animated skeletons. The worst of all this is yet to come, and will not the good people of John Street come to the aid of these poor perishing Kafirs? They are now pouring into mission stations by hundreds. We have not yet commenced a station; when we do, we are sure of being flooded by starving men, women, and children. A donation of £15 or £20 would enable me in some small measure to mitigate the suffering which I have not the courage to encounter, and

which my own means will not allow me to do much towards relieving. Under the circumstances which I have just related, the continued existence of the Kafirs, as a nation, has become problematical. There is no doubt that many of those who have left Kafirland will never return. But upon those who may return after they have recruited their means in the Colony, and in other places whither they have fled from the present distress, various influences will have been brought to bear, tending to modify their habits and customs as a people. You are aware that the attachment of the Kafirs to their chiefs is one of the most prominent features of their national character. The present distress is fast dissolving the ties that bound the people to their chiefs. I fear that in the course of a short time, the chiefs will have nothing but the *name* of that authority, for which they were to a great extent indebted to the people who are now deserting them by hundreds. By some, it is strongly suspected that the overthrow of the white man was the grand ultimate object contemplated at first by the false prophets, in those predictions which have resulted in the present misery and suffering. It is said that the prophets were the instruments and tools employed by the chiefs to work out a deep political plot against the white man. The far-reaching policy, say those who have been accustomed to disentangle the intricate webs of political intrigue, was to bring about a distress that would compel the people to rise up in a mass against the common foe. What foundation there is for such a conclusion I have yet to learn. I am not altogether prepared to dispute the fact that the inveterate enmity of the chiefs to the white man may induce them to scheme and plan his ultimate ruin. If the destruction of the white man was originally aimed at by the chiefs in the predictions of the

prophets, how miserably they have failed in this object! The blow, aimed at the foe, has recoiled with fearful violence upon themselves. An enemy could not have humbled the Kafirs more effectually than their own strange infatuation has done. By giving heed to seducing lies, they have cut off their own arms. The white men may now beat their 'swords into ploughshares,' and their 'spears into pruning hooks,' so far at least as those Kafirs who have hitherto been at war with them are concerned. The liberality of the British Government, which has granted pensions to the chiefs, has mainly contributed to keep them together. I know of no tie that otherwise would have retained them in Kafirland.

"And now you will say, What of our own prospects? They are far from being *gloomy*. It is by terrible things that God sometimes accomplishes His purposes. In the present calamities I think I see the future salvation of my countrymen, both in a physical and moral point of view. The destruction of their cattle will make them more extensive cultivators of the soil than they have ever been. Then in a moral point of view, in some of the places to which many have fled, they will no doubt be brought under the influence of the truth. There is nothing that softens the hardened heart so much as affliction; and I trust that this affliction will, in the providence of God, be productive of much spiritual benefit to the Kafirs. Then I need not tell you that the multitudes, who are flocking to missionary stations, will have all the advantages of such institutions. Our object, then, is to push on now to Kafirland to commence the work of building up a station. Wherever there are missionaries Kafirs will come, and desire to come at once. Some of those who have gone from Kaffraria will, no doubt, after they have improved

their circumstances, return to their own land. By selecting at present the parts likely to be largely populated in Kaffraria, we are sure of getting those who return. Indeed, all things considered, the prospects of all missions in Kafirland were never better. We have now nothing to fear from wars. Let the present storm of suffering blow over, and Kafirland will be gradually filled up, I trust, by an industrious and peaceable population. When the Kafirs have re-sold their guns to the white men, where are the probabilities of a war? There could be none at any rate at present, as Kafirland is depopulated. Think of us, then! Think of poor Kafirland; pity the misery—physical and spiritual—of her sons! Pray for the speedy arrival of more auspicious times!"

From Glenthorn Tiyo Soga proceeded to Peelton, one of the stations of the London Missionary Society, to join Mr. Johnston, who had preceded him. The one picture, ever present to him, was that of want and wretchedness, caused by the belief in a falsehood. From Peelton, September 2, 1857, he writes to the late John Henderson, Esq., of Park: "We have not yet entered upon the scene of our future labours. Peelton, where we now are, is the threshold to it. In the course of a week or two, God willing, we hope to be there. We have come to this land at a most critical period of the history of the Kafir nation; events are now transpiring which seem to predict its ultimate dissolution. . . . A millennium was predicted for Kafirland. These predictions took hold of the chiefs and great men, who easily influenced their people. With the infatuation of men bewitched they proceeded to execute the doom pronounced upon their cattle. Cattle are the Kafir's capital. In other circumstances he would have sooner cut off his right hand than have

destroyed one single head of cattle. But the word of the prophet seemed to have been truly magical; kraals were depopulated as if a mighty torrent sweeping everything before it had passed over them. They not only flung away the pick and the spade, the instruments of agriculture with Kafirs, but they applied the faggot to their corn stacks. The immediate destruction of their cattle and grain was made the condition upon which the millennium was depending.

"The mania extended even to the ornaments about the body. These the poor Kafirs sold by thousands to the Fingoes and the white man. Their guns and assegays also went the same way. It will astonish you to hear that so great was the faith of the Kafirs in these predictions that widows and widowers actually sat, day after day, beside the graves of their husbands and wives. The women who had married a second time abandoned their husbands in the hope of rejoining the first. Sutu, the mother of Sandilli, and the widow of Gaika, the great chief of the Gaika Kafirs, who died thirty years ago, for days toiled in attempting to obliterate her wrinkles, and to put herself in the most favourable and attractive condition for meeting with Gaika. Poor old foolish woman! She must now be nearly seventy years of age; and I am sure that were Gaika to rise he would find his wife a perfect fright. Hunger and starvation are doing their fearful work throughout all Kafirland. The like has never been seen here. The appalling sights are making our hearts bleed. It was only yesterday that I witnessed a sight which must remain long in my memory. I assisted to dig the grave of a Kafir mother and two young children who had died from starvation. Death overtook the miserable creatures about half a mile from the station. It appears,

from the position in which we found them, that exhausted with hunger and fatigue the mother sat down and composed herself and her little ones to sleep. The ample Kafir kaross was placed over them all. The younger lay near her mother's breast, and the other behind. From that sleep they never awoke. They seem to have died in sleep, as there were no indications of any struggle. Children are coming here daily in scores in quest of food. The most of them are so weak as not to be able to walk. A boy of 12 or 13 years of age was brought here, two nights ago, in a state of insensibility. On looking at him I could only wonder at the tenacity of human life; so thoroughly gone did he appear that we became apprehensive of his ultimate recovery. However, food and clothing are working wonders on him. Among the persons who came to-day to the mission-house were two women, the wives of a Kafir who, to escape death, had committed the unnatural act of deserting his own children. He fled some time ago to the Colony, and left his wives with five children to shift for themselves. Four of the children died on the road to this place, and the surviving infant was so weak that when they tried to make him stand he sank down from exhaustion. It was truly affecting to see these miserable objects; and amid so much suffering one could not help admiring the attachment which the two women manifested towards each other. Where pologamy prevails, it is rare to see among the wives of one husband anything like genuine affection. But these poor young creatures formed an exception to the rule. At the Mgwali, where we expect to go, we shall be inundated by scores of starving human beings. The worst is yet to come. During the eight months between this and harvest there must be a time of dreadful suffering to the poor Kafirs. There

are many of them anxious to sow, but are so reduced physically that they are unable to do much in the way of cultivation."

To Mrs. R. A. Bogue, of Glasgow, he furnishes a few incidents illustrative of this tale of misery and want. "Near Fort Beaufort, an English town, the police, who are always in search of cattle-lifters, one day descried smoke issuing from a woody kloof or ravine. They therefore set out to ascertain by whom and on what account this strange fire had been kindled. They were not far from the place when three women came out from the ravine and entreated them not to approach, for they might witness a revolting sight. This, of course, was an argument to the police to press forward. When they came to the place they saw the heads of three children whose bodies had been devoured by their own parents to appease the cravings of hunger. Here is another case, about the veracity of which there is not the slightest doubt. A husband and wife, with a child, were making their way for the Colony, to escape from the scene of suffering. The man had been carrying the child on his shoulder, which either must have been too young, or too weak from hunger, to be able to walk. The man gradually slackened his pace, until the woman, who was leading the way, lost sight of him. In vain she waited for him to overtake her. At last she returned and found that he had decapitated the child, and was roasting one of the arms on a fire which he had just kindled. Frantic with grief, and not knowing what she was doing, she inflicted a mortal blow on the wretched man's neck with an axe; and *there*, father and child lay lifeless at her feet. On our journey hither we met crowds of men, women, and children proceeding to the Colony to seek for means of subsistence. One day, in

a place where we halted to rest our weary oxen, we had an opportunity for the first time of seeing for ourselves a sight of which we had hitherto only heard. There we saw little children with heads which seemed too large and too heavy for their bodies, and with arms and legs thin and attenuated like straws. The sight deeply affected us. As the parents had resolved to spend the night among the bushes near to where we had outspanned, I went up to speak to them, and at the same time carried a few crusts of bread for the children. Having learned the particulars of their story, I told them that I had brought a few bits of bread for the children. They clapped their hands at such unexpected kindness. At the sight of the bread the children were quite impatient. As one of the mothers became the dispenser of the valued boon, it was both amusing and painful to see how interested they all were in the process of distribution. Who was to get the largest share seemed a point of much importance with them. One little girl especially amused me. Observing that the mother was about to break off a second bit from the piece which was evidently designed for her, she exclaimed in despair, 'Oh, are you really breaking it off again?' whereupon the mother inculcated the duty of being contented with the smallest thing in these hard times. I am sometimes disposed to say that the grown-up people are well chastised for their infatuation; but who can think of the suffering innocent little ones without deploring their misery, and as reaping the fruits of that which they had no hand in sowing?"

To the Rev. Henry Miller, now of Hammersmith, London, he repeats the same sad story:—"Kafirland is nearly devoid of the interest which it once possessed. The greater part of it has been emptied of the inhabitants,

concerning whom missionaries were wont to write such tales of wonder. I never really knew that superstition had so potent an influence over the human mind until I saw the havoc which it has made among my wretched countrymen. You have often heard people speaking of the noble Kafir! If the Kafirs now are noble, they are noble fools, and that seems a contradiction in terms. Mhlakaza, the man whose memory the Kafirs will ever execrate for making them wretched and destitute, is no more! What a miserable end was his! He fell a victim to that famine which he brought upon his race. Out of twenty persons at his kraal, only two escaped death. These were the prophetess who communicated the revelations from the other world to Mhlakaza, her father (or more strictly speaking her uncle), and one of Mhlakaza's sons. The girl is now a prisoner near King William's Town; the son is not far from this place. It is said that when Mhlakaza was dying he accused and upbraided Kreli, the head of the Kafir tribes, for having made him a tool to work out, as the result of his predictions, the ultimate destruction of the white man. If this was the intention of the Kafir chief, how miserably it has failed! Kreli himself, a few weeks ago, was well nigh captured by a force sent out against him. The policy of the Government, now that the Kafirs have fallen, is to apprehend the chiefs and transport them. This, however, has as yet been done only in the case of those chiefs against whom charges of a criminal kind have been preferred and proved. The results of this huge superstition of the Kafirs are felt to this moment; and it is impossible not to refer to them, when scarcely a day passes without seeing many victims. Last Saturday a mother and two children found their way to this place (the Mgwali) from the Kei River, about fifteen miles distant. They carried on their heads

bundles of the water-lily stalks. This plant has always been the refuge of the Kafirs in famine. I remember having partaken of it during a season of scarcity, when I lived with my grand-parents near King William's Town. I was a mere child at that time, and King William's Town had then no existence. The Kafirs boil it, and when ready it is not unlike (in appearance only), but by no means in taste, to your stewed rhubarb. When I asked one of our elders if it was good for food, he said that although it supported life it did not give strength. The bundles of it carried by these creatures were not very large, yet when they laid them down it was with difficulty they could again lift them. The tale of the woman was: her husband died last winter of famine, and not long ago three of her relatives. She remained at her kraal some time after their death, supporting herself and her children by the lily stalks, the roots of trees, and wild beans. We have given them temporary shelter, and fed them. As soon as they have gathered strength, they will pass on."

It was shortly after his arrival in the Colony, and before he had entered on his special work, that the following incident occurred, which he has described in a letter to the Rev. T. C. Finlayson: "The prejudices here against colour, which I anticipated, gave way on my arrival in a most remarkable manner, so far as I am personally concerned. Sill, I have found that, only in Britain, the black man is admitted to be quite as capable of mental and moral improvement as the white man. In this colony, as in America, by a strange perversion of logic, some men seem to argue in this way in relation to the black man: 'Dark in face, therefore dark in mind.' As an instance of Colonial prejudice, take the following:—I was requested by the minister of a certain village to supply his pulpit

as he had to leave for a distant part of the Colony. Early on the Sabbath morning I rode down to the village, and was received with much kindness by the minister's wife and brother. Before the first service commenced, a man belonging to the village called at the parsonage and asked if the minister was at home, as he wished him to come and read the burial service at the funeral of his child. He belonged to the Church of England. Mr. —— said that his brother was from home, and was likely to be away for a few days; but, he added, 'Mr. Soga is here, and may at your request read the service at your child's funeral.' 'Oh, no! no! no! I wont have him on any account,' replied the deeply-offended mourner, and then gave vent to his indignation at the insult offered. 'Well, well, you need not put yourself into such a state about it,' replied Mr. ——, who had a most hearty contempt for such narrow-mindedness; 'Mr. Soga, you may be sure, is perfectly indifferent, and you may request him or not just as you please; I only mentioned him because you wanted a clergyman to read the burial service.' The man went away, and I went to perform the duties devolving upon me. About three o'clock in the afternoon I was walking about, near the minister's house, cogitating over my evening's discourse, when I saw a man approaching. He said to me: 'Mr. —— has sent me to ask if you would have the goodness to come and read the burial service at the funeral of his child.' I asked the time, and on being told I promised to go. I was not then aware of what had taken place in the morning. When the appointed time arrived I went according to promise, and *pro tempore* acted the part of a clergyman of the Church of England. Had the person been an adult I would have had some scruples, and have inquired particularly about his history before I

felt justified in reading what I did. After all was over, Mr. —— told me about his interview with the parent. After the morning service, he had come again to Mr. ——, requesting him to secure my service. 'Is it come to this?' Mr. —— asked. What was said further I do not now recollect. The man who came to me at the minister's house was a messenger from Mr. ——, whose wounded feelings seemed unaccountably to have undergone a most sudden change. This is as yet the only expressed instance of Colonial prejudice against your friend that has been told to me; but I must say that I am so hardened, that the prejudices of the *enlightened* men of this Colony are not likely to exercise any very material influence upon me. I have preached to crowds, and have not the slightest doubt that many men in these audiences did not believe that a single ray of light, moral or intellectual, could ever penetrate the thick skull, and into the modicum of brain possessed by one of sable countenance. It was a great trial to face such men. You know well that I have nothing of which to boast; yet what I had to say, God helped me to say without fear of man."

It was in such circumstances that Tiyo Soga returned to his native land, as an accredited preacher of the Gospel. There was the ever-present spectacle of his countrymen dispersed and self-destroyed; there was also the inward feeling, which cropped up when least expected, and from quarters which gave a poignancy to the prejudices against him because of his black face. It was in such circumstances that the *first* ordained preacher of the Kafir race began his labours. He claims the honour; but he had also to suffer the penalty.

CHAPTER XI.

GETTING INTO HARNESS. THE MGWALI.

"But well I know
That unto him who works and feels he works,
This same grand year is ever at the doors."

At Peelton, the two young missionaries met with the dispersed native members of the United Presbyterian Mission, who had found a temporary resting place *there* after the ravages of the late war. "We found our people at Peelton," says Mr. Johnston, "waiting anxiously for us. Hope deferred was making their heart sick. They were longing much to be under the superintendence of our Church. They were also for a proper home. At Peelton the land which had been given them was at a very inconvenient distance; and besides, a short time before we reached the country, that land had been granted to the Germans." To this Tiyo Soga adds: "Peelton had been up to this point the temporary home of the converts belonging to our former stations of Chumie, Uniondale, and Iqibigha. Their hearts' desire and prayer to God had been for the return of their own missionaries. Our arrival, therefore, caused unspeakable joy. Hitherto it had been a night of sorrow and weeping; but our coming once more cheered their drooping hearts, and ushered in the dawn of a brighter day. It was an indication of our Church's continued interest in their well-being.

"We had heard ere we reached Peelton that there was a likelihood of at least the greater part of these people going with the missionaries to the Mgwali. With the view of ascertaining the general feeling, one of the first things we did was to convene the heads of families, who almost unanimously resolved to follow the fortunes of the mission. So long as there had been even the faintest hope of the ultimate resumption of the mission, they had not looked upon any of the places in which they had taken refuge as their home. This was not owing to restlessness of disposition or partisanship. They did not complain of discomfort in their outward circumstances. The foundation of the strong desire, which they all along manifested to have our mission revived, was their love of home. Their fondest affections had clung to the mission, as to *a home*. They loved other missions, inasmuch as they recognized the grand object which they sought to realize. But none possessed the interest of that mission of which they had long been accustomed to look upon themselves as the offspring. They were most unwilling, therefore, to abandon the hope of having their home restored in the restoration of their mission and missionaries. Of the individuals formerly connected, either directly or indirectly with the mission, who have expressed the desire of being still associated with it, there are 36 males, 48 females, and 88 children—in all 172 souls." "I found," he writes further, "my friends in the good providence of God all well, and very few changes among them. My good old mother is getting very aged and feeble; so is my father, though he still retains the wild fire of the Kafir. How they rejoiced to see me again! I am glad to say that I have not realized the truth of the proverb, 'A prophet is not without honour,' &c. I thank God for this."

Having gathered the dispersed, our next duty was the establishment of the mission station. A site had already been secured, through the agency of the Rev. Mr. Cumming and others, and the sanction of Colonel Maclean, the Lieutenant Governor of British Kaffraria, and Sandilli, the Gaika chief, at the Mgwali stream, about thirty miles beyond King William's Town. Messrs. Niven and Cumming had visited the district, and selected this very place, in 1854; but the war prevented further action. The young missionaries, therefore, had only to obtain the approval of His Excellency the Governor to proceed to their new sphere of labour. Accompanied by Mr., now the Honourable, Charles Brownlee, they reached the Mgwali on the 11th September, 1857. The district was depopulated in consequence of the famine; and had not the native converts, connected with the United Presbyterian mission, followed and created the nucleus of a population, they would have set out on a fruitless errand. But never were two men more sanguine and buoyant, and there is a great pleasure in entering upon new and untried work. It was indeed the day of "small things;" but the missionaries were not easily disheartened. They saw that the state of the Gaika tribe had reached its lowest ebb; and, with the few faithful followers around them, they dimly discerned the first ripple of the inward flow of the tide, and that soon the strong current would set in.

Mr. Johnston's first impressions of the place unconsciously carried his thoughts homewards, so that he was led to contrast it with his own rich woodland Scottish scenery. He writes thus: "The Mgwali is not a peculiarly beautiful country, at least according to our Scotch notions. In the immediate vicinity it is almost entirely destitute of wooding; but the Kafirs like it much. They describe

it as a first-rate cattle and corn country, and that is everything to them. There are several very fertile valleys, and abundance of arable land, which may be easily irrigated. It will not be difficult to make it a very beautiful spot, and it appears a most desirable centre for missionary operations." Tiyo Soga, flushed with gratitude, thus completes the picture: "It was with no ordinary feelings of joy and gratitude that we reached the place, *towards* which our eyes had been directed ever since we left Scotland. To the Kafir, the Mgwali is a land of milk and corn; and certainly to our eyes it gave the promise of abundance of the good things of this life. The site of the station commands an extensive view of the whole valley; and the place, though devoid of wood, is by no means unpleasant to the eye. In consequence of the depopulation of the country, there is at present not one inhabitant in the Mgwali. Its solitariness conveys very melancholy feelings to the mind; but there is not the slightest doubt that when the Kafirs have improved their means, in the places to which they have gone because of the famine, they will return to this favourite spot."

The Gaika chief Sandilli now appears on the scene, welcomes the fresh arrivals, and seeing in the son of one of his councillors to what civilization his people can be brought, he there and then, with that impulsiveness so peculiar to him, requested the missionaries "to take and educate his eldest four children." That was encouragement at the very threshold of their mission work.

Like all men, everywhere, who commence a new work, these two missionaries had their full share of difficulties in founding the Mgwali station.

Speedily poles were cut for the roof, and sods for the walls, and not the least diligent labourers were the

two missionaries themselves who had just completed an intellectual apprenticeship at College and in the Theological Hall. They have all the greater honour that they did not scruple to labour; and the sweetness of their primitive life must have been all the sweeter, as they looked up to the roof-tree of their sod houses, and reflected that their own hands had assisted in the erection of these buildings. Whilst they contentedly accommodated themselves to the novel circumstances of their African missionary life, alternately preaching and building, the number of inhabitants was gradually increasing by the influx of emaciated Gaikas, pitifully begging for food. They accordingly appealed to the home Church for pecuniary aid to purchase food for the starving men, women, and children. The appeal was responded to; and to their already accumulating duties, was added that of being purveyors to the famishing Kafirs. The small colony of famine-stricken people, collecting around them, was not without some political difficulties. But let Mr. Soga speak for himself, and describe not only how their charity was expended, but also how the serious difficulties connected with the starving population of the Mgwali were judiciously overcome.

"Do you remember the passage in the book of *Amos*, which represents God as threatening idolatrous Israel, with 'cleanness of teeth,' and 'want of bread,' unless they repented? This text has been suggested by the sight of the starving Kafirs in our neighbourhood. The second sentence of God's judgment was painfully true, in the present state of this people; but if the words 'cleanness of teeth,' mean '*whiteness* of teeth,' then the appearance of the teeth of the Kafirs in question is very far from being clean in that sense. They had an unnatural green and very dirty colour. This led me to ask them one day how

this was, and they told me they had been living for months on the *dandelion*. It is very abundant in Kafirland, in cultivated places. It had given their formerly beautiful teeth that repulsive aspect. I have, moreover, seen some of these poor creatures with frightfully swollen cheeks, the result of constantly masticating the roots of the young mimosa tree. It is a miserable thing from which to have a meal. The last corpse I saw had a stick sharpened at both ends, lying close to the head, which this poor creature had used to dig roots of every kind to maintain life. Mr. Johnston and I have purchased corn to assist some of these starving creatures; and unless we had done so, we could not have commenced operations. The assistance rendered is not always gratuitous. What we give to the station people will be returned by them in corn, or in money, when their circumstances improve. What we dole out to the *heathen* famishing Kafirs is in return for grass, to thatch our temporary houses and Church, or as payment for some light necessary work. But there are others so utterly weak as to be unable to do any manual labour, and these we are obliged to ration gratuitously.

"Although the establishment of our mission station had received the sanction of Government, there was a statement made by the Lieutenant Governor of British Kaffraria to the effect that, with the exception of the families connected with our mission, we were not to concentrate any people at the Mgwali, as it would be in opposition to the Government policy. I confess that at the time I did not fully appreciate the difficulties of this prohibition. Whilst we exercised from the first great caution in not concentrating people upon the station, we gradually realised that the prohibition was most grievous, as it struck at the root of all missionary effort in Kafirland, and

especially fettered us in dealing with the famine-stricken Kafirs, who poured in upon us soliciting help. On the arrival of His Excellency on the frontier, we rode to King William's Town for the purpose of representing our case, if he would favour us with an interview. Our object was to ask him to confirm our occupation of the Mgwali; to request liberty to enter upon any new sphere of labour that might open to us; and to understand definitely the conditions of our existence as a mission at the Mgwali. Before seeing the Governor, we deemed it prudent to have an interview with Colonel Maclean, the Lieutenant Governor, and intimate to him our intention to see His Excellency. We accordingly proceeded to Fort Murray, and had only time to state our case, when an express arrived from King William's Town to announce the arrival of Sir George Grey, and the necessity for the immediate presence of Colonel Maclean. The Lieutenant Governor simply renewed the prohibition which he had already issued, and told us, with reference to the other points, that the constitutional way in such matters was to draw up a memorial to His Excellency. We rode to King William's Town with saddened hearts, anticipating, from the renewal of the prohibition, future embarrassments at the Mgwali.

"Next morning we were favoured with an easy and agreeable interview with the Governor. With regard to our occupation of the Mgwali as a mission station, he stated that there was no objection whatever, provided it was a spot eligible as a site for one of the villages, which His Excellency informed us he intended to establish throughout Kafirland; and provided, further, it was capable of supporting a large population, and was a place where water for irrigation purposes might be led out. If these conditions were fulfilled, Government would have

the place surveyed and divided into four-acre lots for each family, on an annual quit-rent. Should the place be formed into a village he would not interfere with our religious tenets, although, to prevent the youth growing up in ignorance, he would establish a Government school there. The water also that might be led out would be a matter for Government. So far as our knowledge went, we said, in reply to His Excellency, that we thought the place would conveniently answer all the conditions indicated. We then informed him of the command of the Lieutenant Governor forbiding us to concentrate natives at the station, and the difficulties in which we had consequently been placed. We asked if the prohibition referred to those cases which, in the course of our missionary labours, might be brought under the influence of the truth, as such persons might desire to reside upon the station. His Excellency did not see the utility of a mission station without people. He then called in Col. Maclean, and asked if there was any political reason which might be urged as an objection to people going to reside at the Mgwali. From the reply of the Lieutenant Governor it seemed to me that it was his opinion that, should our station be permanently established and ultimately become one of the villages, its position would be too near to the Church Mission station of St. John's, ten miles distant on the south; to the Berlin Mission station, about the same distance to the north-west; and to the German village of Stutterheim, with its mission twelve miles to the west. The Lieutenant Governor urged no political reason. His Excellency then stated that, if the place fulfilled the conditions to which I have already alluded, those who desired to come to the station might do so without hindrance. On the point of asking permission to occupy

any other field of usefulness that might present itself to us, we informed His Excellency that although it was probable we might be together for some time at the Mgwali, yet afterwards it might be desirable to carry out the wishes of the Church at home and extend the mission, in which case one of us would be removed to another place. We mentioned the Thomas River (Itunxwe) as a place to which we had directed our attention. We also informed him that formerly the Berlin Society expressed a desire to occupy it; but from their having lately established a mission in Anta's country, they seemed to leave the Thomas River as an open field. His Excellency then replied that we might occupy any other place, provided our operations did not come into collision with those of other societies. Such is a very imperfect outline of our interview with the Governor. The result sent us home with feelings the reverse of those with which we rode to Fort Murray and King William's Town. The Mgwali is now our own, so far as the assurance of the Governor can make it; it may now without hindrance be increased in population, and further action may now be taken in any other position that may present to us claims for useful labour. In process of time the Mgwali will gather around it a very large population."

The young missionaries then proceeded to erect a house for the worship of God, the material used being what is popularly termed in the Cape Colony "wattle and daub;" but before the architect and builder had completed his contract he suddenly deserted his work, and left the helpless missionaries to finish it to the best of their ability. By the exercise of patience and perseverance —two indispensable virtues in all engaged on mission work—and after many delays and annoyances, they

witnessed its completion, and consecrated it to the one purpose for which it was built—rude and unpretentious as it was. "It is now seven months," writes Tiyo Soga to Mr. Miller, on 19th April, 1858, "since we came to this place, and this is what we have done. We have built two small cottages for ourselves. Our *manses* have the following apartments; one bed-room; one *parlour* (rather a dignified name however!); one very small *store-room* and a *kitchen*. Although we engaged a carpenter to erect them, we had to put our own hands to the work. You would not covet them. But, of course, they must do for missionaries; and I assure you we are thankful, and think them luxurious. Up till within the last two weeks we were engaged in the erection of our little church. It is made of "wattle and daub." The carpenter suddenly disappeared ere it was completed, and we were left in an awkward predicament. You know that we served our apprenticeship for a different profession, and so we had serious thoughts of getting another mechanic to succeed the deserter. At last, however, we resolved to make the best of it ourselves. Brother Johnston was the painter, and your humble servant the glazier. After we had commenced operations, I found so far as my department was concerned, to use a Kafir proverb, '*I had begun with building the barn, before the mealies were ripe.*' The glass required to be cut, in order to get the panes to fit. But then there was no *diamond*, and the nearest place where one could be obtained was 30 miles distant. To King William's Town then we had to send, and when at last the diamond came, I inaugurated its arrival by a serious reduction of the disposable number of panes! Of course I had never used a diamond before. But as practice and perseverance make perfection, I had the satisfaction of

seeing the work succeed. When you come to preach for us, you will have the *pleasure* of looking through windows, the panes of which I had for the most part to fit and glaze. For a whole month we toiled on, and at length as the Kafirs say when successful in any undertaking, '*the truth was on our side.*' Two Sabbaths ago, we had it opened by special services, and by the dispensation of the Lord's Supper. To us the occasion was deeply interesting, and we shall not soon forget the day. Brother Johnston opened the services by preaching in the morning from the last four verses of the 90th Psalm. In the afternoon, I dispensed the ordinance of the Lord's Supper to about forty communicants, and in the evening preached from Psalm cxxvi. 3, 'The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad.' Do you recollect the Kafir melody I sometimes sung in Scotland, not '*Ndimtanda,*' the singing of which you were wont to imitate, but the one I sang as the pure production, words and music, of one of our earliest Kafir converts? I gave it out at the conclusion of the communion services, and it produced a most touching effect. We had sobs and shrieks in our little assembly. The Kafirs, like other primitive people, are very susceptible of impressions, and give vent to their feelings. It was the favourite hymn of the Chumie people. Their exile gave them few or no opportunities of singing it. It awakened hallowed associations of the past, and recalled the memories of those who once joined them in its melancholy notes, but are now sleeping their last long sleep."

On the same date he writes to the Rev. Dr. Somerville: "Last week we had the joy of seeing our work of erecting a small temporary place of worship brought to a close. Yesterday we commemorated the completion, and the

opening of it, by special services, and partaking of the Lord's Supper. During the two previous weeks, we had the church organised and intimated our purpose of dispensing the sacrament on the Sabbath, on which our little church was to be opened. From a preparatory meeting with our former elders at the Chumie, *Dukwana*, *Festiri*, *Tobe*, and *Myosi*, we found that the converts with two exceptions had, during all their time at Peelton, maintained a consistent profession of godliness. They are 36 in number. The greater part of them carried certificates of membership from the missionary at Peelton. Adding to these the mission families, about 40 individuals sat down to the communion. The occasion was interesting in the highest degree, and the day cannot soon be forgotten by us. On the preceding Friday we held service with the people. On Sabbath morning at sunrise we had a delightful prayer meeting at ten o'clock. Brother Johnston opened the special services of the day, and preached very impressively from Psalm xc. 14-17. At twelve o'clock, we sat down to the communion. After a short address, I distributed the elements, and Brother Johnston followed with another address. The whole scene was deeply solemn, devout, and impressive. We concluded by singing the hymn of Ntsikana, the father of Dukwana. It was always a favourite with the Chumie people, and the late Mr. Chalmers, I remember, invariably concluded the services of the communion, by giving out this hymn. I scarcely think it will ever again be sung as it was sung in his day. Our people since they left the Chumie must have had few opportunities of singing it. The effect which it produced in our little assembly was thrilling. It must have awakened memories of the past. No doubt some of these would be pleasant, others again must have been most

sad and melancholy. I saw many an eye bathed in tears, and many a strong frame shaking and trembling from the intensity of deep emotion. Unite with us in praying earnestly for the prosperity of this infant Zion. Though its beginning is small, the Lord grant that its latter end may greatly increase!"

The Mgwali station may now be said to be fairly established. Tiyo Soga is now the spiritual guide of not a few of his old class-mates at the Chumie school; his eldest brother, who first taught him to decipher the alphabet, is one of the ruling elders of this church in the wilderness. After long separation, and many painful experiences, their hopes are at last realised, and side by side they sit at that long communion table, which stretches from the "upper room" on to the end of time; and amid muffled sobs take into their hands that sacred cup which reminds them that, amid all the changes and vicissitudes through which they had passed, there was One at least who knows no change, and is "the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever."

The country where these missionaries had made a beginning, and which for months had been the haunt of wolves and every kind of carrion bird, was now slowly but gradually being filled up by returning Kafirs. "By the liberality of the parent church the missionaries were able to give food and work to numbers who gathered around the station, and in this way they were instrumental in saving not a few." What a contrast is this to the tragedy which, a few months previously, had completely denuded the whole country of its inhabitants! How different now is the aspect of the people who had been rescued from starvation! For weeks and months falsehood had dismembered and scattered the Gaika tribe, and thinned its ranks; and the piteous wail of distress echoed throughout the

Colony. Now, in what was the very centre of this tribe, two missionaries had erected the symbol of peace, which was becoming the rallying-cry of men and women who had fled to the Colony for help. The false prophet had taught the people to believe a lie, and their destruction was the result. Truth followed and asserted its power. The barbarians, humbled by famine and self-condemned, returned and acknowledged that the Gospel was *the only* truth, and the preachers of it their *best and most faithful* friends.

CHAPTER XII.

IN HARNESS.

"Work, true work, done honestly and manfully for Christ, *never* can be a failure. Your own work, which God has given you to do, whatever that is, let it be done truly. Leave eternity to show that it has not been in vain in the Lord. Let it but be work, it will tell."

NOT to enter upon an apprenticeship in architecture or masonry had these two men been equipped and sent forth into the African field, but to build a spiritual edifice, with Christ as the foundation, and with materials in the souls of the people. The following letter of Tiyo Soga to his friend, the Rev. T. C. Finlayson, whilst it possesses the interest of describing a marvellous escape, and gives the first whisperings of feeble health, simply but graphically and somewhat minutely describes how the greater work to which he had devoted his life was being carried on:

"The following will give you an idea of our missionary work. To commence with the *Sabbath*: In the morning at sunrise there is, preparatory to the service of the day, a general prayer-meeting, at which the missionaries simply preside, and the devotional exercises are conducted by the elders and members of the church. At nine o'clock we meet with our class of catechumens. At ten o'clock the first service of the day commences, which is conducted by Brother Johnston and myself alternately. At half-past eleven, when the church comes out, our Sabbath School meets, and is conducted by the elders, who are four

excellent, pious, intelligent men. About half-past twelve o'clock there is another public service. After three o'clock we have our English service, which we also conduct alternately. This closes the public services of the Sabbath. During the week we have a service for praise, prayer, and reading the word, every morning at sunrise.

"*Monday* is a free day with the exception of this devotional meeting.

"On *Tuesday* we visit an out-station of ours, eight miles distant. We travel thither on horseback. Horses are the railways and omnibuses of this country. The people at this out-station never before had opportunities of hearing the joyful sound. They are a very teachable people, and not only willing to hear us, but very anxious that we should visit them frequently. It is really quite delightful to go among them. The boys and girls are bright, intelligent children. In going to this kraal we invariably carry a sheet of the alphabet, and when our meeting with the people is over, we give a lesson to the young people. They are quite in raptures with it. One or two boys among them, who are especially sharp, will not, I think, disappoint our expectations of them. The head man of the kraal tells us that these young people can remember far more of the strange things we speak to them than the grown-up people do. On Tuesday afternoon we meet with our elders, and in the evening we conduct a class for those Kafirs who have come to reside here since the station was founded. The pupils in this class are certainly no credit to the Kafir intellect. It is without exception the most thick-headed class I ever had to conduct. However, we do not despair of some time or other drilling a hole into their thick skulls, to let in the light that may awaken the dormant faculties of the soul.

They are a class of people who have never been accustomed to think of anything beyond their bodily wants, and the colour, number, and quality of their cattle, and hence it will take some time for them even to remember and know that an A is an A. How very different the children are from these grown-up people. It is amazing how quickly they master the alphabet. My house boy, of whom you will hear more, could go over it correctly in about a week.

"*Wednesday.*—In the forenoon of this day we visit among the people at the station and near neighbourhood. In the evening we have a general prayer-meeting, at which an exhortation is given by either Mr. Johnston or myself.

"*Thursday* is another of our itinerating days; and on account of the extent of the field we wish to overtake, we devote the whole day to this work. In the evening we return to our class of adult pupils.

"*Friday* is a free day.

"*Saturday* forenoon we devote to mutual improvement. On one Saturday we read some portion of Hebrew and Gibbon, and on the other the Greek Testament and Neander's Church History.

"Thus you have an idea of our special duties at this place. For eight days, however, so far as I am concerned, they have been suspended from an accident, which nearly deprived me of my eyesight, and I may also say of my life. I have been mercifully delivered, and I am now writing with a head and face enveloped in wadding and handkerchiefs. I had brought from Scotland some liquid glue, whose properties for mending everything were highly extolled by a Glasgow friend. Having partly filled a pan with warm water, I put into it the stone bottle containing the glue, to prepare it for use. In my absence the bottle

was removed from the pan, and placed upon the heated stove. When about to begin my mending operations, and on removing the cork, there was a loud explosion, and the ignited glue was discharged over my face. I instantly threw down the bottle, and with both hands tried to extinguish the fire upon my face, but to no purpose. The friction seemed to increase it, and to intensify the agony. I saw a tub of water, made a rush to it, buried my face in the water, and extinguished the flame on my face. Thinking that I was now safe, I rose, but to my horror, my neckerchief and shirt were in a blaze. Fortunately the house-boy seized a vessel full of water, near at hand, and dashed the contents of it on my face, and neck, and chest. But when the fire about my person was extinguished, I was called to encounter a still more serious evil, or rather the same evil in a more alarming form. The flame had reached the thatch roof of the kitchen, and was endangering the whole house. I snatched the vessel from the boy, filled it with water from the tub, and cast the water vigorously and repeatedly upon the flame. To my joy the effort was crowned with success. I was saved, and the house was saved. There are one or two circumstances connected with this accident which shows how kind our Father in Heaven is—how He provides beforehand for our safety. That tub was never before in the kitchen with water; and when I asked the girl how it was she had filled it, she replied that she really could not assign any special reason for doing so. To fill it must have been no easy task, for it is a very large one. Had the water not been there, very likely I would have rushed to the river, and perhaps have reached it only to perish. Then the house must have been consumed by the flames. Fortunately, there was

hardly a breath of wind that night, otherwise my efforts to extinguish the flames would have been fruitless. Then, how my eyes escaped is still a mystery to me. But oh! the agony I endured in my scalded face, hands, and arms during that night is indescribable. My face is partially blistered, and so are my arms. The wadding early applied so far saved me. Gratefully do I attribute this deliverance to Him who has the issues of life and death. It has doubtless been sent for some gracious purpose. May I be wise to improve the lesson which it inculcates! You will be disposed to sympathise deeply with me when I tell you that this was a misfortune upon a misfortune. A few days previously, I had returned from King William's Town, whither I had gone to consult a medical adviser about a pain in my left side, which I have had for a long time, and also about some disagreeable symptoms in the region of my chest. I was thoroughly examined and sounded, and with this result, that there is an enlargement of the spleen, and a functional derangement of the heart. I am at present under medical regime. I have been blistered twice on the side, and am taking a course of quinine and iron. What the issue will be I cannot tell. I can only say that I am far from well; but I thank God that I am not worse, and may I improve by all these warnings! It is my great desire that God would sanctify them to me. Pray for me."

For many long anxious months the missionaries laboured as described in Tiyo Soga's sketch of their work, within the church and beyond it, on week-day and Sunday, at evening classes and in Kafir kraals, without any apparent results. The sod-houses were reared with comparative ease, and the church also soon sprang into existence; but their true work was more difficult to build up, con-

solidate, and make visible. It is so everywhere. So was it when the Master Builder Himself trod our earth, and therefore He spoke words which possess a wonderful living power—words which sustain many a solitary workman labouring in the dark places of the earth even now, when He compared the establishment and growth of His kingdom to leaven, which is slow, silent, and secret, though sure in its operation. Thus have all Christian missionaries felt it. Many of them, even the most faithful, have toiled to the very end without seeing the fruits of their labours! How natural therefore—how human—for the missionary, when he has been the means of finding the lost sheep, or after much search should come upon the lost coin, that he should not only rejoice himself, but call upon others to share his joy, as he sends to the mother church an account of what brings gladness to his own soul amid many untold trials and sorrows! Accordingly, we find Mr. Johnston referring to the first-fruits of their work as follows: "For nearly two years we have sown the seed of Divine truth at the Mgwali, and now we have gathered the first-fruits. On the first Sabbath of April we admitted two young men and one young woman into the Church of Christ—two by baptism, after which ordinance they, with their companion, who had been baptized in infancy, united with us in observing the great ordinance of the Christian Church. It was a joyful day at the Mgwali. These young persons have been members of our candidates' class since we came to the Mgwali, and have given us great satisfaction by their consistent conduct and by their clear understanding of the doctrines of our faith. They have been selected from a class of 22 candidates; and we hope to feel warranted, in a few months, to introduce five others into the Church of Christ.

"The Spirit of all grace, we trust, has been very visibly amongst us. We have had two very decided cases of awakening to a sense of sin. One young person, whom we had thought beyond all sense of shame, and against whom we had been compelled to think the most bitter things, lately came to us in the greatest agony of mind, crying, 'Sirs, what must I do to be saved?' and he is now a regular attender on our candidates' class. The other, up till this time, has lived amid the pollutions of heathenism. Her relatives took a most decided part in the late wars, and obeyed to the letter the commands of Mhlakaza. Their poverty brought them to our station. They have to a large extent been pensioners upon our bounty. But should this seeking one find the True Prophet, temporal loss shall turn out eternal gain, and the givers at home to the Kafir famine fund shall have the satisfaction of knowing that their temporal aid has been the occasion of eternal benefit to some. She also waits most regularly upon the means of grace, and has joined herself to our deeply interesting class of candidates. We have earnestly thanked God and taken courage."

Tiyo Soga, on the other hand, describes how it was necessary that his countrymen should first be deceived by a false prophet, and then suffer from the evils of the falsehood, ere one of his countrymen could be brought to a knowledge of the truth. "The dispersion of the Kafirs by the late famine has, in many places, produced its moral fruits to the praise of His name, who has the ordering of all events, for the promotion of His glory, and the everlasting good of men. How well may we, taking this view of all occurring events, exclaim with Paul, 'Oh the depth both of the wisdom and knowledge of God; how unsearchable are His judgments, and His ways past finding out!'

There is a very intelligent woman, who, about a fortnight ago, joined the inquirers' class, to whom it is now no subject of regret, that she was driven from her heathen home, to seek a refuge from the famine at the Mgwali. It is not quite a year since she came here with her husband. She told me in private conversation that before she became a member of the class, and soon after she came to the station, she received impressions of the truth, and began to pray; and that for some time ere she resolved openly to seek the Lord, she was under very deep and painful convictions of sin. She frequently at this time came, at my request and also at her own desire, on Sabbath evenings, to my house, to speak about the state of her soul; and it was evident that she was under serious impressions. The result has been as already stated. In our Sabbath School I sometimes took the class of those grown-up persons who could not read, and explained for their benefit, the questions of a simple Kafir catechism. This class she regularly attended, and decidedly was at the head of them all in understanding. I think she has the catechism nearly all by heart, although it is not a year since she came amongst us. May we not believe that she is under the teaching of the Good Spirit Himself? She is now making successful efforts to read. From the progress already made, it will not be long before she is able to draw for herself from the pure fountain of God's precious truth. Her answers in the inquirers' class indicate a truly astonishing knowledge of the gospel. At our daily morning prayer meeting, she is a model in regularity of attendance. Rarely indeed do we miss *Garishe* from her place in all the services of God's house. Her husband, in this respect, follows closely the example of his wife. He is also a very hopeful character, a man of fine natural shrewdness. Since

he came amongst us, he has learned to know the truth well, and when he converses about it, seems to feel its importance. God grant that he, also, may be one of those lost sheep, which the Good Shepherd permitted through strange providences to wander away, that He might gather them into His spiritual fold!

"There is also another case that has made us bless God, and lift up the hands, so ready to hang down. It is that of a young woman, the daughter of one of our oldest church members. She is of a very pleasant exterior, and knew it. It lifted her up, became her temptation, and finally made her fall most grievously. For a good while after she confessed her guilt to man, and after we had spoken very plainly to her about the heinousness of her sin before God, she made no profession of having sinned grievously against God, her parents, the station, and herself. Indeed we sometimes thought, that even before men she was not humbled, and this became a source of much anxiety to the missionaries. But, after a time, there was a visible improvement in her outward behaviour. She attended religious services most regularly. Her appearance now is that of a broken-hearted sister. Any one who had seen her bitter tears, when she spoke to me about her state before God, and said how she desired to seek the Lord, would have found it in his heart to speak to her the words of Him who came to bind up the broken-hearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound, when He said, 'Neither do I condemn thee; go and sin no more.' It is now about three months since she sought admission into the class of inquirers, and her entire outward walk corresponds with what she professes and seems to feel.

"There are other two or three persons over whom we are anxiously watching. About them I must say nothing just now. I desire always to be cautious in reporting those who are apparently under religious impressions. I do not wish to raise expectations in the hearts of God's people, which may not be fully realized."

As time passed, the station increased, until in 1859 Tiyo Soga was able to record the fact that there was a population of nearly 4000 around the Mgwali. Out-stations were established, the eldership was increased, a systematic itineracy was carried on, the prospect was brightening, and the most fondly cherished hopes were being gradually but steadily realized.

In a letter of date February 9, 1859, he gives an account of an itineration in the district of the Thomas River, which had been previously visited, and which must serve as a specimen of this kind of missionary work. "When first we visited the Thomas River district, it had shared the fate of nearly all Kafirland after the delusion of the prophet, and had very few inhabitants. In our second visit, however, it presented a very different aspect. A portion of the tribe of Oba, the son of Tyali, the son of Gaika, had come to it from a district lying north of the Thomas River. The Government system of concentration was in operation here, for we found the people grouped together into small settlements. The largest of them contained 41 huts, and according to the usual mode of estimating the number of people at a kraal, by assigning five individuals to each hut, it would have about 205 inhabitants. A goodly number of Oba's tribe did not slaughter their cattle, and therefore we saw a considerable number of fine herds. They were, however, suffering much from the failure of the last season's crops. It was pleasing to

see that adversity was proving a good schoolmaster, by teaching them industrious habits. Although it was the month of September, signs of extensive cultivation were everywhere apparent.

"The location, in which we passed the first night, numbered 33 huts, and was under the superintendence of Kaka, a councillor of Oba. He received us kindly, and knew our elders well. It was among Tyali's tribe that the late Mr. Chalmers, and subsequently Mr. Cumming laboured. Kaka therefore recognized in us the representatives of his old teachers. The prospect of establishing a mission at the Thomas River pleased him well. In another of the settlements I found remnants of the former inhabitants of Uniondale.

"Kaka is one of those men who, at considerable risk of life and property, refused to slaughter their cattle. Like all those who kept their wits about them during the well-known time of Kafir folly and infatuation, he puts considerable emphasis on his steadiness and courage. When we asked him why he refused to comply with the command of the prophet, he replied that 'the prophet and the chiefs began by requiring us to kill our cattle, before they raised from the dead our forefathers, chiefs, and cattle.' This, as a sensible man, did not satisfy him. In the morning, according to previous arrangement, we held service with the people of Kaka's location. Owing to many of them rising early in search of roots for food, and also to watch their gardens, our audience consisted of only 31 persons.

"Kaka has six wives. He exercises the authority of a despot over them. This, even in our presence, he did not take pains to conceal. Shortly after our service, he broke out into a violent rage against one of them who had

offended him by her talk. From some of the expressions that escaped his lips, it was easy to see that in these hard times he found the number inconveniently large for one man to support. He concluded his long tirade against her by saying she must instantly be quiet, for he felt the inclination rather strong to reduce their number. In point of fact, the institutions of his country left him no alternative, for he was bound to maintain his wives. As he is a man of some importance, it is likely his wives were daughters of men of equal rank with himself in the tribe. Even in these hard times, were he to abandon them, in order to escape the charge of insulting his fathers-in-law, he would require to make reparation for their wounded feelings in a very clear, tangible, decisive form. Our itinerating tour extended over three days, during which we had numerous opportunities of proclaiming the message of life to men who were in very destitute circumstances, spiritually and physically. They heard us willingly."

Tiyo's Journal at this time contains somewhat minute details of his work at his immediate station, and also in the surrounding district, where there was now a mixed population of Kafirs and Fingoes. An out-station, eight miles distant, was fast rising into significance, and a school was established there of an elementary character. The following extract from this Journal records the death of one of the members of his church, and shows the marvellous power of the Gospel. It is only one of countless instances of the triumphs of Divine grace in the mission field. "Dukwana, one of our elders, has lately lost his wife. A happier end I have never seen. After speaking and engaging in prayer with her, she said she wished to say something with reference to her illness.

She then said she felt herself getting weaker every day, but that everything had been done which possibly could be done for her. 'I have already,' she said, 'given myself to the Lord in believing; I have given myself over to Him, and am entirely waiting His will. If I live it is well; if I die it is well.'

"9th August, 1859.—At half-past one o'clock this afternoon Notasse, Dukwana's wife, departed this life. I was a witness of the last conflict with the last enemy, and I bless God that I was there. From the previous night till within half an hour before she died she had been insensible. Suddenly there was a remarkable, short, lucid interval, and her last words were spoken to me during that brief interval of consciousness. For a minute or two we could not understand what she said; we only heard the name of God uttered distinctly. Then she said in a low whisper, which produced the stillness of death itself among all present, 'Tell me who that person is that is speaking.' 'The teacher,' was the reply. 'Who? Tiyo?' she inquired again; 'come and let me salute you, my teacher; I was hitherto waiting for you.' She never uttered a syllable more on earth. I pressed her cold hand in mine. In half an hour after she calmly and peacefully fell asleep. A greater pattern of simple unwavering faith in the Lord Jesus, of patient uncomplaining suffering, it has never been my privilege to witness. Months before, she calmly anticipated the day of her departure. Notasse joined the church under the ministry of the late Mr. Chalmers, with whom she is now singing the song of Moses and the Lamb. She was baptized by Mr. Chalmers, along with Festiri. Her husband was 'in Christ' before her. One of the grandest arguments for the adaptability of the Gospel to the spiritual wants of all men is, that

it produces the same blessed fruits of faith, love, comfort, joy, and peace in the savage and untutored, which it produces in the civilised and the learned."

The presence of Tiyo Soga in the mission field was now beginning to be felt beyond the range of his own immediate neighbourhood, for he was repeatedly invited to preach in the Colony at church openings, and at the anniversaries of some European congregations. The Colonists were ready to give him a willing ear. "I have met," he writes to the Rev. J. F. Cumming, "with a reception in this colony which, as I did not expect it, has truly astonished me. I have now preached to crowded congregations in Port Elizabeth, Uitenhage, Grahamstown, Bedford, Alice, and King William's Town. At the last-mentioned place, where I preached a few Sabbaths ago, I was obliged to wait over the Monday evening meeting, and make a speech. There was a small incident connected with the Sabbath evening service which I must tell you, as I think it will please you. During my stay in King William's Town I slept at Mr. George Blaine's, but I breakfasted, dined, and supped at the Rev. G. Chapman's. On Monday morning I was introduced to a Mr. P., whom I found at Mr. Chapman's. This gentleman rose a few minutes after I had seated myself in the room, and in a most graceful manner presented me with a beautiful volume of Robinson's Researches in Palestine, and Latrobe's Scripture Illustrations, each volume bearing the following inscription:—'The Rev. Tiyo Soga, upon hearing the first sermon preached by him, on the 8th November, 1857, at King William's Town. From an Old Resident.—J. H. P.' I must say that I was never more taken by surprise than by this incident. I preached to an overflowing audience. My text was

Hebrews xi. 16, first clause—'But now they desire a better country, that is an heavenly,' and at the close I made an allusion to the circumstances which brought us together."

These occasional visits to the Colonial churches had a twofold influence for good. They shook if they did not altogether dissipate that feeling which made him imagine that Colonists generally were hostile to him, being, as he characterised them, "prejudiced and critical white men;" they likewise secured an intimacy with men, who learned to love and respect him, on being brought into close contact with him. This he himself acknowledges in a letter to the same brother: "I was unavoidably detained a whole week in East London. My time, however, was not lost there, for I found very good friends, and formed the acquaintance of a very excellent man, Mr. Greenstock, the missionary clergyman of the Church of England. Setting aside the conventional rules of Churchism, he asked me to preach for him on the Sabbath. I said to him, 'You know, Mr. Greenstock, I am a Dissenter. Can you really ask me to preach for you? I am willing,' continued I, 'to serve the good cause, as opportunity offers; still I would not like to do anything that might compromise your position and influence among the members of the Church of England here.' He had fully considered what he was doing; and though he maintained his own communion to be the best, he nevertheless held fellowship with all who love the Lord Jesus, quoting the well-known words of the Apostle, 'One Lord, one faith, one baptism.' I found him to be a most estimable man, and a truly devoted missionary. He has been four years in the country, and speaks the Kafir language well. He expects to go to the Keiskama Hoek, a place of melancholy inte-

rest to me, where his influence will be much extended for the benefit of the natives. I sincerely trust that his success there may be greater than mine was, before the war of 1850."

In what striking contrast to the incident above recorded —which occurred in King William's Town, where, after preaching to a crowded congregation, composed of Cape Colonists, one of his hearers, on the Monday morning, unable to restrain his gratitude for the sermon preached, testifies to the pleasure with which he had listened to the Kafir preacher,—is the following, written shortly thereafter from the Mgwali: "We are holding on pretty well," writes Tiyo Soga; "there is a good deal of famine still. Our people are giving good pledges of an extensive cultivation, which is the only bulwark against the invincible assaults of grim famine. Yesterday was Sabbath, but what a Sabbath! All the men were away following the *spoor* of six goats, stolen by thieves from my brother's kraal; four of these were my own, two being milch goats, which I had just purchased to supply our boy with milk, and so he has had to live on charity. This morning (Monday), however, to our joy, they returned with all mine. They also brought a lad, who is the principal thief; his three associates defied pursuit, in consequence of the inaccessibility of the *Ncememe*, where there is a large nest of thieves. We sent the lad to Mr. Brownlee, to whom we hope he will give such information as may ultimately lead to the apprehension of the ringleaders. It was not known that there were so many thieves about the Kei, hence a large *commando*, consisting of Sandilli, Makubalo (the Fingoe chief), the police, and our own people, is to be organised, to endeavour to dislodge them."

The only glimpse we get at this time into his domestic life, is the announcement to a friend of the birth of his eldest child on 5th January, 1858; and in doing so he writes that "the son is as noble a specimen of young humanity as I could wish to see. The little fellow is thriving amazingly. With reference to mother and child, I may gratefully say, 'The Lord hath been mindful of me.' I have named my infant son *William Anderson*, after my friend the Doctor, and his lamented son. May he inherit the virtues and the genius of both." A few months later, acknowledging the congratulations of this friend, he says: "And so this poor little fellow of mine has been a subject of speculation as to his probable colour and completion! The curiosity was very natural indeed. Why, the boy, with only a very slight tinge, inherits his mother's complexion. As for his hair, I shall enclose a lock of it for you, so that interested friends may see for themselves! He is all life, and is already a very considerable item in the cup of our domestic happiness. I have also had a slight experience of paternal care. When his mother was ill, I had both to nurse him and minister to his comfort. What do you think of this as an illustration of parental happiness—sitting up all night with open eyes, having an infant on your knees, until four o'clock in the morning, and hearing nothing but the constant wail of the little stranger?" This illustration of paternal solicitude, which shows that human nature is the same everywhere and in all nations, seems to have possessed some charms to him, for, in writing to another friend about the same date, he says: "I am expecting that by this time you have multiplied yourself by one, as regards a better half, and bidden adieu to 'single blessedness,' which is the

cheerless region of misanthropic and dead-hearted men. Were you to see my young William Anderson, full of youthful spirits, and making us laugh for very joy, you would, I think, be tempted to cut short your deliberations and speculations. The youth is very well, and some day, if God spares him, you may see him in Scotland. If this should take place, I am sure you will be kind to him for his father's sake."

In the year 1859 Tiyo Soga's fellow-labourer, Mr. Johnston, received and accepted an invitation to the pastorate of the Independent Congregation, worshipping in Trinity Church, Grahamstown. This congregation had just lost the brilliant ministry of the Rev. W. Y. Thomson, who had formerly been a missionary in the interior. From its commencement this congregation had taken a warm and lively interest in mission work. This had especially been the case during the incumbency of the late Rev. John Locke, (Mr. Thomson's predecessor), a man faithful above many, and an intimate associate of the past generation of African missionaries. In calling Mr. Johnston, therefore, this church was only perpetuating its zeal in mission work. Mr. Johnston, after much anxiety, felt it to be his duty to remove to Grahamstown, convinced that from his position he would be able to induce the colonists to identify themselves with mission work. Tiyo Soga had no sooner returned to South Africa, than he became painfully impressed with the fact that a wide gulf existed between his own mission and European Christian work among the colonists. He therefore repeatedly expressed the opinion that this gulf could only be bridged over by the settlement, in the various colonial towns, of Presbyterian ministers who had the best interests of mission work at heart. Other denominations had successfully linked colonial and

native work; and why could not the Presbyterian do the same, instead of isolating itself by devoting its energies to native work exclusively? Moreover, if Presbyterian missions desire to be ultimately independent of the mother church, it is well to elicit the sympathies of the colonists. If the United Presbyterian Church had had European congregations in the Colony, the disasters which befel this mission in 1850 might not have occurred. Of these facts Messrs. Johnston and Soga were convinced. But though they had talked much on these points, neither supposed that one of them would soon be asked to make the venture.

Whilst labouring heart and soul, Mr. Johnston received a call to Grahamstown. He considered it, prayed over it, and ultimately felt it to be his duty to go. Tiyo Soga felt it keenly at first as a great loss to the mission, to the Gaikas, to the station, and to himself; but he was not biassed by mere *feeling*. Mr. Johnston had acted according to conviction, and no man ought to interfere. "I know him too well," Soga writes, "to think anything else than that he will hold the balances evenly between Trinity Church and Kafirland, and decide conscientiously. It is a matter between Brother Johnston and his Master."

When Mr. Johnston removed to Grahamstown, the Committee on Foreign Missions of the United Presbyterian Church asked the Grahamstown congregation to "repay the sums that had been expended on Mr. Johnston's outfit, passage, and travel." Although these two brethren were separated, in so far as their spheres of labour were concerned, they continued, as before, the most attached friends. The love which they mutually cherished was as strong as that betwixt David and

Jonathan. No two men confided more in each other, and unbosomed more fully their individual difficulties and trials, than did Robert Johnston and Tiyo Soga. There was no more welcome preacher in Trinity Church than Tiyo Soga; and none more cheerfully responded to the invitation to occupy its pulpit when occasion required. On the other hand, all who *know* Mr. Johnston, whether in the Cape Colony or out of it, can testify that what the Gaika Kafirs lost in his withdrawal from their tribe has been amply recompensed, by his unwearied practical efforts for the mission cause. Colonial work was his sphere; and he has largely elicited the co-operation and sympathy of his fellow-colonists on behalf of mission work among the natives.

Tiyo Soga is now about to enter single-handed into his arduous labours, and the most fitting conclusion to this chapter is the following extract from a letter, dated "Grahamstown, 3rd October, 1859.—I came here," he writes, "with Mr. Govan, of Lovedale, to take part in the services connected with Mr. Johnston's introduction to his Grahamstown Church. I feel sorry that the Board should have spoken so decidedly against the step taken by Mr. Johnston. I do not, of course, mean to act the part of an advocate for him. I truly wish he had remained in Kaffraria. His departure was to me a great trial, as we have always worked together cordially, and in harmony. But I cannot shut my eyes to the importance of the natives having representatives and advocates in the Colony, and especially in Grahamstown, where the feeling was formerly so strong against them. The feeling still exists: but my coming into the country, and preaching with a degree of acceptance, of which also Sir George Grey gave a flattering notice, has somewhat lessened it.

Unless I am greatly deceived, my friend, Mr. Johnston, will do much for the interests of the poor black people here. His people know his missionary spirit and his sympathy with the natives. In the long run, God blessing his efforts, I anticipate not a little assistance from Brother Johnston. The step which he has taken has also been approved of by competent men in connection with its influence upon the natives. I trust that he will be supported in his work here by the Master."

CHAPTER XIII.

CHURCH-BUILDING.

"Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might; for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom in the grave whither thou goest."

"Behold I build an house to the name of the Lord my God, to dedicate *it* to Him."

TOWARDS the close of 1859 we have the Kafir missionary alone, and yet not alone, among his own tribe, and at a settlement of Fingoes who had been located near the Mgwali. The small unpretentious place of worship could not now accommodate the growing numbers, although it had been enlarged by the removal of a partition wall. Moreover, the temporary building, composed of material affected by unfavourable weather, was a constant source of trouble and expense. It required to be replastered after every soaking rain, or sharp thundershower. The interior also was a place for doing penance in, as the seats were rough, rude, low forms, very narrow, and with no support for the back. A worshipper in that church on a hot sultry day required a large amount of patience, the exercise of which must have detracted very much from his devotion. It became evident to Tiyo Soga, therefore, that he must either cease inviting his countrymen to come to church on Sundays, from want of space, or that he must have a larger and more commodious building. The latter alternative he chose. His letters at this date are so full of details as to the various steps adopted, that

it is well to hear his own account of the progress of the building, the assistance which he received from men of all classes, and the unwearied self-denial which he exercised towards its erection.

He first of all endeavoured to arouse his own people to a sense of their duty; but his efforts were not very successful. They had lately experienced the gnawings of famine, and many were still in great poverty; moreover they had not been trained to do much towards the support of mission work. He then appealed to the Colony, visited Grahamstown and Port Elizabeth, and other places, and pled his own cause. His reception far exceeded his most sanguine expectations, and greatly dispelled his suspicions that Christian men in the Colony were not well disposed towards him. On 1st November, 1859, he writes: "Our Sabbath meetings are splendid, and it would do your heart good to see them. Our little church, constructed to contain 200 people, was lately enlarged in order to accommodate 50 or 60 more, and still it is too small. The Mgwali is now a large station, and is constantly getting accessions to its numbers. I think that I have now found my way into the hearts of our people, and thank God. The surrounding population is composed of Fingoes and Kafirs. The docility of the former is as remarkable as is the indifference of the latter. May God have mercy on them both!"

Then follows a lengthy report addressed to the Rev. Dr. Somerville, giving a minute description of the Mgwali (dated 6th February, 1860), showing the increase of the station, the progress of the work, the attendance at church, and the necessity for a larger place of worship. As this report contains several interesting incidents, we give a few extracts from it. "And now," he writes, "to

come to that point which forms the greatest interest in foreign missions, viz., the progress of the gospel in the conversion of sinners, and the increase of the members of the body of Christ. During the past year there were added to the church five persons, the first-fruits of the mission. In my opinion that which forms an index of good being done by the blessing of God is the state of the inquirers' class, which is now attended by 30 persons. I am not without hope that others will soon join us. There are evidences of a good work going on, and I trust that it is genuine, and from God. Some, seriously impressed, are from the ranks of those who suffered from the late famine. I trust that they are of the 'other sheep,' which Jesus, the Good Shepherd, without doubt, had even among the Kafirs, and is now gathering into His fold. It is really refreshing to see people, who were so lately sunk in heathenism, coming forward to avow their desire to forsake sin and serve Christ. When asked why they have come to the missionary, their answer often touches me, 'It is our sins.' A sense of the awfulness of transgression against God, is one of the characteristics of repentance. The state of the church is upon the whole satisfactory; but I am sorry to record that I have a very bad case of church-discipline now pending. The sin of which this person is guilty is the bane of the native churches in this land."

In referring to the attendance at the Sabbath services, a few extracts may be made from his Journal:—"*Lord's Day, 3rd December, 1859.* A beautiful day! Witnessed a fine sight of a company of people, some dressed, others in their blankets, making their way towards the house of God, from the Bolo and head of the Cwengcana. The house was crowded to excess; and some could not get in although I used my best efforts to make room for them. *Lord's*

Day, 1st January, 1860. An interesting Sabbath! I had an unusually large attendance of red Fingoes from the Izitolana—a place ten miles east of this—from the Tyolohi, and from the Mgwali, some distance down the river. The services were solemn. At the first Kafir service, I preached from Jeremiah xxviii. 16; then, in English, from Psalm xc. 9. The third service was devotional, partly thanksgiving and partly supplicatory. The season for a few weeks past has been very dry, and we are getting anxious about the harvest. It was well that the heathen Fingoes were present at this service, as they had come from the districts that lately were guilty of great and wilful cruelty in order, as they vainly imagined, to obtain rain. It appears that the men, belonging to these districts, collected their horses and spent a whole day in chasing a large species of scavenger bird, the buzzard. They succeeded in catching six of them and, having tied stones to each of these harmless birds, drowned them in deep pools of water. This was their cruel device to obtain rain. Yet these people are not ignorant of the living and true God. They know Him, and acknowledge His power and goodness when we speak to them. I was very much touched by *Tobe's* prayer at this service:—'Lord, we are ashamed to venture into Thy presence, to ask again. Thou heardest our cry. Thou didst send us rain abundantly. But no sooner did it seem too much to us than we began to speak, and to complain unadvisedly about the frequency of its falling. Here we are again before Thee about rain. Lord, were there ever more troublesome beings than we are?'

"The state of the heathen around is very interesting. The Kafirs, my own countrymen, are still careless and manifest only outward respect for the word. Sandilli,

swayed too much by evil advisers, I was afraid was retrograding; but, by a sudden impulse, one of the characteristics of a weak mind, he has again begun to take an interest in the station. Of his own accord, he lately placed under my charge his favourite daughter *Victoria*, the true Princess Royal of Kafirland. She is a girl of a very pleasing appearance, exceedingly mild and gentle. She is 11 years of age, and rather delicate. She was accompanied by a companion, whom I was obliged to receive also, for the sake of her royal companion. Victoria, being a great favourite at home, will require tact in her management to reconcile her to our habits and restraints. However I have great hopes because of her mild and modest demeanour. Her father wishes her to be taught. She is one of several of his children whom Sandilli wishes to be educated. I hope he will be led to see the unhappiness of his own state.

"At a meeting lately held by Mr. Brownlee with the Kafirs and Fingoes, to give them seasonable advice, Sandilli, at the head of his people, in concluding his speech of thanks, and making reference to the truthfulness of Mr. Brownlee's words regarding the necessity of changing their old ways and manner of life, said: 'Down, therefore, all of you upon your knees, pray, and be all converted.' He was serious for the moment. Towards the close of the meeting I was requested to give a short address. I had a noble audience of about 1000 red Kafirs and Fingoes, and spoke from the words: 'The times of this ignorance God winked at,' &c.

"Another chief takes an interest in the station and regularly attends our Sabbath services. This is Fynn, the son of Tyali and grandson of Gaika, and nephew to Sandilli. He has a large section of the Gaika tribe under

his rule. He is an exceedingly amiable young man. May God also incline his heart to that which is good, that he may seek and find an interest in the great salvation! He is surrounded by some very bad councillors, who secretly use their influence to dissuade him from becoming a '*believer*'—a step which some of the heathen view with horror, and as equivalent to becoming worse than useless, so far as being a man is concerned.

"But my greatest source of encouragement in labouring among the heathen is from the Fingoes. With few exceptions they manifest a docility and willingness to hear the word. The largest number of the heathen who attend the Sabbath services are Fingoes. In itinerating among my countrymen, the Kafirs, one requires a large degree of courage to go from hut to hut, and bring out to service the reluctant inmates. Were this not done we would wait long for an audience. I have not found it necessary to do this among the Fingoes. By simply asking the head man of the kraal to collect his *children*, the people of his village, this is done readily, and I have seen the head man himself, of his own accord, going round the huts and bringing out the people. On visiting one of the Fingoe districts, Nkata the head man was not at home, and I left word that I would soon return. I was much pleased with an incident, insignificant though it be, which indicated the man's feelings towards the missionary. In anticipation of my second visit he had ordered one of his people to convert a small block of wood into a rude four-legged stool. When I arrived the carpenter, whose only tool was a very blunt axe, had not completed his task. Nevertheless Nkata handed me the stool, and I sat on it, and thanked him for such a certain proof of his welcome to me and my message. He has 17 kraals under his charge.

"Most of the Fingoes manifest a very pleasing regard for the Lord's day. They abstain from work. Some of them, indeed, plume themselves a good deal on their observance of the '*great day*,' as the Sabbath is generally called by them and the Kafirs. It is singular that both of these people have come to associate the great blessing of rain with the Sabbath. In whatever way it may be explained, rain has been observed, in some parts of this country at any rate, to fall more frequently towards the end than towards the beginning of the week. Speaking not long ago to a Christian lady about this notion of the natives, she told me, in confirmation of the same thing, that she and her brother were riding on a Saturday which threatened rain; her brother asked a Kafir, who had been their attendant, whether he thought their journey would be impeded by rain; he replied, 'It is Sabbath to-morrow; it may rain.' A Kafir told me that the natives believe that, if rain fall at all during a time of drought, it will be on the Sabbath. These things, of course, apply to the natives who know something of the Gospel. But while there is much in the general aspect of things to cheer us, there is not a little to occasion very painful reflections. The state of the heathen everywhere must present to view less of the bright, and more of the dark, side of the picture. It would be well for missionaries, and the friends of missions, to bear this in mind. I was one day itinerating at the Nyacha, eight miles north-east from this. The day was exhilarating and delightfully fresh, as a very severe though welcome thunderstorm, accompanied with hail, had passed over that district, clearing the atmosphere and refreshing the ground. I was under the impression that, on a day so favourable for field work, I should scarcely find any person at home. To my astonishment,

however, on descending to the kraal below, there was not a single person to be seen among the gardens on the opposite side of the stream. When I reached the kraal, the people were all there, luxuriating in idleness; and their contented attitude seemed to say that they should be nowhere else but at home. This seemed very strange to me, for this people are exceedingly industrious. 'What is the matter, Gonqa?' I asked, addressing the petty chief of the kraal. 'Why are you not at work on such a fine day?' Would any one believe it, who knew that this people, who had been ruined and had narrowly escaped from death by giving heed to lies, were again yielding to superstition—that same superstition which, in its recent disastrous consequences among them, had presented itself as a hideous and hateful monster? Here it was at work, deluding the people; and they were willing to be deluded. It appears to be the belief of the Fingoes that, to work in the gardens immediately after a thunderstorm, exposes the future crop to the danger of destruction by hail. A Fingoe, therefore, on the morning of the day in question, seeing the people of this Kafir village making preparations to go out to their gardens, while some were already at work, shouted out this superstition at the highest pitch of his voice, that all might hear and be warned; and declared that there would be no benefit from work performed that day, and that it was better to allow the birds which they were scaring away to feed upon the crops. For beings who had so recently escaped from the pangs of famine this was too much. Forthwith they abandoned the idea of work, and those at work flung down their spades and hoes, and rushed home with all speed. It must be confessed that to resist a superstition, so directly appealing to the stomachs of men who

had all but perished with hunger, would have required far more enlightened faith than these poor Kafirs possessed. It was a cruel superstition on this occasion at least. I never felt more indignant. When I inquired the name of the man from whom this interdict issued, they concealed it. I found it out afterwards by guile. The whole people at the Nyacha district did not work that day, and remained at their kraals. When we speak to both Kafirs and Fingoes of the delusion of Mhlakaza, one might think that anything that had the least semblance of improbability, or of which there was no tangible proof would never come within the range of their belief; but we are learning to believe that even this confession is a delusion. Some higher power than human reason must come to their aid, to emancipate them from the shackles of an ingrained superstition. That power is in the Gospel, which is *the power of God* unto salvation through faith in the Lord Jesus. May this blinded people believe its heavenly message, and be saved!"

On 7th March, of the same year, he writes again to the Rev. Dr. Somerville, describing the large attendance of children at school, and the urgent necessity for a more commodious place of worship. To show his sincerity in this matter, he furnishes a report of a meeting held at his station to elicit the sympathy and co-operation of his people: "It will be very natural for the Mission Board," he writes, "when a more substantial church is spoken of, to think of the losses already sustained by Kafir wars; and the question is a very natural one, 'Is there no likelihood that such calamities will again take place?' I should, indeed, be cautious in replying to such a question, although I know that the present and future interests of our mission urgently demand the erection of a better place

of worship, and which is also used as a school-room. At present the consequences of the delusions of the false prophet are everywhere apparent. But I should say that the present position, the capabilities, and the numerical strength of the Kafir nation, make the probabilities of another Kafir outbreak very remote indeed. There was much greater risk in the past in erecting costly edifices. But all missionary societies must be willing to run risks in establishing missions in countries where barbarism is not likely to give proper security to property. My own conviction is, that the Kafirs will never regain that independence which they once had. The destruction of their cattle struck a blow at the absolute independence of the Kafir nation. The greater number of the Gaika chiefs are now in *durance vile* in Robben Island, and the few who still remain possess a mere shadow of authority, and even *that* is under the powerful rule of the British Government; nor is it likely that the Government will ever forego the power which they now possess. Whatever takes place, it is not likely to originate with the Gaikas, unless a kind of incurable natural insanity possesses them. The Fingoes are now the only formidable body of natives in the country, and they are too eager to amass wealth to hazard a collision with a Government to which they owe all that they have and are. Moreover, in their services during the late Kafir wars, they have been too much impressed with the power and vast resources of the English people to rush into danger. The prospect of a long repose, therefore, to the missions in Kafirland may not unreasonably be anticipated.

"In connection with the erection of a more permanent place of worship for the Mgwali, I resolved to get the

people to do something towards the furtherance of the object. Accordingly a public meeting was held, at which the Rev. Richard Ross, of Lovedale, and Mr. Charles Brownlee were present, and rendered most signal service by the able advocacy of our cause. The object of the meeting was to stir up the people to a right appreciation of the gospel privileges which they enjoyed; to enlighten them on the duties associated with such privileges, and also to commence a system of monthly subscriptions towards the erection of a more commodious place of worship. There was a full attendance of station people, but the heathen Kafirs and Fingoes came when the meeting was over. Sandilli and Fynn were present, and were apparently interested in the project; the former promised a monthly subscription of five shillings. Mr. Brownlee, who was in the chair, made a forcible appeal to the people. Mr. Ross's address bore most excellently upon *what* the people should do, and *how* they should do it. It abounded in flashes of genuine Kafir humour. The first effect of it upon the people was amusing, as not accustomed to such meetings, and thinking of the church as too sacred a place for even smiles. At first they seemed to resist the sallies of humour; then they hung down their heads; but as the humour was steady and real, like the continued shocks from a galvanic battery, they fairly gave way."

The speeches are fully reported; and, like all Kafir oratory, they abound in expressions of thanks, and in mutual counsel as to what ought to be done; but the result was not very gratifying, as after much pressure the sum only amounted to £13. Still the Kafir missionary was neither baffled nor discouraged. He was determined to raise £150, and resolved to appeal to the

colonists. On 8th June, 1860, he describes how he pled his scheme in the Colony, stating that his object was to raise a building which would cost £500, of which he desired to collect the sum of £150 by his own efforts, and then to appeal to the Church at home for the balance. He was greatly encouraged by the venture, and returned home with a sum of money greater than he had ever hoped to raise either by personal appeal or by his pen. In laying his case before the colonists, he told them that "the heathen are very particular about the comforts of the church in which they worship. One said to me very brusquely one day, that he did not complain of anything about his reception on coming to the station, that we were kind and obliging enough, but when he came to the church on Sundays, he was huddled up with the children at the door; he would therefore not come at all until he could be better accommodated. He was not satisfied when, in reply, I alleged the smallness of our place of worship, and the necessity for reserving the best seats for those who wore European clothing, and for keeping in the back-ground those who besmeared themselves with red clay, lest they should soil the clothes of the others."

To Dr. Somerville, on 8th June, 1860, he writes: "I have now the pleasure of intimating that the Lord has more than realized my expectations, and this, I trust, is His own seal of approval of the matter which I have submitted to the Board. The Christian friends in Mr. Johnston's church gave me a most cordial invitation to preach for a collection in aid of the church at the Mgwali. The deacons of the church pledged that if I went they would give me £50. I preached in Trinity Church, therefore, on the second Sabbath of April

last, morning and evening, and addressed the Sabbath schools in the afternoon. On the following Monday, Mr. Johnston and I set out to solicit aid from Christian friends of all evangelical denominations interested in the cause of Christ. The result of my efforts in Grahamstown, including collections and subscriptions, amounted to £118 10s.

"From Grahamstown I proceeded to Port Elizabeth, and supplied New Church pulpit for two Sabbaths. At the services of the second Sabbath, collections were made for the Mgwali church. During the week, Mr George Kemp, son of Mr. J. W. Kemp, an old friend of missions, called with me on persons who were likely to aid us in the work of Christ among the heathen. Ths result of my appeal was the sum of £204 10s. The Messrs. Kemp, father and son, specially assisted me; the former by his sound counsel, the latter by his personal influence and exertion. The liberality was as unexpected as it was gratifying, and its value was enhanced by the cheerful cordiality and gentlemanly feeling with which all the friends responded to my appeal. I came home with a grateful heart to Him who has the hearts of all men in His hand, and who can turn them for His own glory as rivers of water. The glory and the praise therefore must be to His name alone! Even to this moment a most pleasant recollection of my late visit to the Colony lingers in my mind; and may the Lord Jesus extend to those Christian friends in the Colony, who have so greatly encouraged me in my work, a full measure of His enriching blessing!

"In Port Elizabeth the young people of the Sabbath school displayed a most gratifying interest in the cause of Christ. When I entered, by invitation of Mr. W. Dunn, many of them started to their feet as soon as they saw me, and stretched out their little hands towards me with

pennies, threepences, sixpences, and shillings, saying as they did so: 'This is to buy bricks for your church.' This special interest I owe to Mr. Dunn who most warmly espoused my cause.

"The whole amount I have succeeded through God's grace in raising for our proposed church is £362."

On 9th March, 1861, a commencement of the building was made. Tiyo's one fond dream over past months was now beginning to shape itself into a reality. The plan for a church was given by an officer in King William's Town. The quarrying of stones and the making of bricks, the sawing of timber and the employment of workmen, all the numerous nameless, worrying elements, preparatory to the commencement of a building, were now experienced by Tiyo Soga. "I am somewhat disappointed at the subscriptions of the people. They have been very fluctuating, and yet after all until our people have regular employment from which to realise a stated income, the fluctuation in subscriptions is not to be wondered at. Through the goodness of our God after various delays, the builder this day dug the foundation of our future church. In the course of a few days the foundation stone will be laid. Everything connected with a place to which I have looked forward with so much anxiety is interesting to me. The church is to be 65 feet long by 35 feet wide."

The "few days," however, bulked into a few months, as the following letter to Dr. Somerville, dated 23rd July, 1861, shows: "After various unavoidable delays, the foundation of the mission church at the Mgwali was this day laid by the Gaika Commissioner, Charles Brownlee, Esq. There were many spectators interested in the building. I opened the services of the ceremony by giving out

the great hymn of the first notable Kafir convert Ntsikana, father of one of my elders, Dukwana. It was sung with good effect, and suggested pleasing thoughts. I then read the cxxii. Psalm, after which I offered a prayer appropriate to the occasion, which I had written out. I then read, and held up for the people to see, two inscriptions written on separate sheets of vellum, one in English, and the other in Kafir, containing a historical reference to the laying of the foundation-stone of the church. The sheet with the inscription in English contained also a list of the names of our eight office-bearers, as well as of the 95 church members and 30 catechumens. The sheet in Kafir, which was a translation of the English, had, in addition, a copy of the prayer which I offered up on the occasion. These documents, with the current coins which were collected by the people on the spot, were placed in a small leaden box which was deposited in the stone underlying the foundation-stone about to be laid.

"After depositing the box and its contents, Mr. Brownlee proceeded with the ceremony of laying the foundation-stone in the usual way. He then followed up the ceremony by giving a most excellent address to the assembled people, who viewed the entire proceedings with much apparent interest. Mr. Brownlee founded his address on the truth that the good actions of good men frequently outlive their authors; and he practically applied this truth to the building of the church at the Mgwali which we had undertaken.

"Two other addresses were given, touching upon the duty of systematic and liberal giving towards the good work—Dukwana and Festiri being the speakers. The service was concluded by singing another hymn, and pronouncing the benediction. The following is the inscription

alluded to :—'In the year of our Lord Jesus Christ, 1861, this 23rd day of May, in the 25th year of the reign of Her Majesty Queen Victoria, eleven months after the visit to the Cape of His Royal Highness, Prince Alfred—His Excellency Sir George Grey being Governor of the Cape of Good Hope and its dependencies—Colonel Maclean being Lieutenant Governor of British Kaffraria—Charles Brownlee, Esq., being Commissioner of the Gaika tribes, and Sandilli being head and chief of those tribes—*was laid* this foundation-stone of the church at the Mgwali mission station, under the auspices of the United Presbyterian Church of Scotland—the Rev. Andrew Somerville, D.D., being the secretary, and James Peddie, Esq., the treasurer of its foreign missions.'

"I fear that some people, on reading this, may say: 'This is well enough, but it is rather too much of a good thing for a missionary, and for a barbarous people!' The ceremony above described was of the simplest and most unpretending nature possible. I have a growing conviction, strengthened by daily observation, that we should introduce among our people whatever in any degree gives them new ideas of civilization, and whatever tends to enlarge and enlighten their minds, provided it be done with simplicity, order, and propriety. In illustration of what I have said, the greater part of our people had often read and heard about 'laying a foundation and corner stone.' They did not understand it till they saw with their own eyes the simple ceremony described above, and the great importance of the foundation or corner stone to the whole building."

Never did man enter upon a work for which he was more unsuited than did Tiyo Soga, when he undertook the grave responsibility of building the Mgwali church.

This was acknowledged by himself. It was an easy matter for him to plead his cause by voice and pen, in the pulpit and out of it; in the library of the millionaire, in the counting house of the merchant, in the workshop of the artisan, and in the warehouse of the wholesale dealer. It was an easy thing for him to present his subscription-list to cheerful givers, or to encounter a little banter, mingled with remarks about the ingratitude of the Kafir race, from men who saw no use in civilizing the natives. It was an easy thing for him to travel to Grahamstown and beyond, to state the urgent necessities of his station, or to solicit the aid of the Mission Board at home; but it was widely different when he came to superintend the erection of the house of God, for the building of which he had pled with such effect. At the very time when the church was about to be built, European skilled labour was greatly in demand, and consequently increased in value. It then became evident that the building had been greatly under-estimated, and to reduce by every possible means the cost, Tiyo Soga employed a bricklayer and carpenter, and engaged to supply all materials and the labourers. He had no experience in such matters, and knew nothing of the worry of wrangling with labourers naturally indolent, or of the character of the work which their masters would devolve upon them. He knew nothing about the difficulty of providing a constant supply of material, or how exacting those are who expect all things to be ready at any moment. He knew nothing about the adverse influences of the weather upon the tale of bricks, of which there must be a never-failing supply so as to keep the bricklayer constantly employed, and to silence the grumbling which must needs follow if he failed in the slightest degree to fulfil his part of the bargain. He knew

nothing of what was needful not to ruffle the tempers of the builders. He reckoned not the anxiety, the sleeplessness, the feverish worry of that experience which he was about to learn, nor at what a price that knowledge would be purchased. He was too ignorant of such things, and too sensitive to venture upon such a task. Moreover, his inexperience led him to be frequently imposed upon by his own countrymen, who, however backward in the march of civilization, know as well as the British colliers of the 19th century how to strike from work when opportunity offers to advance their own interests. One of the letters which conveyed the intelligence that the church-building had begun, announced the fact that physically he was incapable for the work which he had assumed. "I have to inform you," he says, "of decided symptoms of my own failing health. I have had three attacks of asthmatic fits. I complained first of all of 'ministers' sore throat,' as it is called. After two severe attacks of this my throat became liable to frequent colds. Since October last, I have scarcely known what it is to be thoroughly free from colds. The result now is an affection of the bronchial tubes. I am thankful however to say that I am still able to attend to all my duties. I shall need above everything to avoid getting wet."

It was zealous but not prudent in Tiyo Soga, with infirm health, to enter upon such a task, as it frequently necessitated his exposure to damp weather and rain; but all personal interests were absorbed in his *one* desire to reduce the expenditure. The few pence, if any, saved by his personal superintendence, were far outbalanced by the exposure, the fretting cares, the feverish anxieties, the innumerable daily worries, which struck the disease still deeper into his already fragile frame. At this

time he wrote to Mrs. James M'Farlane, one of his most faithful friends in John Street Church, and who has done much to further the interests of missions generally: "Were you here you would spare me the blame of not writing oftener to you. My hands, head, and heart are full of no ordinary calls. I do not complain; but it hinders the regularity and frequency of letter-writing. The most absorbing work at present is our Mgwali church, now in course of erection. I superintend even the quarrying of the stones, and the making of bricks. I am thankful to say that hitherto everything has gone on satisfactorily, although I am so anxious to see the erection completed, on which I have long set my heart, that I sometimes think the workmen slow. The church will accommodate about 600 people, and will be so constructed that a gallery may be added when the population increases. What shall I say to you for having placed me and my poor people once more under another obligation, by your gift of the Communion service? I shall not pour out my verbal thanks. The record of your deeds of love to the cause of God, at home and abroad, is placed where I know you are looking for it—in the reward that God gives to His own people. I look forward to the time, with much expectation, when my unworthy hands shall dispense, to the humble followers of the Lamb, the Lord's Supper out of your excellent gift. The feeling, that connects this sacrament with vessels appropriate to its use, is very considerable with me; and I think it is a proper one. It is right that we should serve God with the richest and choicest offerings that we can set apart for His service. Our congregations at church are very good; but the heathen at present have somewhat fallen off in their

attendance. The summer season, and a year of plenty, always affect their attendance at church. It is a time of real enjoyment with them; and they are absorbed in a round of dances and meetings of the most objectionable kind. When these are uppermost, they become regardless of everything else; or as an honest Kafir woman said, when invited to come to church, 'No, you need not trouble yourself; it is impossible that I can attend your church so long as I have my own to go to!' This is the sentiment of nearly every Kaffir just now. Most ungrateful people! The mercies with which God favours them are made the occasions of sin. Such is depraved human nature. As they do not care to come just now, we go to them; and, as they say, 'spoil their joyful meetings' with our presence. We often compel the singers and dancers to stop their songs and frantic capers, to listen to the Word. In some places they stop of their own free will when we come; but this is not often in compliment to the Gospel, but to get rid of us with all speed. They do not like to listen; but they know that it shall be spoken, and the sooner it is done the better. 'Come on quickly,' I have often heard them say frantically to their neighbours; 'come on, and let these people do this thing of theirs, so that they may pass on. You know that they go from place to place, and we must not detain them long.' Such is the treatment which the Gospel receives from my poor countrymen. About a week ago we had a day of special prayer on behalf of our nation."

As the work advanced, Tiyo became gradually alive to the fact that the cost of the new church would far exceed the funds at his disposal, and accordingly he drew up the following appeal in August, 1861—a copy of which he sent to his clerical and other friends in Britain, soliciting

contributions to defray the expenses of the rising structure: "We are here engaged in a work for which I beg to solicit from you and your people a little aid. A church, in the midst of a heathen population of between 4000 and 5000, is in course of construction. Its probable cost, when completed, will not be less than £800, as is shown by a rough estimate sent to the Secretary of our Foreign Missions. The sum of £450, including travelling expenses, has been collected in the Colony of the Cape of Good Hope. The people of God here—emulating the liberal spirit of the Churches in Great Britain—came forward with ready hands and hearts, and they have largely contributed in aiding a church for their dark brethren.

"The Mission Board has given £100. Could we get from friends in Scotland to the extent of £200, the rest we would strive to raise ourselves by monthly contributions and offerings; these even now yield something.

"The church is 65 feet by 35 feet, and is to be seated for 600 or 700 people. It is a plain, simple, but neat brick building; and both as a protection against the common accidents of fire, and in the end less expensive than thatch, we intend to have it covered with corrugated iron.

"The cost is, in appearance, out of proportion to the size of the building; but the price of building material, and the work of bricklayers and carpenters, are three times more than '*at home*.' I think it right also to state —that, through the death of a subscriber, I have lost £25.

"Our present place of worship is fast going into decay; and as it does not well accommodate the people of the station proper, we cannot urge the attendance of the heathen around.

"May this voice from the South not be heard in vain in Scotland. 'Come over and help us!' Naturally, as a

last resource, the missionary, in his difficulties, looks to *that* land of the friends of Christ and the friends of missions. *Ten pounds* from twenty of the churches of our Synod in Scotland would give us all that we need. This, however, should not restrict the liberality of friends and churches who may feel disposed to aid us in the good work."

Although not following in exact chronological order, this is probably the best place for recording a visit which he made to Cape Town on the invitation of His Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh. The one reason which prompted him to accept the invitation, was the desire to plead on behalf of his new church in the metropolis of the Cape Colony. "Some Christian friends," he says, "whose aid I was soliciting at Port Elizabeth, said to me most emphatically, 'Go to Cape Town; Cape Town is the place!' I could not then act on their recommendation. God, however, has opened up an unexpected opportunity for visiting Cape Town, and for verifying the favourable predictions of the Christian friends in Port Elizabeth." He describes how it happened that he received the invitation from Royalty. We let him tell the story in his own words: "In the month of August, 1860," he writes to Dr. Somerville, "this colony was moved from one end to the other by the visit of His Royal Highness Prince Alfred. Never were such excitement and enthusiasm witnessed anywhere as on that occasion. Addresses poured in upon the Prince from both black and white. The Prince and Sir George Grey passed within a short distance of our station; and *there* I had the honour of reading an address of welcome from my people and from the people of the two Berlin missionary societies at the Dóéhne, twelve miles from my station. This address was most graciously received, and was answered by His Royal Highness.

Sandilli, the chief, was present with a large body of his people. When the Prince started on his journey, we formed an escort and accompanied him for three miles, headed by Sandilli and Mr. Brownlee. Just as we were leaving and returning, I received a request from the Prince and Sir George Grey to accompany Sandilli and Mr. Brownlee to Cape Town. The object was politic on the part of Sir George Grey; it was to give Sandilli confidence in himself and in the kindness of the English people. It was also designed to give Sandilli and his people an opportunity of seeing to some extent the greatness and power of Great Britain; so that from what he would see in Cape Town, the capital of the colony, he might learn something for the future good and the peace of his people. But as Sandilli knew that other Kafir chiefs were, through crimes proved against them, in confinement on Robben Island, he had no confidence in going to Cape Town alone. He agreed to go only if Mr. Brownlee and I accompanied him; and hence the request of Sir George Grey and the Prince. On many considerations, I felt it to be my duty to accept the invitation. With two of my elders, Dukwana and Festiri, and eight councillors of Sandilli, we accompanied the chief and the Gaika commissioner to Cape Town, on board the *Euryalus*, the Prince's ship."

Then follows, in a letter to a friend, a racy description of the voyage, from Port Elizabeth to Natal, thence to Cape Town; and for the first time, we have from a Kafir, a pen and ink sketch of such fellow-passengers as perhaps never voyaged together. It is too good to be lost. It is dated "On the Wide Ocean, Thursday, 30th August, 1860: In consequence of the high surf, we did not embark from Port Elizabeth in the *Euryalus* until Monday morning. From Saturday we were kept in a state of anxious

suspense, not knowing at what moment we might be summoned to go on board. Consequently I could not preach for Mr. Harsant until the evening, when it became evident that we would not sail that night. Early next morning we entered the great frigate, the wonder of wonders; and yet they say she is only a second-rate vessel. She mounts 51 guns of large size—the largest I had ever seen. She has six smaller guns, which may be landed when occasion requires. There are 540 men on board; and the discipline and order are marvellous. Our own people are perfectly bewildered with what they see. But up to this day they have scarcely been able to enjoy themselves on account of sea-sickness. Dukwana has been worse than any of them. Festiri was scarcely sick at all. Mr. Brownlee and I have only been slightly affected, although we had the very roughest weather. Last night the pitching of the vessel was something dreadful. Our men thought that all was up with us. The wind has been most unpropitious. I think it will take us nearly a week to go to Natal. The kindness, attention, and gentlemanly bearing of Captain Tarleton, and the officers, are to me very astonishing. Sandilli and his men are quite 'lionized' on board. They have a cabin to themselves, and are waited upon by two negroes. Mr. Brownlee and I mess with the captain and General Wynyard, the Lieutenant Governor. We have, therefore, to appear at dinner in full dress. On the day of our embarking, the Captain had a sumptuous dinner provided for his guests. I thought this was to be the order for every day, and had really conscientious scruples about partaking of such daily fare. It was too much for such as me, and I had made up my mind to be excused towards the middle of it. However, the dinners have become more moderate.

1st September, 1860.—Still at sea with a head wind. We have now been six days at sea. With a fair wind we would have gone to Natal in three days. We hope to be there to-morrow night. Since yesterday our party have been recovering from sea-sickness and trying to use their sea-legs. They are now regaining their spirits, especially as we are sailing in sight of land to-day.

"*Tuesday, 4th September.*—Arrived at Natal after a tedious stormy run of eight days from Port Elizabeth. Yesterday was a tempestuous day, the wind and high sea ofttimes appalling; but fortunately both were in our favour. During the night the rolling of the ship was terrific. In the morning Sandilli's brother very much amused us by remarking 'Really a man will never die of fright; for, last night I thought I should have died with fright, if anything could kill me.' Poor old Tyala, the councillor, was overheard moralizing in a most melancholy strain. After drawing a long sigh and stretching out his arms over the hammock on which he lay tossing to and fro, he exclaimed 'Ah! well, this is the enjoyment of human life!' so you may infer from this the state we were in. The Kafirs will always retain a salutary recollection of the voyage from Algoa Bay to Natal. All is now over — God having been merciful to us all. The Prince, who travelled overland from the Cape Colony to Natal, has not arrived at Durban, the coast town, although there is every likelihood of his having arrived at Pietermaritzburgh, the inland town of Natal. Mr. Brownlee, Dukwana, and a few others have gone on shore. I have preferred to remain on board, and go to-morrow after Mr. Brownlee has surveyed the land.

"*Natal, 6th September.*—The Prince came on board very early to-day; and so there was no chance of my

going on shore. I am somewhat disappointed at this, as I expected to have done so with the captain. Towards evening we weighed anchor and started for Cape Town. The Prince looks well and hearty. In his progress through the country he and those who accompanied him had a grand sporting time. They had a great hunt, at which they killed 600 game. The Prince himself shot down 27. He brought with him on board many trophies of his exploits. There was a splendid dinner in the evening. Sir George Grey is very kind.

"*At sea, Thursday, 13th September.*—It is both incredible and most unfortunate that our passage from Natal has been as tedious as our passage from Algoa Bay to Port Natal. This is the eighth day since we left Natal. The winds have been most adverse. We are all now tired of it, and shall feel thankful when God in His good providence lands us at Cape Town. Yesterday I addressed a letter to the Governor asking him to favour our forming a second station when necessary so to do; also to grant a survey and issue titles for the Mgwali; also to give us a grant of land for the endowment of an educational establishment, inasmuch as the land granted for a station is more for our people than for our mission. Sir George Grey has favoured all my requests, and will write to Colonel Maclean to have them secured. His Excellency also kindly offered to head my subscription list when we got to Cape Town. He thinks I shall be successful in collecting money for my church. I hope I may. Somehow or other I am not very sanguine. We shall see.

"The following is a rough portraiture by an unskilled artist of the company on board in the chief cabin:—

"*The Governor.*—Kind, affable to every one, cheerful and communicative; delighted to hear a good story, or to

obtain a new fact. He is evidently not in good health, and has a bad cough which makes him sometimes wear an anxious look, and which Dr. Morton does not look upon with favour. He appears very careful of himself, and is very temperate in his habits. He is really interested in the welfare of the natives. I infer this from several circumstances which I have observed.

General Wynyard.—At first I formed an unfavourable opinion of him, but a more intimate knowledge has considerably modified it. Though evidently not a brilliant man, he has collected a great deal of information by keeping his eyes open in travelling through the world. Sometimes in his conversation there is a tendency to coarseness, so that *I* would not consider him a perfect English gentleman.

"This high honour I freely concede to the next who comes up to have his portraiture dashed off by a rude pen: this is *Major Cowell*, the Prince's governor. He is naturally, I think, a man not fond of speaking too much, although he takes an interest in instructive conversation, and when any good subject is started he enters heartily into it. He is withal a very kind man, and free from prejudice.

"The next is the *Prince* himself, our young chief. My impression is that if God spares this young gentleman, and he is not led astray, he will make a noble man. He is 16 years of age, a time when young men usually begin to assume airs and be consequential, if not offensive and troublesome. There is however the utter absence of anything of this kind in the Prince. In fact I can see that he is possessed of a modesty that approaches to something like timidity. The Prince is a boy all over, and likes to hear or tell a *funny* story, at which he invariably takes a very sympathetic laugh.

"*Colonel Bisset* might have a good-looking countenance were it not for a very strong squint, which deprives the face of expression, and seems to falsify the statement made regarding him, that he is a clever, knowing, practical man, who, because of this, has been in almost every Cape Governor's staff! He has lost the thumb of his right hand. It was blown off by the accidental explosion of a pistol.

"*Sir Walter Curry* is one of Grahamstown's greatest men, the renowned Commandant of the Cape Frontier Mounted Police, and an inveterate enemy, it is said, of black men. He is a little below the average height, has his face enveloped in a huge beard, after the fashion of our friend Brownlee. His features are somewhat Jewish, and he has an expression of countenance which I rather like. I saw no evidence of his being an enemy to black men. He spoke freely and gentlemanly to our men and myself. I have a better impression of him than I was led to believe I would.

"*Mr. Rivers*, the purser of the Prince and of the Governor, is a tall gentleman, sharp featured. He mounts a moustache. I do not know what to say of him indeed, except that I do not think much of him, and so that is an end of the matter; only of course I wish him well.

"*Mr. Carter* is a young subaltern officer, who got leave of absence from his regiment in England, and came out with the Governor to see what is to be seen in this country. He is a good-looking young gentleman of two or three-and-twenty, is kind and natural in his manners, and has a weakness for seeing and speaking of pretty young ladies and plain girls. At breakfast, we had generally a laugh at his expense, for being late. But he took all in good part; and it was really refreshing to meet with such

a good-natured and even-tempered fellow-passenger, even although he was not possessed of any other distinguishing feature of character.

"We arrived at Cape Town on Saturday, 15th September, after a tedious passage of nine days from Natal. We landed late in the afternoon, and I found that the Rev. W. Thompson, of the London Missionary Society, had waited three hours at the beach to receive me. I preached for him yesterday forenoon, and in the evening for Mr. Morgan, in the Scotch Church, to overflowing congregations. I collect for my church on Wednesday. To-day and to-morrow are holidays of unusual excitement in Cape Town. I have no time to describe the festivities. The Prince is laying the foundation-stones of public institutions."

Tiyo was eminently successful in his object, for he collected £163 towards the building of the church; and, in addition, some Christian friends came forward as annual subscribers. Amongst the contributions he received was one which caused him no small anxiety, inasmuch as he feared lest he might compromise the principles of the denomination to which he belonged. It is better, however, to allow him to state the matter in his own words, as described in a letter addressed to the Rev. Dr. Somerville. "A most difficult matter now falls to be mentioned," he says, "and I shall do it with all frankness. Sir George Grey, when the Prince had made particular inquiries about my mission and its prospects, said that he must give me every encouragement he could. He therefore gave, through the Kaffrarian Government, £50 towards the church and school at the Mgwali. I did not ask the money. It was given voluntarily; and he seemed to know my position as belonging to a society which does not receive State aid, for in giving it he said

my position was a peculiar one, and one which he thought should meet with encouragement from all. I also knew, whilst thanking him for the money, that I could not take it as a grant from Government, as the principles of our Church did not allow me to do so. It was not given, however, as a grant to the society, but to my church and school, because of Sir George Grey's desire to encourage me. His Excellency had shown himself such a great friend of my poor countrymen generally, so kind to myself personally, and so willing to advance the interests of our mission, that I had not the courage to refuse the money. I have done nothing with it; it remains in the bank until I receive the deliverance of the Mission Board. If they enjoin me to return it to Sir George Grey, I shall do so at once. Considering that personally I have no scruples in receiving the money, remembering the manner and object for which it was given; yet if the Board disapprove of my appropriating it to the purpose named, it will be better to state in returning it that my clerical superiors will not allow me to use the money, than that I *refuse* to do so." It is right to state that the donation was devoted to the purpose for which it was given.

"When we parted from His Royal Highness," he writes to Mr. Bogue, "he presented me with the most beautifully bound Bible I have ever seen here or in Scotland, with autograph inscribed. People think that I am highly honoured by such a noble gift. I highly value it. And what shall I say in admiration of the noble qualities of the second son of our beloved Queen? My loyalty now knows no bounds! I speak as a man and a minister. I never saw a young man who had more admirable qualities for making a future great man. Modesty—unassuming modesty—is the crowning ornament of them all. Sandilli and his

councillors are full of his praises, and no wonder. I carefully, interestedly, and admiringly watched His Royal Highness during the time I was with him."

Of this visit of Tiyo Soga to Cape Town the Rev. W. Thompson says: "Mrs. Thompson and myself invited him to make our house his home during his stay in our city, and rarely have we had a more acceptable guest. During the fortnight he was with us, his quiet unassuming manners, combined with his intelligence and piety, marked him out as a Christian gentleman, differing in nothing but colour from the most cultured and refined of our personal friends. In the free and cheerful intercourse of private life, he never seemed to forget that he was a minister of the Gospel; and he never descended to what was unbecoming his high vocation. Throughout his conversation and acts there was manifested an intense anxiety for the spiritual good of the Kafirs, 'his kinsmen according to the flesh,' to whom he evidently esteemed it his highest honour to be a missionary. Although years have passed since that time, and we have had a considerable number of visitors from different parts of the world, the remembrance of Mr. Soga's noble qualities of head and of heart is as fresh as if it were yesterday that he was under our roof, and sat at our table. I know not how it was, but the presence of our friend ever suggested to me the names of Cyprian, Tertullian, and Augustine, and others of northern Africa, embalmed in the memory as among the noblest men of the primitive Church, and as the first-fruits unto God of the rich harvest which this continent has yet to produce.

"Mr. Soga was several times invited to preach in Cape Town, and did so with great acceptance. Twice I heard him when he occupied my own pulpit in Caledon Square.

The chapel was crowded to excess, and great numbers were not able to gain admission. His sermon, on Matt. xx. 30, 'When they heard that Jesus passed by,' &c., was very powerful, and produced a deep impression. The illustrations were striking, the language was chaste, and the tone was solemn yet affectionate—the union of fidelity and love. It was difficult to believe that on that occasion 'Jesus passed by' in vain, without leading some to cry out: 'Have mercy on us, O Lord, Thou Son of David.'

"A very pleasant evening was spent at our house with the chief Sandilli and his councillors, of which an account, from the pen of my youthful daughter, appeared in the *Juvenile Missionary Magazine* for January, 1861. The respect shown to Mr. Soga by his sable countrymen I cannot forget; it was respect to the man and his office—the homage of hereditary rank to the dignity conferred by education, Christianity, unselfishness, and acknowledged high moral worth. It would have been a fine subject for the pencil of an artist.

"After Mr. Soga's return home, he sent me the accompanying letter. The '*Wallace*' referred to was a very fine Newfoundland dog, which my nephew had the pleasure to give him. The 'cushion' was the present of Mrs. Captain Wilson, a neighbour of ours, whom he had met at our house. The 'Bible' was the appropriate and highly-valued gift of His Royal Highness Prince Alfred, now the Duke of Edinburgh. The letter may illustrate some points of our friend's character. It is as follows:—

'MGWALI, *14th October, 1860.*

'I cannot forget you nor Mrs. Thompson, nor Ralph, nor Miss Jessie, the friend of Sandilli's old councillor, nor my friend Willie, nor Mr. Reid, whose memories will be

associated with those of "*Wallace;*" and I cannot soon forget Cape Town and the dear Christian friends whom I had the privilege of knowing, and who left upon my mind an impression of their kindness and Christian sympathy, which it will take a great deal indeed to efface. Pray remember me most kindly to those dear friends: to Mr. and Mrs. Pocock, and their daughter; to Mrs. Meyer and her husband; to Mr. Saul Solomon; to Mr. Henry Solomon and his family; to Captain and Mrs. Wilson, your next door neighbours. Please tell Mrs. Wilson that her pulpit cushion has called forth many a Kafir shout of astonishment, delight, and admiration. They say when they see it, "We fancy we see it already in its place, on the pulpit desk." It requires one to see their countenances in order to have any idea of their wonder and manifestations of joy at the sight of the Prince's Bible, and Mrs. Wilson's pulpit cushion. The next great object of mingled admiration and *dread* is *Wallace!* He is constantly beside me, except when he scampers off to play with *Nimrod*, my other dog, which Wallace has installed into friendly favour and consideration. He condescends even to sup out of the same dish with him. But it is amusing to see the evidences of trepidation on any one who approaches me while Wallace is crouching beside me. "Will he bite? I am afraid!" is the usual inquiry and confession. The capabilities of Wallace lay undeveloped in the confinement of Cape Town. Here he has a boundless field for their exercise, and full scope for developing all his talents, and so pigs and goats and fowls have often to race it very hard for life. I am afraid of going out with him, for he dashes into places where I am in dread of his encountering a snake. His liveliness is astonishing. Dogs which were reckoned fierce on the Station keep a good distance off

from Wallace when they bark. He is, for one thing, exceedingly plucky. In the *Waldensian* there were about nine pointers. He made them all *yelp*, if they annoyed him. He was the favourite of all, and was without exception the handsomest dog on board. Every person was kind to Wallace, and so I had no special care of him. You will be astonished to hear that, as a watch dog, I rather encourage the fighting propensities of Wallace—that is, I do not restrain him. When I was away Mrs. S. was annoyed by some one stealing her firewood at night. I don't think now, considering the dread of Wallace with which every person seems to be inspired, that nasty trick can be repeated. One Kafir remarked of Wallace in my hearing, "I think if he were to fasten upon one, he would make him *bawl* out, although he were a man;" *a man*, according to Kafir notions, should endure all without giving any expression to his feelings. So much for Wallace.

'The good providence of our God brought us safely to our families and friends about eight days ago. From Cape Town to Port Elizabeth we made a splendid run of 48 hours, the shortest passage which the *Waldensian* has ever made between the two ports. Our passage, however, from Port Elizabeth to East London was rough and tedious, yet we got in safely on the Friday afternoon, and landed in the evening. Next morning we started on horseback, with our friend Mr. Cachet, for King William's Town, which we reached at dusk. Mr. Cachet and I preached for Rev. John Brownlee on Sabbath—a day of a most extraordinary fall of rain. At East London we had the pleasure of meeting with the good Bishop Cotterill of Grahamstown.

'I parted from Mr. Cachet on Monday, and then started with Mr. Brownlee and my sister-in-law for the Mgwali.

When I was about twelve miles from the station, and after having just parted from Mr. Brownlee, my horse knocked up; and so for eight miles I had to *foot* it. But I was going *home*, and the image of my wife, children, and people, added fuel to my energies, and I suffered no harm. This incident suggested to my mind the passage: "Endure hardness." At the station I found everything upon the whole in a satisfactory state. Death, always busy, had during our absence removed six persons from the station. "The Lord hath been mindful of us." Last Sabbath I had an overflowing attendance at church.

'I have not seen Sandilli and his councillors since their return. I think he should have come on Sabbath to render his thanksgiving for preservation. There had been rumours afloat that he would never return; but his presence among his people has silenced *for once* the mouths of tale bearers, and it has established confidence in the truthfulness of Sir George Grey. The Kafirs will now more than ever place confidence in his word, and appreciate his desire of doing good to them and their children. And now, my dear friend and brother, accept of my thanks for your kindness and the kindness of your family during my stay with you in Cape Town. Cape Town will always be associated with you and your family in my memory. May the Lord's richest blessing be with you and yours!'"

At length, on 15th June, 1862, the church for which Tiyo Soga had travelled so much and pled so eloquently—in the erection of which he exercised so much self-denial; and which had formed the subject of his most earnest prayers at a throne of grace—was opened for the public worship of God. That day is one long to be remembered

by all who were present. The annals of the Gaika history do not furnish a more interesting event than that, on which the friends of the first ordained preacher of the Kafir race assembled at the Mgwali, to congratulate Tiyo Soga on the successful accomplishment of his work. The Sunday was a wild boisterous day, and a fierce tempest roared; yet the church was crowded to overflowing. The preachers on the occasion were all remarkable men in the Kafir mission field. There was the Rev. John Brownlee, who rode from King William's Town to testify in his old age to the truth of that gospel which he had preached for well-nigh 50 years, and to remind his hearers of the promise given of old: "In all places where I record my name I will come unto thee and I will bless thee." There was the Rev. William Govan, of Lovedale, Tiyo Soga's teacher when he was a pupil at that Institution, illustrating the littleness and changeableness of man's work as compared with the greatness and stability of God's: "Nevertheless, the foundation of God standeth sure, having this seal; the Lord knoweth them that are his; and, let every one that nameth the name of Christ depart from iniquity." There was the Rev. Bryce Ross, of Pirie, a fellow-student at Lovedale, eloquent to a degree, contrasting the discord which falsehood and superstition spread abroad, with the blessings of the gospel of Christ: "Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of light." There was the Rev. James Read, of Philipton—himself also a "son of the soil"—describing human nature as the same everywhere, and that all men everywhere, as a prerequisite to salvation, must needs utter the cry: "What must I do to be saved?"

On Wednesday, 18th June, there was a great public meeting, presided over by the Gaika Commissioner. The

report read on the occasion shows that the church cost £1464 14s. 6d.; that the monies collected amounted to £1113 2s. 2d., of which Tiyo Soga had raised by his own efforts £600, and that there remained upon the building a debt of £350. The speeches, delivered on the occasion by ministers of various denominations, by laymen and natives, were reported, and received a prominent place in the *United Presbyterian Record*. It is unnecessary, therefore, to reproduce the eloquence of that day. The speeches were full of encouragement, congratulation, and mutual counsel. Tiyo detailed all the circumstances connected with the opening services, in a very lengthy report to the Rev. Dr. Somerville, which concludes as follows:

"The Mgwali church then is completed. This is a reality; and it has the reputation of being the most commodious and substantial, and the *neatest* native church in British Kaffraria. It would be just to myself, and keeping good faith with those friends in Scotland who responded to my call, to have everything connected with this church laid before them. There are many, I know, who are anxiously waiting for a full account of the opening services. I have given them entire from the Kafir periodical—*The Indaba*. I take this opportunity of returning to the Board, and to the friends of missions in Scotland, the deepest gratitude of my heart for the services which they have rendered to myself and my poor countrymen in connection with the building of this church. Here is the noble testimony, the monument of their Christian liberality, standing out on our Mgwali hill, conspicuous from afar: 'Walk about Zion and go round about her; tell the towers thereof. Mark ye well her bulwarks, consider her palaces; that ye may tell it to the generation

following.' Here it is, as a witness against the works of darkness, which it is the glorious prerogative of the gospel to destroy. You have given to us and our children an earthly inheritance in this house of God. Give us your blessing and your prayers along with it. The church of much anxiety and of many prayers is completed at last; and, though expensive, its worth is in its workmanship and appearance. It shall be my utmost endeavour—God giving me health—to clear off the remaining debt. May the Lord so bless the efforts which we are already putting forth, that in a year we may have the debt either swept away or greatly reduced! All that I have done, I have done conscientiously, and most assuredly to promote not the perishable and transitory glory of man, but the honour and glory of Him whose praises are from all eternity. There are a thousand things that might be done for the elevation of the Kafir race; but they require means and resources which we cannot command, and so in all likelihood the church of the Mgwali is the utmost limit of my humble efforts to serve them. The church has already been blessed. It has been the spiritual birth-place of fourteen souls, received into the fellowship of the Church since its opening. Its gates have been opened to worshippers; it is filled already with a motley assembly of heathen and Christian natives."

The church itself is an unpretentious building, and possesses no architectural beauty or ornamentation. Yet that pile of bricks and mortar cost the zealous Kafir missionary no small expenditure of physical energy. "I have had many an anxious day," he writes, "and I have learned some bitter experience out of which to build a most admirable future church." As it neared completion, the thought of the debt with which it was burdened

pressed heavily upon him. His usually cheerful face began to wear an anxious troubled expression, and his friends saw that his health had greatly suffered. The one merit of the church is its commodiousness; it has nothing of the "dim religious light" of an ecclesiastical building; the flood of sunshine which pours in by its large windows seems too great for a land "in which it seems always afternoon."

If ever a church was built with a sincere and honest aim to save souls and glorify the Great Master Builder, it was this Mgwali church, which, as long as it stands, will remain a monument not of the architectural skill, but of the unwearied self-sacrifice of Tiyo Soga, its first minister. When it crumbles into dust, his earnest pious soul will still continue to reap the reward of his willing offering.

CHAPTER XIV.

BEARING PRECIOUS SEED.

"Always abounding in the work of the Lord."

WHILST the church was gradually rising on its foundation Tiyo Soga was not so wholly absorbed in its erection as to neglect the true work of a missionary. Many of his friends, who were not aware of the amount of his labours, complained of his silence. "I shall take the earliest opportunity of writing to Mr. ——," says Tiyo Soga to Mr. Bogue. "Alas! my friends are exacting too much in this respect from me. I would wish to fulfil all their expectations; but I shall fail in many respects. I wish they would pay a visit to this place, and then say how much leisure a man, who has to superintend the quarrying, brickmaking, woodcutting, &c., for the church, and attend to all the duties of a station, and carefully prepare to preach three times on Sabbath, can have for letter-writing." One of the services referred to was for the benefit of the Europeans who worshipped at the Mgwali. This service was commenced with the station, and was faithfully maintained by Tiyo Soga after Mr. Johnston left. This was to him a labour of love; and although it entailed much additional work, he did not spare himself. It was also a benefit to himself, for the weekly preparation of an English sermon prevented his total neglect of English composition. On this point he writes: "Men, I find, have strength given to them accord-

ing to their day. The composition of an English sermon is not now to me so formidable a thing as it once was, and long since I have bade adieu to 'Felix' and 'the Canaanitish woman!'"

Some interesting incidents of mission work and Kafir customs are recorded by him at this time; and as they deserve more than a passing notice, it is well to have them woven into the story of his life. The following gives the vague belief in a hereafter, as illustrated by the burial of a heathen Fingoe chief, at whose kraal stated religious services were held by the missionary. This chief had a great respect for the missionary and his message, was ever ready to collect his people for service, and was profuse in his expressions of welcome to Tiyo Soga when he made his stated visits to his village. Suddenly, however, he was cut off by disease; and the sorrow of the missionary was genuine, because, although *Mhlana* was a heathen, he nevertheless manifested an interest in the Gospel which no other chief did. "As soon as the watchers around Mhlana perceived unmistakable signs of the approach of death, they commenced running off with some of the articles within the hut, whilst grief and consternation were strongly marked on their countenances. The excitement was quite as great as when people wish to save something from a burning house. The reason is, that the house in which a person has died is by the heathen considered unclean, and is either pulled down, or allowed to decay, or committed to the flames with all its contents. The things that were so eagerly carried out of the hut, ere they were rendered unclean by the presence of death, in all probability belonged to the wife of Mhlana.

"A few minutes thereafter the chief drew his last breath. The men of the village immediately assembled, and held

a private consultation about the funeral arrangements. There were some technicalities in this burial, and because he was a chief, which otherwise would have been dispensed with. The Galekas, of which tribe Mhlana was a Fingoe chief, by reason of their distance from European influences, were the conservators of Kafir ancient usages much more than we Gaikas are.

"The consultation of Mhlana's councillors resulted in the selection of five principal men of their number 'to bury the chief.' This consisted in swathing the corpse in his kaross with broad bands of the inner bark of the mimosa, and then carrying the body to the grave and disposing of it in its last resting-place after their own curious fashion, amid the wild and vehement wailing of men and women, to show their sense of the greatness of their loss.

"These five men, as soon as elected, commenced their sorrowful work by stripping themselves of their blankets and appearing as nude as at birth. They then bound their waists, upper body, arms and legs, each limb separately, with the bands of the mimosa bark. Then they approached the hut, and opposite to where the body of the chief lay, they removed the thatch from the outside, and made an entrance similar to the common entrance of a Kafir hut. The body was to be carried through this *new* opening at the back, not by the old one. I cannot account for this singular custom. By this new opening the men entered, and had the body bound up in the kaross. They then looked round the hut, and from the chief's personal effects selected a mat, which is a Kafir bed, a calabash from which he drank his beer, an earthen vessel or basin, in which he was wont to take his meals, a drinking cup, and a tin mug. These all were to be buried with him. Most

assuredly we have here distinct traces of a *Kafir* belief that the spirit required the use of these articles whither it had gone. Were we to ask the meaning, they would say: 'We do not know. It is our usual custom.' Once, however, there must have been a distinct belief, and with a definite meaning which has since been lost.

"After this 'sitting apart,' as they call it, of the personal effects to be buried along with the chief, they carried the body out by the new door-way made for it, and took it round the hut in such a way as not to pass the old entrance. There must be a meaning in this also. The grave was dug close to the cattle kraal. It was a grave within a grave. After they had dug down a sufficient depth they excavated a lateral or side chamber for the reception of the body (Isaiah xiv. 15; Ezekiel xxxii. 23). The people, who attended in large numbers, whenever they saw that the body which was carried on a litter, had reached the grave, went off to collect stones. This was soon done. The burying men then selected the stones with the smoothest surface and of nearly equal sizes, and laid them in the inner chamber, paving it as it were, so as to form a bed for the body. The body was then carefully laid on its side on this bed of stone in the usual sleeping posture of the Kafirs, with the legs drawn up. The swathings were now taken off, the kaross was thrown over the body, the face uncovered down to the neck, and the appearance of the corpse, thus disposed, was that of a man enjoying a comfortable repose.

"Afterwards they took the longer stones and laid them perpendicularly side by side so as to separate the inner chamber from the outer gravel. These stones were so placed together as thoroughly to close the inner grave. The man's personal effects were then placed upon another

layer of stones in the outer grave, and as near to the corpse as possible. His eldest son was then called, a spade was handed to him, and he was instructed to take of the loose earth and cast it into the grave. He did this once. Others of his boys were also called, and did the same. After them came an old woman, probably the chief's mother, and did as the lads had done; but she offered a prayer to the departed, and said: 'Thou must remember and look kindly upon me.' Another old woman came forward, and after taking up the earth with the spade and emptying it into the grave she said: 'Thou must behold me, thou who art gone to the many.' Lastly, an old man took up the earth, and cast it in and then concluded with the prayer: 'Thou must look upon me thou son of——,' naming the departed chief's father, 'thou who hast gone to the *holy*.' This last sentence is perhaps a Christian idea. When all was finished, the people standing around the grave with one voice said: '*Hail Mhlana!*' These were old people who buried their chief and offered up prayer to his departed spirit, according to the form of old established custom. Are not these vestiges of an older and more definite faith in the immortality of the soul? But it does not matter now; though once in darkness they may now be made light, for 'the people that sat in darkness have seen a great light; and to them that sat in the region and shadow of death light is sprung up.'"

When journeying to the Colony to collect funds for his church, Tiyo Soga came unexpectedly upon one of his countrymen, crushed by a sorrow, under which he refused to be comforted. The mourner was a desolate barbarian, weeping for

> "The touch of a vanished hand,
> For the sound of a voice that is still."

The picture of the inconsolable widower, as well as the tender sympathy of his civilized brother, are so graphically and touchingly told, that we give the incident as described by Tiyo Soga himself. This "one touch of nature" shows, that however men may differ as to colour, race, or rank, they are equally and similarly affected by the joys and sorrows of life.

"On my way to Glenthorn," he writes, "in the month of September, I was, in company of an after rider, descending a steep mountain, one of the Amatole range, from which the Keiskama has its rise. As we approached one of our African small kloofs, issuing from the base of the mountain, my ears caught the sounds of a voice as if wailing; yet I was not sure. A painful impression was made on my mind, and as I suddenly reined up my horse, I noticed that the sound had also arrested a party of travelling Kafirs on the ridge immediately opposite the one on which I had checked the progress of my horse. One of them immediately struck out from the rest, to look over the kloof and see what was the matter. When we had paused, and the creaking noise of the saddle had ceased, and the hard tramp of the horse's hoofs on our dry African road was silenced, there was no longer any doubt that the sound was that of a human voice, in bitter and wild lamentation, issuing from the depths of the ravine. Presently a man appeared. His blanket hung loosely about his shoulders, the palm of his right hand was resting on the crown of his head, and the head itself was slightly inclined to the one side. This attitude which, to be understood, must be seen, indicates to the Kafirs great grief and dejection of spirit. The man was sobbing aloud, and his broken sentences, the meaning of which we vainly strained our ears to catch, were intermixed with

strong cries. He was moving slowly down the kloof, as if towards a kraal not far off, weeping bitterly as he went.

"The manifold griefs, sorrows, and pains, to which this poor humanity of ours is subject in this well-named 'vale of tears,' came with melancholy reality to my mind. *There* is a fellow-being, not far from me, I said to myself, yea, a poor countryman of my own, with a heart torn, lacerated, and bleeding, from the fell blow of some great misfortune, and I must see him and discover, if I can, the cause of so unusual a grief, and soothe his troubled spirit.

"On approaching him I saw that he was a heathen Fingoe, with a countenance that pleaded eloquently for sympathy. There was another man beside him gently pushing him onward. In expostulatory terms he said to him, 'Oh, do go home; stay not in this place!' His reply, amid a flood of tears, was: 'Leave me alone!' Seeing his overpowered emotions, and scarcely knowing what to say first, I interposed for him, and said to his friend, who was withal very tender, 'Deal gently with him, and leave him alone, as he says.' I defy any man with the least spark of humanity in him to have withstood that touch of nature. The most frigid heart could not but have yearned with pity for this unhappy man, when the cause of his grief was ascertained. His excess of sorrow did honour to our humanity, and showed that even in the bosoms of men called barbarians, God has implanted the noblest and most refined feelings.

"Feeling as if I was an intruder upon his grief, I asked, in a very quiet subdued way, 'What is the matter?' His friend replied: 'The matter is his griefs.' 'What griefs?' said I. 'Two months ago, within a short time of one another, he lost his two children and their mother; and

though all that time has elapsed since they died, he cannot forget them, and will not be comforted.' I addressed myself to the disconsolate man, and assuring him of my sympathy and disinterestedness in coming out of my way to know the cause of his grief, I added: 'Had you, my dear friend, known God, as Christians know Him, you would this day have been comforted in your sorrow. You would have known that *His* hand had thus laid you low, by taking your two children and their mother. You would have known that even in such afflictions He is kind, and sends them for our good. That would have comforted you, and dried up your tears; and then you would have been cheered by the hopes which the '*Word*' gives to us of another and better country to which our friends go when they leave us, and where, when we die, we shall also go, to meet with our friends and be happy with them for ever. Do you know anything of God?' 'No, my father's son, I wish I did,' was his reply; 'if I knew Him indeed, as you know Him, I would this day ask Him to allow me to follow my children and my wife. Perhaps you knew my wife, the daughter of Sobekile; you may have heard of her. She was my only wife. She did not live long after her children; and now that they have left me, I feel that I am no man. I was something by them. I am nothing now. It is not worth while to live any longer. Do you know,' he asked me, 'why you find me in this place? Here, I buried them. I came to weep at their graves. I did it purposely. I did it because we have a belief among us that if a friend comes to weep at the grave of a friend, it will not be long until he follows. I would go after them if I could.'

"In his expressive language he spoke much more to the same purpose than I have here related. All the time

'rivers of water' were flowing down his sable cheeks. His language, the earnestness of his manner, and his deeply-felt grief, amazed and I must confess startled me. From such a man I did not expect such sensibility of feeling, nor such touching illustrations of his sorrow. I should be inclined to set down as a veritable savage, the man who could have seen and heard that Fingoe-Kafir, and yet not sorrow with him in his heart of hearts. I have not added one iota to the above expressions of his sad bereavement. I poured into my poor friend's heart all the consolations I could command suited to his case, and preached the Gospel to him. I left him somewhat composed. The impressions of that man's grief will not easily be obliterated from my mind. I understood, on that day, and in a new light, the force of the Apostle's exhortation to the Christians of Thessalonica, when he said concerning those who had fallen asleep in Jesus, that they were not to sorrow, 'as others who have no hope.'

"When I communicated the above incident to the Rev. William Greenstock, a pious and devoted missionary of the Church of England, whose station is about five miles from the man's kraal, he told me that when his wife died he came to the station, ordered a coffin in which to bury her, and paid for it."

From Tiyo Soga's Journal we find that he was most assiduous in his itinerations, visiting the surrounding villages, embracing every opportunity of preaching the Gospel to his countrymen, and conversing with them on spiritual things. A few extracts are given:

"*12th June, 1860.*—We went to the Bolo early to-day, to open Fotheringham School. This was done under most delightful circumstances. The parents of those children for whom the school is designed, and whom we specially

wished to be present, came in large numbers. We had an interesting service, at which I preached from the text, 'The people that walk in darkness have seen a great light,' &c. There were in the school-hut 134 persons, including children. After service, the company sat down to a repast prepared by the people of the place. The intervals between this sort of *soirée* were occupied by appropriate addresses from our people. The heathen joined heartily by responding to our sentiments of good-will. The addresses demonstrated to parents the importance of their children being taught, and the blessedness of the people to whom the Gospel has come. There was a genuine cordiality of feeling among all present. The chief men of the Bolo were present. I have no doubt of our succeeding with the school; and with reference to the success of the Gospel among these people, I am very sanguine. Service is held every Sabbath at this place. May the Lord add His own blessing! Singobanina tina? *Who are we?*

"*1st July, 1860, Lord's Day.*—A good attendance to-day. A number of the people from the neighbourhood. There are more hopeful indications of a good state of feeling in some towards the Word. The people at one of the kraals at the *Golonci* seem to have been somewhat awakened out of their indifference, by a singular circumstance connected with the death of a young boy belonging to the place. Although the boy, so far as the parents knew, had never been at a place of worship, or had heard the preaching of the Word, yet in dying he called his parents and a sister, and said, 'Tandazani,' or, 'Be instant in prayer.'

"*24th July.*—I went to-day to Sakela's kraal. I had two special objects in view in going there. The first was to vaccinate the people, as smallpox is now raging fatally

in some parts of Kaffraria and the Colony. I found however, to my disappointment, and to the disappointment of the people, that the two young persons whom I had previously vaccinated, and from whom I expected to get virus to vaccinate the others, had not taken. My second object was to see Sakela, one of Sandilli's noted men, who, there is every reason to believe, is falling into a decline. When I saw him to-day he was better, and somewhat cheerful; but he is decidedly losing strength, and in a little time, I fear, will succumb to the progress of the fatal disease. I held a meeting at his kraal, at which 32 persons were present. It was really one of the most interesting services that I have ever had with my poor benighted countrymen. After I had preached and engaged in prayer, I said to them: 'Do you know, my friends, that we consider you Gaikas to be somewhat hardened against the Word. You offer no outward opposition to it when we come among you. You receive us cordially, and listen patiently to what we say. But you show no special interest in it. You listen like men who have either heard quite enough, or who did not care about it. Now, why is this? I, for one, regard it as a good symptom when men are properly inquisitive about these strange news which have come to us. It is surely our interest to know and understand all that is said to have come to us from God.'

"I was delighted with the spirit in which they took up my remarks. Sakela himself, and a brother of his, appeared to be seriously impressed, and conversed freely, and so also did a woman whose heart was seriously interested in the things of which we had spoken. This woman joined most heartily in the conversation. I have her earnest look still most vividly impressed on my memory. One of her remarks, in the course of our animated talk,

was this: 'We really sometimes do feel the force of what the people who go about with the Word of God say, as, for example, when they put the case thus—Would you go and hurl yourselves headlong over a precipice, knowing it to be a precipice? or, would you rush into the fire with your eyes open? We feel indeed that this we could not do.' I spoke of their customs, which stand so much in the way of their embracing the Gospel. I pointed out strongly their uselessness, and asked them, 'Now, what difference is there between you and me? I am one of you, a Kafir as well as you; I am one of your own tribe and nation. Why am I not clad in a red-painted blanket as you are, or have my ankles and wrists ornamented with such tinkling chains as ornament yours? Simply because I have been taught to see the utter uselessness of such things to an immortal being such as I am. I would not for the world exchange places with you; not because I despise you, or consider myself superior to you, but because I know that to live as you are now living is certain and future ruin.' The woman said, 'It is indeed nothing but these useless habits and customs of ours that are keeping us from following the way of God.' I spoke about the profitableness of godliness, as having the promise of the life that now is and of that which is to come. Sakela had previously remarked that all that he had ever heard from the Word of God he thoroughly believed; but still, he said, we just see ourselves living as we are living, and doing what we know God condemns, and we do not know how it is! When I spoke about the profitableness of godliness, he asked, 'What would God now say or do in the case of a man who, though he carried on the ways of sin, yet prayed to Him and endeavoured to serve Him?' One of the men immediately answered: 'God would say

that you are dealing doubly and hypocritically.' 'Just so,' I added, 'and in His own Word God expressly declares, You cannot serve two masters,' &c. I said He wants the entire man to love and serve Him. Sakela at once saw the justness of the reply to his question. They then proposed to me some theological nuts to crack. The profitableness of godliness, in reference to the life to come, brought us to speak of the future with its rewards and punishments. One man, for the first time in my itinerating experience, put forward the case of *infants*. It appeared clear, from the way in which he stated the case, that all that he knew of the Word placed this matter in a very unsatisfactory light to him. What would God do in their case? Would He punish them? I confessed that even to those who knew the Word of God better than they, this was a difficult matter to speak about; at the same time I stated that my own opinion was, that the good merciful God would not cast into hell an infant who was born to-day and died to-morrow.

"He went on to perplex me still further. He said: 'Men sin deliberately, some more, some less; some for a shorter, others for a longer time.' Then to render his question more pertinent, he said: 'A young person dies who has not sinned as long as I have, will the punishment of such be for ever?' I could only answer: 'All that I know of the Word of God, on the punishment of sin, says there is no possibility of escape to those who have once entered the regions of woe.' I added: 'There are many things which we do not understand about God and His dealings with His creatures. We are ignorant beings, the result of our being sinful. We know very little even of what we should know. It would be strange that persons such as we are should call in question the ways of God, or attempt to

dictate to Him. There is to me a satisfactory answer to all questions which I can neither comprehend nor explain, and it is this: God can never do wrong, and I am quite content to wait until He sees it right to reveal to me what I do not now understand. What does a parent say to a child who is inquiring about things far beyond his capacity to understand, and which he does not now know? He says: *When you grow up to be a man you will understand this.* Here we are in the infancy of our being. Hereafter we will grow into manhood, and then we shall understand what here we cannot.' This statement prevented further speculations.

"*13th October, 1860.*—Yesterday at noon Catherine Tsamse, one of my inquirers, died in good hope and very happy. She was a forward outspoken girl, and, as I thought, had an ill-tempered disposition. But at her death all my ungenerous judgments were silenced. She spoke a good deal before she died, and comforted her sorrowing father and mother. Her replies to my questions regarding her state were very pleasing. In fact I think we did injustice to the character of poor Catherine. People judged her perhaps by the natural and constitutional forwardness of her manner, which she inherited from her mother and grandmother. When she spoke to the people present, one evening, they seemed astonished that she spoke so decidedly about her death, and her happy prospects. They said to one another, 'Her mind is probably wandering.' She assured them that they were mistaken, that she spoke in calm earnestness, and in the full possession of her reason, and then enquired: Why they should be astonished since no one in the near prospect of death could speak as she was doing, except it was given of God. An hour before her death I asked her if she was still looking stead-

fastly to Jesus. She answered 'Yes.' Then immediately ere the spirit took its flight, she called upon her parents to place her in a right position for dying, as she was now about to depart and go to her Father. As she could not be buried yesterday—the coffin taking a long time to finish—the funeral was on the Sabbath. The third service I therefore made a funeral service at the grave, at which a large number of people were present, although the afternoon was somewhat unfavourable. My text was 'All flesh is grass,' &c.

"*16th January, 1861.*—Returned from an itineration with Festiri and Tobe, round the Izincuka, Izitolana, and Uinsi. Took the sources of the Tyolohi, and preached at Mahamba's kraal to 20 people. This Mahamba is a Fingoe doctor, and a frank, intelligent fellow. He seldom passes the station without favouring me with a call, and has often attended our Sabbath services with the men of his kraal. Mahamba says that he likes to listen to the word of God. This I think is not pretence or mere talk to curry favour with the missionary. Once before when we visited his kraal we found him alone with a few children —the grown-up people being away in their gardens. By way of introducing ourselves to the man, we made some inquiries about things in general. In the midst of our inquiries he abruptly asked: 'And when are you going to speak to us about the word of Jehovah, the Lord that died for us?' Mahamba had often previously heard the gospel. At our instance he called together his children, and we held a short service with them, during which Mahamba was most attentive. During this tour I had a long good-natured argument with him on the false pretensions of native doctors, and the truthfulness of our Christian religion. I then said to him: 'Mahamba, you are a doctor, and

now I should like to know something about these doctors. Do you think you could tell me all that you know about the mysteries of your profession? I know,' I continued, 'that there is a good deal of what is secret among them, and which the doctors are not willing should be known by other men. Now, although you were revealing to me everything, I would not turn it against you, and expose you to others. My object is simply to preserve anything of interest that relates to our people, and when after generations perhaps see what I have written, they will be able to say, "Ah! thus and thus did our forefathers."' He said at once, with emphasis, 'I will tell you it all, as I have no fear of *you*.' When I asked Mahamba how it was I had not seen him for some time in our church on Sabbath, he gave some paltry excuse, and then said: 'It is not from any dislike to the word; no, it is not *that!* I like to hear it. But,' said he, putting on a most sly *leer* of his uncommonly sable countenance, 'there is something which I cannot understand connected with my coming to church. I wish you would explain it. How is it that I invariably fall asleep in the midst of the preaching? I am not sure of this. There is something suspicious in it!' 'Well, now,' I replied, 'what do you think it is, Mahamba? You know that even we people of the station often feel ourselves drowsy during preaching. The best way,' I added, 'to keep yourself awake, is to fix your eyes and thoughts on the preacher, and try and follow every word he says.' 'Ah, I have tried and tried to do this, and have slept after all! *I think there is some bewitching influence proceeding from the preacher!*' 'Oh,' said I, very much amused, 'you know *that* could not be, for there is nothing of the dark art about us!' There was another way in which I might have answered him. It did not

strike me at the time, but his curious remark made me think. I thought it may not be untrue that often the uninteresting manner and matter of the preacher may exercise a soporific influence on his audience; and again, that to men like Mahamba, it must cost a very severe mental effort to follow closely for a considerable length of time a closely connected argument, unaccustomed as they are to any sustained mental exertion. Their attention must often flag when listening to a discourse which is a connected piece of reasoning. In this case, however, the bewitching influence of sleep must be laid to the charge of the listener, and not to the preacher. Our sermons to such men should always be lucid, pointed, well illustrated, and *short*. There was another statement made by Mahamba, which I must make the subject of a special sermon. 'How is it that we sometimes hear of persons, among you believers, who are known as believers, and as such are *feared*, turning back to sin and becoming like ourselves?' This he confessed was one of the things which he could not understand, about the '*believers*.'

"From Mahamba's we passed on, and came to Mbombo's kraal at the Izincuka, where we had a congregation of 30 people. There we found two old women who had been members of the Wesleyan Church, and were very much distressed at the loneliness of their situation. We advised them to come and live on the station. Left Mbombo's kraal, and came to Mhle's, the headsman or chief of the Izincuka. We stayed here all night, and preached twice, when we arrived, and next morning to 50 people. Thereafter we directed our way to the Izitolana to Nkata's kraal. The people did not come out so well here, although Nkata was indefatigable in his exertions to induce them to come. They promised; but, to his and our no small annoyance,

they did not come. Had a congregation of 22 people. Passed on to the Umsi—Ndesi's people. Well received by him, and had a congregation of 35. At all these places we were remarkably well received, and encouraged to return. At the Izincuka there are now 15 large kraals, at the Izincuka 28, at the Umsi nine. At Umhle's kraal we had a free friendly conversation with an intelligent Fingoe. This was started in consequence of his telling me that the people of his kraal were nearly all dead, and those now living, including himself, were in a very precarious state of health—and knowing people say that they are under some man's displeasure.

"*Lord's Day, 19th October.*—A beautiful calm clear day, and one of our best days as to attendance; people came well out, and there was no empty space in the church. Preached at the first forenoon Kafir service from Acts xiii. 26: 'Unto you is the word of this salvation sent.' The attention of the people was sustained to the last, and there seemed to be a very serious impression produced. My small English congregation came out well also to-day; preached from Psalm cxxxvi. 23. At the second Kafir service I preached from 1 Thess. v. 6: 'Let us not sleep as do others,' &c.; also a very good impression produced upon the people. At the conclusion I asked Bacela to pray, and he astonished me by the impressiveness of his prayer. There was remarkable thought in it, clothed in that figurative language which is characteristic of our people. Praying for the missionary, he said: 'Lord, sharpen him. What man is there who owns an axe, and who, when he goes into the bush to fell the trees, does not grind and sharpen it, that he may do more execution with it; or, what cutting instrument is it to which the possessor thereof does not endeavour to give the keenest edge, that

he may cut with it to some effect? Do so with Thy servant! The grindstone is in Thy hand, and so also is the power of sharpening upon it. Exercise Thy power upon him, then, O Lord!'

"*30th October.*—Was out to-day. Had a very good meeting at Sandilli's; 50 persons present with the chief and his numerous wives. Oba, the son of Tyali, and grandson of Gaika, being on a visit to Sandilli, was present with some of his retinue. All were very attentive. I preached from the words, 'He that committeth sin is of the devil.' After preaching, I tried to excite an inquiry into the truthfulness of the Christian religion. I said to them: 'I know that you have your own views on this matter, and likewise your own objections. I know also that most of you are ready to assail our poor weak native converts, who have not much to say about their religion; and yet, in the presence of those who may perhaps be able to give a reason for their faith you are silent, and pretend to believe all that is said.' The chief replied: 'I have no objections to urge; any who have, may state them.' Whereupon one man said, 'We have nothing to say; but it strikes me that in reference to this thing (Christianity), the way in which it has come to us is not right. I do not see how we can receive it; yet I do not say it is not true. The Owner of it has cut the thing in the middle, and done it by halves. You know that we are the remnants of past generations of Kafirs. Why was the Word not sent to our forefathers, so that we should have received it through them in the natural course of things? We do not like the idea that the thing which is considered so good for us should have been withheld from them. *They* should have received it first; *we* next, through them.' I replied, 'That mode of arguing will not do. We cannot cross-

question God's modes of dealing with His creatures. We may depend upon it that He has done right to our forefathers, even as He has done right to us in sending us His Word. We must take it, without reference to its having been sent or not sent to our forefathers.' I said, 'See, you have on a blanket.' 'Yes.' 'Our forefathers wore karosses.' 'Yes.' 'You dig your gardens with the white man's plough, and spade and hoe.' 'Yes.' 'Our forefathers dug them with wooden spades.' 'Yes.' 'Well, but these things were not sent to them; they did not get them. But, according to your mode of reasoning, you should have nothing to do with these things. But you use them, because you see they are good for you. You like them; they are profitable to you, and you have no scruples to use them, although in the time of *Tshiwo* and *Palo* they were unknown.' At this point Oba had a hearty laugh. 'You must do the same with the Gospel,' I proceeded; 'take it on its own merits, on its own suitableness to your wants, on its profitableness to you as sinners, and not with any reference to the generations of your forefathers.' This silenced my friend; for, amid a shout of laughter, he exclaimed, 'No, I did not mean anything; I was only talking for the sake of talking!'

"*3rd January, 1862.*—Last Sabbath I went to the Bolo, and had an interesting gathering of 60 people in the school-hut. The Lord is giving great encouragement to our humble efforts at the Bolo. I have there six members, who came from the Colony with certificates of membership, when the location was formed a year and a half ago. Shortly thereafter my class of candidates was joined by three persons from that place. About two months ago, four others were, on satisfactory evidence, admitted to the class. The Lord has since been blessing His work to these

people at that interesting station. Last Sabbath I had the pleasure of examining three young men, and four married women. These persons are serious, and to all appearance earnest. The elders who conversed with them are also unanimous in recommending them as qualified persons for the candidates' class. Not long ago these same young men would not venture out of the hut at their kraal, being ashamed to be seen by me, for they were smeared with red paint. Things are now very different at this kraal; even those who have not made an open profession, now diligently attend the service of God, and are not only eager, but making efforts to read. God's ways of removing the difficulties in the sinner's way of coming to Himself are often striking and startling. Nine months ago, there died of smallpox Makubalo, the Fingoe chief of the Bolo district. This man was always very friendly to me; but I learned afterwards that he was a virulent, decided, and secret enemy of the Gospel. At the very kraals, from which my inquirers have now come, he exerted a pernicious influence, frowning down every appearance of seriousness, and laughing to scorn those who made a profession of the Truth. He was naturally clever, and had a ready emphatic way of expressing himself. This was so far in his favour, and he employed his natural gifts as formidable weapons to oppose the Truth of God. But he was not suffered to live. The last time I saw him was at a kraal of one of his councillors; the fatal poison must even then have been preying upon his vitals; and four days thereafter I heard that he was dead. On the occasion I refer to, I preached to Makubalo and his people from the words: 'Despisest thou the riches of His goodness and forbearance and long-suffering,' &c. He who opposed is now taken out of the way, and the Gospel wins and triumphs."

From these extracts the reader is furnished with a glimpse of the missionary at his work — visiting the heathen villages, delivering God's message at his own station, scattering the good seed, and speaking words which must exercise their influence and prove a blessing. The numerous entries in his Journal show that the missionary had no idea of their publication to the world. The following are fair specimens of these records:—

"*Lord's Day, 22nd November, 1862.*—Itinerated at the Gwolonci; held three meetings at different kraals. The rain doctor's remarks on the judgment, and God's winking at past ignorance of natives. The woman with her hoe returning from her garden. The span of oxen ploughing. The man and the bush, or place of refuge against the judgment-day. Very good day on the whole, although the audiences were small."

The following letter, addressed to the Rev. Dr. Anderson, shows that it was not all seed-sowing at the Mgwali and around, but that the missionary was occasionally cheered by being permitted to gather in the golden sheaves. In this letter is the story of the sudden conversion of a man who, it is pleasing to record, remains steadfast to his Christian profession to this day, and is a resident at the mission station of another denomination. This letter also expresses the earnest desire of Tiyo Soga to raise funds to enable the most promising young countrymen at his station to learn some useful trades; but his scheme was not realized.

"*2nd April, 1861.*—Your present of sealing wax and writing paper I have taken as a broad hint to mend my ways. It is valuable, therefore, in more ways than one. I value them, as also the parcel of books; but what I value most is your own much-coveted new volume of

sermons. Criticism had made me familiar with it. From the sermon on 'The Theory of Affliction and Death,' I have added something new to my theology. God grant that the perusal of the work may not add to mere theological knowledge, but to the knowledge of self, and to the knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus. One thing is certain about the volume, that it is beyond the common fate of volumes of sermons, in being only an ornament to book-shelves and libraries. Let me also thank you for the *Examiner*, so regularly sent and received. You have been truly mindful of my wants. Mr. Bogue informed me that you were the sender of it; but it was not necessary, as the handwriting was too well known to be mistaken.

"Regarding the *work*, the more I reflect on its great responsibility, the more do I hesitate to say much about it. I feel, also, that we, missionaries, are in great danger of over-estimating and over-colouring the successes of our labours in order to gratify friends at home who are interested in these labours. Nevertheless, up to this point I have had to sing of mercies in the way of encouragement in the work. Discouragements I have had, and still have; but I should wish to have pointed out to me a mission field where all is sunshine and prosperity. If such a field were found, I would say that the Lord did not work by ordinary, but extraordinary means in the hearts of men *there;* for everywhere the natural heart of man must offer a certain degree of resistance to the Gospel.

"I have had, and still have, difficulties of no ordinary nature here; but these have been amply compensated by even the smallest indications that the Lord is still among us. Would you not think that I was wholly undeserving

of success if I did not acknowledge the good hand of our God in aiding me with our new church, the first church in Kafirland, chiefly contributed for by the universal liberality of the Colony. I may say this without fear of being accused of egotism or self praise; for I owe the success not to myself, as the Lord knows. It was a kind of experiment I made, to test the feelings of the white people towards the natives. I am thankful that the result exceeded all praise. There is no natural antipathy, after all, between the two people; they have only been too long mutual enemies. There exists a healthy liberal feeling in the Colony towards the natives. This, however, is not universally the case; but it does not matter, if only the beginning of a better understanding between the races has appeared.

"As to the present state of evangelistic missionary efforts, we have also much cause to be thankful. From amongst our membership there are now a good many who are the direct fruit of the Mgwali mission; most of the candidates, also, are from the ranks of heathenism, fifteen being from Fotheringham, an out-station at the Bolo, six miles from the Mgwali. At this place there is an earnest longing after better things among the people. It was at this place that an elderly man of the name of Thomas, a devout, earnest character, said to me, when he expressed a desire to 'come out from among them:' 'I find that my life has been without an aim; I have discovered that I have been living uselessly.' Two sons of this man have also joined him in the class of inquirers; so has also his wife, the mother of these young men. They present the beautiful spectacle of a whole family inquiring about the way to be saved. May they be abundantly blessed of the Lord!

"Among my inquirers is a young man who has a somewhat singular history; but I think quite as much of him as of any other in the class. He was a *drinker;* and though not a confirmed *drunkard,* was sufficiently in love with the vile 'Cape Brandy' as to have the unenviable name of *drunkard* occasionally whispered regarding him. He was passing one day through the kraal of a man who was a great smoker of the seeds and leaves of a species of wild hemp, which is very abundant in some parts of the country. It is a most dangerous weed to smoke; indeed the habitual smokers of it have to attemper the smoke, by allowing it to pass from the bowl to their mouths through a huge horn filled with water. Nkohla thought he also would have a whiff. He had not taken many *draws* when he felt himself seized with giddiness; perspiration poured down his face, and the whole world, as he said, seemed in strange motion. He felt himself to be dying; and although he was not altogether master of his senses during the powerful action of the weed through his system, still he felt a great horror of death, which did not forsake him even after he had quite got over the influence of the narcotic. He could think of nothing else until he felt compelled to come to the station. People thought that nothing would ever come out of this '*smoke conversion.*' I tried his sincerity long before I admitted him into the class; but that sincerity no one denies or doubts now, as he has for more than a year, amid much obloquy from his former heathen companions, with whom he still resides, held on in the right way. Not a Sabbath, not a single class of inquirers has he missed, and he is happier when he is among us, and away from his heathen friends. He is making efforts to read. His wife comes regularly to the church with him.

"But I shall never consider myself as having done anything until something has been done for the rising generation of my poor people, especially the boys. In my weekly school there are four or five lads of about 14 years of age, of most excellent promise. They might exhibit extraordinary talent with a superior education. The country of the Kafirs is now forfeited; and the greater part of it has been given out in grants to European farmers. Moreover the Kafirs have no legal title to their locations. These things keep the natives behind their white neighbours in the race for improvement, and the Kafirs have neither the intelligence nor the means to compete with Europeans. I see plainly that unless the rising generation is trained to some of the useful arts, nothing else will raise our people, and they must be grooms, drivers of waggons, hewers of wood, or general servants. But let our youths be taught trades, so as to earn money, and they will increase it, and purchase land. When a people are not land-proprietors, they are of no consequence in this country, and are tenants on mere sufferance. We cannot purchase land, as we have no means, no trade, no education. Our boys must be taught trades if we are to continue a people. I do not care for a refined education, which would not make men of them, nor would I plead for a superior intellectual training for three-fourths of them. When the church burden is off my shoulders, do you not think that I should do something in the way of raising a certain sum of money, on the interest of which the best and most promising lads may be supported until they are qualified artisans, or even something higher? If God give me health, I would, with all my heart, endeavour to raise £1,000 among the churches at home, if my scheme were not considered *utopian*. When these

lads were apprenticed here, and proved worthy of higher instruction, I would by all means send them home to have a proper finish. At home they would learn in a month what they could not learn here in a year. I speak from experience. When their education was finished, we would turn our energies towards others, and so on, until an influence was brought to bear upon the whole race. Give me your advice. I am anxious to do something to arrest the *waste* of intellect, energy, and ability among our rising generation. I must not stand alone. Unless something is done speedily, they will be lost for ever. This is our opportunity. I cannot hope for help from the parents, as they are contented to live as they are. They have received no mental or physical training, and they can see no advantage in educating their children. We have not yet, as a nation, emerged out of darkness."

The Rev. Dr. MacLeod—now of Trinity Church, Claughton—was appointed co-pastor of John Street Church, during the last session of Tiyo's student-curriculum. He entered, at once and most cordially, into the work on which his church had long been engaged. In his own genial and generous way he showed all consideration and kindness to his church's African Protégé. Tiyo writes him, acknowledging the medicines sent from John Street Church.

"*9th August, 1861.*—Forbear! forgive! and do not be displeased that I have been so long in acknowledging the receipt of the *valuable* articles from the ladies of John Street. Be assured that the delay has not been caused by any want of a sense of the deep obligation which I owe to yourself and these dear friends. I am often quite distracted and worn out with the constant knocking about during the day, that it becomes a burden to me

even to write a note. But this does not exonerate me from blame.

"Did the children send me the medicine? Oh, the good that the sulphur has done! The last has been a most extraordinary year for cutaneous diseases among the Kafirs and Fingoes. I have already had 150 applications, which have been relieved; and I am besieged by fresh applicants. But, having broken in upon the second package, I must give only to some. My principle of giving is, first to those who attend the means of grace on the Sabbath! I refuse those who only wish the benefit of our medicines, and will not listen to the Gospel. It is sometimes necessary to make a distinction.

"My young friends will be amused when I tell them that some Kafirs, *rascally* inclined, attempt to over-reach us even in our medicines. Not far from this is a Church of England station. Its missionary told me that a man came to him one day to beg a bottle of the mixture of sulphur. The man said it was for his children, who were very ill with that contagious distemper. He gave him a bottle, and the man went off. Next morning the missionary rode to the man's kraal to see if he was applying the medicine properly, and how the children were. When he reached the kraal he was told that there were no children under the disease. The man had told a lie. He had got the medicine for his *goats*, which were in a miserable condition with *scab*. These were the children the man spoke of!"

"I am sorry to hear," he writes to Mr. Bogue, "that our good friend was 'blazoning my fame' before my friends in Scotland. It was a gratuitous piece of service on his part, as were also his eloquent pleadings for medicine on my behalf. I wish that he had said little or nothing about

me. There is not much permanent joy in standing well with men. Human applause is but an empty bubble, and a dangerous thing." Yet it was in consequence of this very advocacy that Tiyo Soga's medicine-chest, which was at a very low ebb, was replenished by the John Street children. In consequence also of the Rev. Mr. Laing's advocacy, a small but very neat parcel reached the Mgwali, addressed to the "Rev. Tiyo Soga;" and underneath was an inscription to the following effect: "Extract from a sermon preached in John Street Church, Glasgow—'My friends, Mr. Soga requires *medicine*.'" When it was opened it was found to contain a dose of senna leaves—the donor being an intimate friend of Tiyo's, who had gone to John Street Church to hear about his African brother. After listening to a full narrative of mission work carried on by Tiyo Soga, suddenly the preacher began to detail the wants of his black brother missionary; and among the wants enumerated was the above sentence. The joke was irresistible to the humourist, and with all speed he hastened to supply the nauseous draught; whereupon Tiyo Soga wrote to Mr. Bogue: "Tell the Sheriff's brother that his packet of senna leaves came duly to hand. I shall keep it as it is, as a standing joke, as it is really a capital one."

To Mr. Bogue he again writes, August, 1861: "With reference to my adopted daughter, Victoria Sandilli, the Bible Class of Mr. Andrew Fyfe, in Edinburgh, contributes annually £15 towards her support, and thus she is well provided for. She is a most excellent young creature, as perfect a Kafir lady as you ever saw. She is worthy of the name of being the Princess Royal of Kafirland. I must be very careful of her, as she is in a delicate state of health. She has a mild and amiable disposi-

tion, and is most prepossessing. Her intellect is certainly not quick; but it is evidently keeping pace with the growth of her slight slender body; and there is no doubt, if she gains physical strength, her mind will become firmer and readier." It will interest the friends and former supporters of this Kafir "*princess*" to know that, whenever she reached marriageable age, the Gaika tribe took her from her foster-father, disrobed her of her European attire, and, to her inconsolable grief, dressed her in native garb. After a few months' residence at her father's kraal, well nigh heart-broken, she was sent far from her home and kindred, along with a very large marriage party, to be wedded to the son of a Pondo chief whom she had never seen. After many long months, during which alarming rumours were afloat concerning the cannibalism of that Pondo tribe, the bridal party returned sleek and fat, and richly laden with the dowry which they had received for Victoria. As time passed it became an ascertained fact that Victoria had been well married to a young chief, who had come under Gospel influence, as preached and lived by that noble-hearted self-denying missionary, the widow of Mr. Jenkins, Wesleyan minister in Pondoland. So eager was this young chief to receive an education equal to that of his wife, that he left his home, wife, family, and tribe, and travelled all the distance to Lovedale to be enrolled as a pupil. So conscious was he of his ignorance that he deemed it no degradation of his royalty to join the very lowest class in that Institution. He is a young man of considerable promise, and there is every reason to believe that he will exert an influence for good upon his people.

Again Tiyo Soga writes to Mr. Bogue: "I lately received a most valuable addition to my library, in the shape of a

grant of books to the missionaries of the United Presbyterian Church, from the London Tract Society. I was very glad to be able to say, in my letter of acknowledgment, that I was indirectly associated with the Society in the important work of tract distribution. Not long ago, wishing, for one thing, to ascertain if our people were fond of reading, I translated and printed one of the Society's tracts, entitled, 'Do you Observe the Lord's Day?' They eagerly bought the tract for a penny; and the popularity of it, both among my own people and others, encouraged me to resolve occasionally to translate a tract for them. Judge of my surprise when, shortly thereafter, I was summoned to the same kind of work by the Tract Society in Grahamstown—a branch of the parent Society. They print the translated tracts, and send copies for gratuitous distribution to those stations which may wish to have them. Yesterday I sent off my first contribntion to this good work. I intend to suggest to the Society that, when the Kafir tracts amount to a certain number, to bind them up into a volume, which may be sold to our Station people. I find that they are most willing to buy books. You may also have heard that, at my suggestion and proposal, the Free Church brethren have united with us in getting up a Kafir hymn book for our common use. Mr. Bryce Ross and I were the persons specially engaged in the work, although the Committee also included Mr. Govan, Mr. Ross, and our late and lamented friend and brother, John Read."

"The economical and comfortable erection," in which Tiyo Soga lived, belied its character in a very short time; and, accordingly, we find him writing to Dr. Somerville in January, 1861: "The present season has been one of an unusual fall of rain. I have never seen anything to equal

it. The dampness of the ground and atmosphere have superinduced colds, fevers, and severe influenza, over the whole country. I regret to say that my people have suffered much. For nearly three months I have scarcely been free from cold, and soreness and tightness of the chest. The incessant rains have also brought to a close the natural term of my low 'wattle and daub' house. The mud walls have been falling down, through the constant play of rain, and have revealed the thorough decay of the poles that bear up the roof. '*Wattle and daub*' houses, unless protected by a verandah, do not last here beyond two years. Mine has stood longer; but I am now greatly uneasy about it. It is also damp. Dr. Fitzgerald, of the Grey Hospital, King William's Town, visited us two years ago, and assured me that in less than two years such low, damp, and confined earthen-floored houses would tell upon our health. I have been led to speak of my house sooner than I intended, from the present state of the weather. I find also that it is as unbearably hot in summer as it is cold in winter, which is the case with all houses of this kind, and is most prejudicial to health."

Whilst Tiyo Soga was living in this wretched, dingy dwelling, he was joined, on 30th November, 1861, by his biographer. It was harrowing to one's feelings to see such a man in such a miserable dwelling. The weather side of it had, as its only protection, a waggon-sail nailed from corner to corner. The dwelling had been patched, plastered, and kept together by every imaginable device; but every effort to make it habitable was like sewing a piece of new cloth on an old garment. The health of the strongest man would have succumbed from living under such a roof. The already delicate missionary was obliged to confess that, "for nearly three months he had scarcely

been free from cold, and *soreness* and *tightness* of the chest." Better for himself and for the mission to which he belonged, if he had spoken out fearlessly at first to his supporters; but his scrupulous reticence on that and other matters, such as the inadequate stipend of £130 to meet the current expenditure of his household, indicated the character of the man, as instinctively recoiling from speaking of his own grievances until compelled by sheer necessity.

CHAPTER XV.

DARK SHADOWS.

"The good which is done on earth has often to be done in spite of the indifference or opposition of those for whom it is undertaken; to accomplish the highest and greatest good, therefore, men must devote themselves."

On 8th February, 1862, mournful tidings reached the Mgwali, of the sudden and unexpected death of "Albert the Good." Throughout Her Majesty's dominions, no heart was more deeply moved than that of her Kafir subject, Tiyo, the son of the Gaika councillor, Soga. Many years previously, when a stripling, Tiyo had walked from Glasgow to Dumbarton, to catch a glimpse of the Queen on her visit to the West of Scotland. He had manifested his loyalty to the English throne, when he had the honour of paying his homage to the sailor Prince. When the sorrowful news reached his station, it was as if some cruel grief had extinguished one of the lights of his own dwelling. With breathless haste he rushed up to the unfinished vestry of the church where his brother missionary lodged; and after announcing the melancholy tidings, he gave vent to a deep and genuine sorrow. He leaned against the canvas-covered window, and expressed the truest sympathy for our widowed Queen. The manner in which he spoke of the Prince's death was as if he had been robbed of a *very dear friend.* To Mr. Bogue he writes: "Send me any interesting newspaper details about the melancholy death of the Prince

Consort. Next Sabbath we preach *specially* on the event: Chalmers, in Kafir; and I, in English,"

Tiyo's text was Romans xiii. 7, last clause: "Honour to whom honour." A glowing description of the sermon was given in one of the Colonial papers, shortly after Tiyo's death. After explaining the context, and dwelling upon the utter impossibility of perfect equality among men, and the necessity for each being contented with his position in the social scale, the teacher proceeded to explain the requirements of the text.

I. We may render honour to whom honour is due, by yielding to them that respectful deference to which they are entitled from their social superiority. This may be evinced, (1) By the manner in which we comport ourselves in their presence; (2) By the manner in which we commonly speak of them.

II. We may render honour to those whom the providence of God has placed over us, by maintaining a loyal and dutiful respect for the laws, with the administration of which they are associated.

III. We may render honour to our superiors, when we are rightly affected and touched by the calamities which befall them,

After illustrating these points he concluded thus:—

"These remarks have been called forth by an event which has involved a great nation and its beloved Sovereign into the profoundest sorrow. Much on this matter I cannot and will not say. There are those who might *perhaps* prove equal to the melancholy theme.

"In the inscrutable mysteries of an all-wise and almighty providence, the royal husband of our gracious Queen has been struck down in the morning of his days. 'How are the mighty fallen!' If any spectacle is calculated to call

forth the finest sensibilities of our being, as dutiful subjects, it is that of contemplating Her Majesty our Sovereign, in her present sorrowful position, as a desolate bereaved widow. Though perhaps we commonly think of her as, by her exalted position, far removed from us, and that a nobler blood flows in her veins; yet how can we forget that she is bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh! How can we forget that she too can weep, just as we weep when the day of sad calamity has overtaken us? How can we forget that her noble heart breaks, as ours break, under the pressure of accumulated misfortune? It is painful in the extreme to think, that the noble Lady, of whom her subjects are so justly proud—the virtuous, devoted, and pious wife — the affectionate mother, and the model Sovereign, has so early been made a widow. Surely, whilst we can weep over the recital of the sorrows of many a man and woman whom we have never known, we cannot now deny the tear of sympathy, the prayer for consolation on behalf of one, whom though we have probably not seen, yet we all know so well and love so much.

"And he, whose loss a nation sorely mourns, was well worthy to have been the Royal Consort of the noblest and most justly beloved Queen that ever wore a royal diadem, or sat upon the English throne. All that we have ever heard of him redounds to his highest praise. The English people are not easily pleased. They know their rights and hold them with an unyielding hand. Prince Albert knew the temper of the nation which hailed him as the honoured Consort of their Queen; and it was his aim, throughout life, to avoid those political shoals which might have wrecked his reputation. He has died without a blot upon his character—the idol of a great nation—whose sincere sorrow for his untimely death it

is truly touching to behold. Peace be to his ashes! God's own consolation to his bereaved family, and our sorrowing Sovereign. May God prove to them a present help; and may they, in 'the Man of Sorrows, find that they have an High Priest who can be touched with the feeling of their infirmities.'"

Some men may imagine that mission life among the Kafirs is all sunshine and ease, as the missionary has a sort of magisterial authority to direct the people under his charge: the reality is far otherwise. This false conception of mission work may be traced to the fact, that the outside world sees only the bright side of the picture, and hears only the most favourable reports of the work. If Christians at home knew what it is to labour in "the high places of the earth," among a barbarous people, they would acknowledge that it requires a marvellous amount of patience and faithfulness to duty, to grapple with the varied and numerous discouragements. Kafirs have been described as "South African Scotchmen." They have been said to be to the missionary what the British soldier is to his officer,—ready at any moment to answer to his call. Whatever they may have been in the past, the present generation is not so tractable. If the missionary is faithful, or desirous of preserving the good order and purity of his station, he must suffer much, and endure much in the discharge of his duty. There is no romance in mission work among the Kafirs. There can be no romance in the conflict between Christianity and barbarism for the mastery. The missionary must often fall back upon some reserved fund of faith, acquired in calmer and more peaceful times, when he is sternly reproving immorality, selfishness, and drunkenness. Tiyo Soga very soon experienced that the missionary life is

one of peculiar trials and difficulties; and he was so exquisitely sensitive, that he was easily cast down and almost disheartened. No sooner did he congratulate himself upon the completion of the church building, than he encountered some very painful experiences. No sooner were peace and harmony restored to his station, which had been broken by shameless vice, than his countrymen vied with each other to vex and harass him, and far beyond what they would have ventured upon with a European, or with one whose antecedents they had not known.

Shortly after his arrival in the mission field he had written: "I am glad to tell you that I have not *yet* realized the truth of the proverb, 'A prophet is not without honour, save in his own country,'" &c. Ere many years had passed, he had to mourn deeply over the opposition he met, in his endeavours to elevate his countrymen, and to leave them better than he found them. He writes to Mr. Johnston, in 1862: "As a people, we are not what we once were. I have much to depress me. I sometimes feel as if I should leave these people altogether." To his fellow-labourer, associated with him, he writes: "I really do not know what to think of our young people. They seem to vie with one another in committing sin. I have had disappointment after disappointment. This year 1862, if I live longer on earth, I shall ever have cause to remember in connection with the ordeals to which my feelings have been subjected; and this is the bitterest of them all. We all lately, more or less, have had *uncommon* trials. It is, I think, high time that we had rest."

One of the trials was the great mortality at the Mgwali, which made the heathen suppose that it was an unhealthy

station, and that therefore they should neither locate themselves near to it, nor attend the house of God, lest they should fall victims to disease. He refers to this matter in a letter to Dr. Somerville, dated 11th March, 1862:—"To our people, the year 1861 is, like its predecessor, one of painful reminiscences. My registry of deaths shows that no fewer than eight adults have died during the year. In our small community the breach is too great not to be severely felt. The frequent deaths during the past two years created not a little sensation among the people, whilst they gave to the heathen an unfavourable impression as to the healthiness of the place. Seven of the persons who died were professed members of the church. Nearly all of them died in the expressed hope of a glorious immortality. But the interest of these happy deaths centres in the death of the Christian veteran, *Edward Irving*. He was nearly fourscore years old, and was emphatically a Christian of the Simeon type. He often said that if the way to the heavenly country could be travelled on foot, he would long ago have started for it, and reached the end of the journey. It was also one of his favourite remarks, that 'affliction had all the cleansing properties for the soul, that soap has for the body.' The eighth person, a woman, found the Saviour 'able to save unto the uttermost all that come unto God by Him.'"

A deep-rooted superstition whispered that these losses were occasioned by the presence of *sorcerers* at the station. But there were sad shipwrecks of faith which followed each other in rapid succession. He says: "I grieve to record that we have had two cases of serious backsliding. Both are under the extreme penalty of church discipline; a third has been temporarily suspended."

At this time one of those trials, which cannot otherwise

be characterised than periodical waves of vice, visited the Mgwali. There is a depth of moral degradation in the Kafir character which it is difficult to eradicate. The Kafir hut is a hotbed of iniquity; and as long as that kind of dwelling exists, such evils will continue to check the progress of the Gospel. Moreover, Christian parents seem indifferent about preserving the purity of their home life, *ever since* the giving and receiving of dowries have been frowned upon by the missionaries. The checking of such national customs as that of the "dowry" has perhaps been forced on prematurely, and before Christian natives were led to abandon life in the hut. The English law is powerless to meet such cases of vice, and from a Kafir standpoint it is an incentive to immorality. When the long-concealed vicious practices came to light at the Mgwali, showing that church members and schoolmasters had been their staunchest supporters, Tiyo Soga was so much horrified that his very life was embittered. His pure mind revolted from the practices; and from the pulpit he spoke with a fervour, and in warning tones, which showed that if his voice could reach to the root of these vices, he would not spare himself or his hearers. After his tenderest feelings had been lacerated, by suspending one and another of the most promising church members during the week, for the grossest immorality, he appeared in his pulpit on the Sunday, and with a pathos perhaps unequalled, save by him who first uttered them, he preached from the words, "I have great heaviness and continued sorrow in my heart, for I could wish that myself were accursed from Christ for my brethren, my kinsmen according to the flesh."

Scarcely had this trial subsided when another followed, which Tiyo has fully described in a letter to the Rev. Dr.

Somerville, on 4th March, 1863:—"Another matter of painful recollection, during the past year, has been the conduct of some of our most hopeful youths, sons of members of the church, who practised upon themselves the heathen rite of circumcision. They afterwards occupied a hut on the station, where they lived together, and kept each other in countenance. There were six at first, and other four joined them. They went about in their blankets, and painted their bodies with white clay, which made them most repulsive-looking creatures. The white-washing was simply a superfluous piece of heathenism, and showed that they wished to approach as nearly as possible to the observance of all the ceremonies of heathen circumcision. To the Kafirs circumcision confers manhood, and all its liberties and licenses. It is a civil and not a religious rite. These youths were not taunted for being boys; they were recognised as men; they had no provocation, or temptation, save the spontaneous bent of their own hearts towards heathenism. If they had wished to be *men*, they required only to perform the rite, without adopting the other degrading customs.

"How to deal with these young men was a most perplexing matter. My difficulties would have been lessened or removed, had they submitted to the conditions upon which they could be tolerated within the confines of the station. To weaken the charm of this state to the young men, as well as to prevent the possibility of their being tempted to commit other sins to which, among the heathen, circumcision opens a wide door, we resolved first, that they should be removed from the hut in which they slept and ate; that they should be separated, and sent to retired spots, until they were able to mingle with the people. We then desired them not to appear in public during the day,

and to abandon the white clay. These terms were intimated to the lads, after speaking seriously to them on the disgrace which they had brought upon the cause of Christ. They assumed an attitude of defiance, and contemptuously refused to be bound by such conditions. After waiting for a day or two, I next asked the parents to endeavour to bring their children to a sense of their duty. The parents declared the lads intractable. I temporized for two or three days longer, until the confusion and the excitement on the station became indescribable. Right-minded people imagined that these lads were actuated by a spirit of opposition to all law and order. Other boys joined the original offenders, as enticed by messages brought by the children who took food to them.

"I resolved next upon expelling the lads, not only from the station, but also from the station-lands. It simply became a mockery of my authority, and a mockery of the order of our station, to attempt milder measures. One great trial of missionaries is the difficulty of winning determined, blind, stubborn ignorance to reflection, reason, and conscience. Had I been able to accomplish it, I certainly should have dismissed the lads from the station. They had embraced heathenism without excuse, and it was better that they should go and practise its obscene rites without such a shock to our feelings, and insult to the station. When I proceeded towards their expulsion, the parents took their part, and considered themselves injured by such a treatment, for, as they said, they could not drive their children to heathenism. The parents were headed by two elders, whose two sons were the prime movers—the leading spirits in the affair. The lads continued on the station; great confusion prevailed, and the station was divided into two

parties, who refused even to exchange words with each other. The greater part approved of my action; the others were against me. Never having had to deal with such a difficult case, I knew not what course of action to adopt. My own views, as well as those of our church, were *against* appealing to civil authority to settle differences between a minister and his people. Yet I could not stand on this point in dealing with ignorant lads, who cared nothing for God's law. I felt that I *must* maintain order on the station, or leave it.

"When the lads perceived that their parents were so far approving of their conduct, by acting in opposition to me, they seemed bent upon insulting the people of the station. They walked about, and even before the door of my own house, with their bodies white-washed and robed in their blankets, and talked with any one who was disposed to be friendly with them. Even in Kafir circumcision '*white boys*' are not allowed to see, or to be seen by, people. They must be private; and have their intercourse exclusively with men.

"In this state of things we addressed a letter to Mr. Brownlee, our magistrate, in which we stated that whilst the principles of our Church were opposed to all Government interference betwixt ministers and their people, yet as the conduct of these *lads* was a public nuisance, a violation of all order, and a disturbance of the peace of this station, we felt compelled to call in his assistance to put an end to this lawlessness. Mr. B. complied with this request, and put in operation a regulation of the British Kaffrarian Government, by which 'white boys' are forbidden to come into towns or villages, or where they are not wanted, under penalty of imprisonment. He therefore arrested the boys, and put them into confinement for a

fortnight, after which he had to liberate them by instructions from a higher authority. On their return they did not come to the station, but occupied a hut in a *mealie* garden two miles from it, where they followed all their evil courses just as before, without check or hindrance, and did incalculable injury to the Lord's work.

"After I had endured much from these evils, I called a meeting of session, with the view of considering the conduct of the two elders, and likewise of the mothers of the boys. I desired Mr. Cumming (who was on a visit to the station) and Mr. Chalmers to attend, that they might have the whole case before them, and assist me in coming to a proper judgment. The elders were then called upon to explain their conduct. They denied that they had been willingly accessory to the contumacious conduct of their sons. They stated that they had conformed to a law, agreed upon by a meeting of native Christians, that when a boy belonging to a member of the church circumcised, he should not be driven away, but that his father should look after him, and keep him somewhere near him, until he was able to return home. They maintained that this law had not been repealed, and that they were acting upon it in not allowing their children to be sent away.

"When it was explained that such a law could not bind a missionary to tamper with evil which was bringing ruin to his station, and that the mild and reasonable terms which the missionary first proposed to the boys, and which they rejected, were exactly similar to the terms of this law; and further, that these lads had been publicly recognised by the whole station as *men*, and that on that occasion, of their own free will, they declared that as Christian young men they would not conform to the

heathen rite of circumcision;—when these points were placed before the elders, and they were told that they had not sustained the missionary in his efforts to put down the wilful wickedness of the boys, they acknowledged that they had done wrong. When they made this acknowledgment we could go no further; they were therefore admonished to beware for the future, and, as office-bearers in His Church, seek the honour of Christ even more than that of their children. As for the mothers of the boys, it was agreed by the session that, after being warned and reproved, their case at present should be made a matter of forbearance. The following reasons seemed to us satisfactory:—

"I. It did not appear that we could be justified in adopting a severer measure of church discipline when they themselves had not directly sinned, and when they had not prompted their sons to sin.

"II. The two elders are men of long Christian standing, consistency, and usefulness in the church. My own mind could not have been at ease in cutting off, for an error of judgment, men who had served Christ for well nigh 30 years.

"III. It was not with them, but with the boys, that I was unhappily at issue; and when they were punished, it was likely to do more evil than good, to be too severe upon the parents.

"IV. Much allowance must certainly be made for their not seeing so distinctly the evil of those heathen customs, in the midst of which they had been brought up.

"V. So far as circumcision itself is concerned, the two elders, and the mothers of the lads also, are as convinced as the missionary himself of its uselessness.

"Lastly. We missionaries are not agreed among ourselves as to the mode of dealing with lads who circumcise

themselves. To this Kafir evil all are exposed: some of us endeavour to get rid of it by expulsion, and others do not; and some even have gone the length of inflicting corporal punishment. I know of one who, after the circumcised boys had returned to the station and attended school, took them to a class of little boys, and called them 'boys' by way of disgracing them.

"I hope now to be able to look forward to the next year as comparatively free from the cares, anxieties, and sorrows of the last. The cares of my church have been very great during the past year. Whilst I have a membership of 120, I have to report much falling away. The session have had to cut off six communicants—five of them for a breach of the seventh commandment."

The conduct of these lads as well as the attitude of the parents in conniving at their evil courses, preyed heavily upon Tiyo Soga. The discomforts of his house considerably undermined his health, and towards the end of the year 1862, he was thoroughly prostrated. Writing to Dr. Somerville from King William's Town, on 7th December of that year, he says: "I have now been in this place for a fortnight, confined to bed, and under medical treatment. I am in the house of my friend, the Rev. John Brownlee. Three Sabbaths ago I came down from the Mgwali to preach in Kafir, at the anniversary services commemorative of the opening of his church. A month before I came here, I had warnings of an approaching inflammation of the windpipe—the voice after preaching becoming thick and husky. There was also an accompanying cough. But the disease came to a crisis after preaching at the services above alluded to. Upon consulting Dr. Egan about proceeding home, he said I was not fit to do so. It soon appeared that he was

right, for the inflammation in the windpipe became severe, and with alternate fits of shivering and of fever. There was also a pain in the left side which irritated the cough." Other internal symptoms manifested themselves, and he adds: "These nearly cut me off, and have so reduced my strength that it is a very short distance I can walk, even with the help of a stick. For six or eight weeks I must not use my voice in public, or even converse aloud—the state of my throat and body being such, that the least thing would bring on decline. I am not anxious about myself; I desire to leave myself entirely in the hands of the Lord. And my prayer, yea, my earnest prayer—oh may He in mercy hear it!—is, that this affliction may be sanctified for the good of my soul. The kindness of friends in this town has been wonderful; they have not ceased to call and enquire for me. My wife has not been able to be with me, as the children have the whooping-cough at the Mgwali. But I have been attended, with motherly and sisterly care, by Mrs. Brownlee and her daughters."

One other trial, and probably the one which affected him most keenly, was the case of his second son, *John Henderson.* It was supposed that in his infancy he had received an injury; and as the child grew it became painfully apparent, that he would lose the proper use of one of his limbs. Tiyo Soga's anxiety was very great, and he spared no trouble to obtain the best medical skill for his invalid son. Thus, one wave after another broke over him; but though oft-times brought very low, he was not wholly discouraged. His letters to friends are proofs of his calm resignation under all these trials. He felt that there was a wise purpose in his afflictions. Many friends wrote to him letters full of sympathy, to one of which he replies as follows:—"I have to thank you for

your brotherly counsel and sympathy. I was wrong in having sent home mournful epistles. They do no good, either to the writer, or to those who receive them. They were the result of mental gloom, arising from a disordered state of the body. But I think I have now learned that it is better to keep one's own trials and crosses to himself. But my dear brother, *your* epistles, so full of homely humour and genial repartee, produce a healthy stimulating effect upon my spirits. Send me, therefore, as often as you please, one of your genuine antibilious pills!"

During these months of painful suspense, when he was crossed and harassed by some of the bitterest trials, and by some of the darkest dispensations of providence, we find in his private journal some most pathetic cries of an earnest soul yearning after a closer union with God in Christ. These depressing experiences drove him to seek comfort from his Saviour. These short records reveal the humility of his spiritual nature. Never intended to be seen or read by another, they are chiefly jotted down in Greek characters, or the Kafir language. His trials drove him to the throne of grace, and to the searching of his own heart. He had known, in early childhood, that in earnest cries at the footstool of God's throne, true help could be found. An old Fingoe, named Manqindi, the first fruit of the Kafir mission, told the following incident at the opening of the Mgwali Church: "His mother once told me," said this veteran Christian, "while your teacher was a little boy, 'I do not know what I am to do with this child; when we kneel down to prayer, he takes the prayer from my mouth, and offers it up himself.' I said to her, 'Let him pray; that is your instructor.'" From these private jottings in his journal, when he was well-

nigh overwhelmed with grief and discouragement, we find him, in maturer years, still crying for more light and fuller guidance, and closer intimacy with that God, who had befriended him in the past, and had never forsaken him.

It is not ruthlessly dragging them out to the light of day, to place some of them before the reader, as they describe more powerfully than another could, some of the most beautiful traits of his character as he knelt, with childlike simplicity, before the Father of all, to tell what most he felt and suffered :—

"*5th January.*—I have to complain of one grand defect in my character—irresolution. I cannot tell how many times I have resolved and re-resolved to be, under God, a better man than I know myself to be. All my resolutions in this respect have miserably come to naught. I have in reference to my state before God, to complain of the following things :—Although I know myself to be a great deceiver, although I know the consequences of this awful sin, although I know that I have a most responsible burden, in having taken unadvisedly upon myself the work of the ministry, although I know that all that I have hitherto been doing in that ministry has been in hypocrisy and insincerity, I have to lament my *deadness* and hardness of heart in reference to these sins. When I attempt to peruse the Word of God, it has no effect upon my mind. I remain unmoved. I have no sufficient sensibility to and perception of my sins. This I feel as if it were a barrier to my obtaining any true penitence regarding them. O God, by Thy spirit move me, and Thou shalt have the entire glory. Thou knowest the heart. Thou knowest that I desire truly to obtain Thy forgiveness for all these sins. I desire to obtain true humility and brokenness of spirit, so that I may enjoy a happiness

which I have never had, and which it is impossible for me to have until God for Jesus' sake pardon me. Lord! I leave myself in Thy hands. Holy Spirit! instruct and enlighten me; and Thou, Christ Jesus! fulfil to me Thy promise, 'Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out.'

"*Lord's day, 15th January.*—It is of no use, my weakness becomes more and more apparent. Since writing the above I have made no effort to be better; I am going back. There is the most unaccountable hardness and belief in my heart. Help me, Lord God, of Thine own mercy. My besetting sins are hypocrisy, unbelief, an evil temper. All these issue from the fountain of a heart which has not been renewed.

"*30th January.*—Read that delightful book, on 'The Object of Life,' by Todd. I remember my own sin and guilt in this matter. The great object, the real object of life, he says, is to live for God. It is as if God would enable me to fulfil this object to overcome my sins. I feel as if I have been solemnized. Cast me not off, O Lord!

"*Lord's day.*—The only thing I have felt, since the last note, is some internal movement about the state of my soul before God. This fact speaks for itself. I have been asleep, *dead.* I recall some days spent in secret prayer. Looking back upon them, and comparing them with the state of things to-day, I find that they were precious days, not because I obtained any special benefit in them, but their general influence and tendency *were* good. These joys I have forfeited, because of my sins, neglect, indifference, and indolence. Had some delightful secret musings to-day. Am reading Dr. Heugh's instructive memoirs. Lord, look upon my soul! Preached fluently, and with apparent interest from Matthew i. 21. In recording this, I behold my shame and folly. Thou, Lord, knowest!

"*Lord's day evening, 7th March.*—O most merciful God and Father, I lay before Thee all my character. Have mercy upon me, a sinner. Bless Thy word to me, and may it overcome all evil that is within me. Lord Jesus, deliver me! Holy Spirit, teach me! Visited a poor girl dying of consumption. Her ignorance of God and of all that is good, as well as the denial of her sinfulness, were awful, and ought to teach me most oppressive lessons.

"*29th April.*—I have reason to fear that I have been living the life of a mere formalist; and oh, in one who has taken upon himself the work of the ministry, and of a missionary of the Gospel, this is awful! Yet as all good feelings, thoughts, words, and works are from Him who is the Giver of all good, I believe that the Lord, in His own gracious way, amid many relapses, has been leading the blind by a way that he knows not. Oh! it is the earnest desire of my heart to be alive to my state before God. Can I really be indifferent and insensible to the state of my soul? If I had any right feelings at all, my circumstances in connection with the people of this station, my responsibility and accountability,—these of themselves ought to exercise a most crushing influence on my heart. I scarcely think I feel aright. The blood of these souls, O Lord, Thou wilt most assuredly require at my hands. 'Against Thee, Thee only, have I sinned.' To Thee I come through Jesus. That Thou hast at all been pleased for some time past to make me feel and think a little, ought to me to be the wonder of wonders! I deserve to be left to myself. Merciful Father, give me light! Save my soul! and save the souls of this people! My chief wants and defects are these, so far as I can make them out, viz., a heart sufficiently solemnized and impressed on reading God's word, the want of spiritual light regarding it, and

an indolent spirit regarding those very things which I specially need. Father, in regard to all these, I seek help from Thee and Thy Good Spirit!

"*Lord's Day, 31st May.*—One of my Sabbaths less on earth. I have prayed that it might be different from my worse than useless past Sabbaths. I cannot tell as to the effect it had upon my soul. I am now in a state of mind which it is difficult to describe in words. My Heavenly Father, what can I do? The chief desire of my heart is to be Thine. Oh! with what unworthiness the Gospel was preached to-day. Oh! may this be forgiven of Thee, through Jesus.

"*2nd May, Evening.*—In a wretched state of darkness; prayer an unprofitable burden. No sensitiveness this day as to my state before God; rather inclined to objectionable light-heartedness. What did I do this day of which God will approve? Can I wonder at the darkness of which I complain. My life seems to have no aim, and yet this is a missionary! Will the Lord not assist me to a plan by which I may better portion out my time? This is the only way by which life is in some degree made to have an aim. I cannot trust my weak irresolute will. O God, Thou guide of the blind, come to my aid! I am writing a sermon on Romans xiv. 12. Truly, my state is an awfnl one! This sermon ought to be addressed to myself. O Lord, I must give an account of myself to Thee. Wilt Thou not enable me to live my time, if I may yet live longer on earth, so that I may give in my account not with shame and grief?

"*Sabbath, 14th May.*—The interval between this and the last has been a wretched one indeed. I have been gravitating back to indifference and unconcern as to my state. What is the radical cause of all this? It is indolence

more than unbelief. Sometimes, this is truly deplorable. I feel even religious duties a burden ; preaching and exhorting a burden ; reading God's Word a burden ; prayer a burden. Through some of these duties, during the whole of the last two weeks, I have gone mechanically. Can I, under such circumstances, expect a blessing from God? This Sabbath has been to me totally unprofitable, with no sufficiently serious feelings. Why was there not more concern for the salvation of those souls, who more than usual have crowded into the house of God this day? Had I no concern for my own soul? This evening, without any special religious feelings, but perhaps simply because it was Sabbath, I took up the second series of Archer Butler's sermons, and read one on 2 Timothy i. 8. I was specially drawn towards it, because I had written a sermon on that text. What Butler says on *indolence* moved me to seriousness. O God, wilt Thou bless the truth to my wretched soul? Were it not for my state, I would not now be as I am, and in retirement penning these lines. May I indulge the hope, O Thou Spirit of God, that the words which have impressed me are a visitation from Thee? I am a most wretched being, and yet I can be indolent. Is it I who am a missionary? Ought not this very thought, O blessed God, make me weep before Thee? The feeling of my responsibility has hitherto only been temporary. What is really to become of me, and this people? O Lord, I leave my sinful case before Thee. Thou hast not appointed me to wrath. Preached to-day on the women who followed Christ, especially Mary Magdalene. Oh! my Heavenly Father, Thou knowest me. If Thou has begun the good work in me, carry it on unto the day of the Lord Jesus. I desire earnestly to be Thine. But, oh! the hardness of my heart. By Thy blessed Spirit quicken me, and make me live!

"*Sunday, 11th November.*—Since my last entry I have passed through various frames; but I am sure the prominent blemishes of my character have been indifference, indolence, unbelief, and faithlessness. What is it that will save me? Father, let me experience the enormity of my guilt, and the greatness of Thy mercy. The Gospel has all that time been preached by me in hypocrisy. I cannot take credit to myself for anything; yet I live. Lord, Thou hast saved many thousands from hypocrisy and indifference. To whom shall I go? Thou alone canst save me!

"*12th November.*—He is a bad child who not only hates his father, and is proud, disobedient, and insolent to him; but who suspects everything that his father does, and thinks that he does not mean what he says, when he promises pardon, if the rebellious and undutiful child comes and confesses his guilt. What right, then, have I to treat my most merciful Heavenly Father in this way? I desire now, with all my heart, that I may cease to doubt.

"*17th November, 1862.*—Yesterday I read Phelp's 'Still Hour.' I trust that God has sent that book to bless my poor soul. I earnestly beseech the Lord to make it a blessing. My heart is in great darkness. I do not believe that there is a more wretched man on earth than I. My heart is not right with God. The cause of this unhappiness of soul is seen in my temper. It seems as if I cannot make others happy, because I myself am wretched. There are three great defects in the struggles of my soul towards a right state of heart with God: 1st. Want of veneration for, and reverence and fear of God. 2nd. I look far too much to my sins, and the consequence is I see them, and am so discouraged as not to see Christ. 3rd. I look too

much for something in the heart, as a kind of sign that I believe. Guide me, O God, to a right knowledge of Thee. Blessed Spirit, come!

"*22nd May, 1863.*—A wretched man, spiritually! Yet I cannot tell what keeps me from God and Christ. It cannot be my hypocrisy; it cannot be any sins that I have committed against God while I had the knowledge of His Word; it must be the natural depravity of the heart, the dislike of a bad heart to God and to what is good. What is it that is keeping me back from Thee, O Jesus? Should I be a spotless saint before I come to Thee to be saved? I know and feel that I cannot save my soul, do what I will; but why, then, not believe in a salvation wrought out for me by the mercy of God?

"*24th May.*—I ought not to despise anything I have, which I had not. Father, wilt thou not remember me? Enlighten me! Everything is on the side of believing in God, my Heavenly Father, and of accepting Christ with all my heart. God is my Father; I am His child. God is the Giver of all good things to me. God is the God and Father of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, who has been given to me specially, as to all sinners; given by free favour. Why should I doubt? The promises are all on my side. It is impossible to conceive of anything more awful than the state of the human heart—*my* heart—when it can so much resist and oppose what God has done and said. Pray then, my soul, for a holy reverence for God; for the forgiveness of my sin of sins—unbelief and hardness of heart; for light and faith in the testimony of God concerning Himself, and His Son, Spirit, and Word."

His trials sent his thoughts inwards, and drew him closer to the Divine fountain for strength. Tiyo Soga stood alone and apart from all his countrymen. Men wondered

what had made him so different from his fellows. On coming into contact with him, a short conversation revealed that something specially distinguished him from all other Kafirs. It was not his education, although that was apparent. It was not the polish which civilization had given him. Nor was it the fact that he was the teacher of others. We have the mystery solved in these strong cries, as he stood face to face with the unseen but ever-present Spirit of all good, pouring out the inmost secret of his being, with a pathos and sincerity that "made him strong in the Lord and in the power of His might." That marvellous humility, which shone forth in every look and word, was attained by a severe and sustained conflict with self. Gloomy and unsatisfactory as these earnest cries may seem to some men, let us remember whence they issued and in whose august presence they were uttered. They are not religious musings for the edification of others. They were breathed into the ever-listening ear of Him, before whose awful purity any human goodness pales and withers. They are the struggles of a faith, conscious of its weakness, and yet earnestly desiring to be strong. They are the feeble hand outstretched to grasp Him who is all-powerful. They are but an expansion of the words of the Laureate:—

> "Strong Son of God, Immortal Love,
> Whom we that have not seen Thy face,
> By faith, and faith alone, embrace,
> Believing where we cannot prove."

CHAPTER XVI.

GLIMPSES OF SUNSHINE.

"I am with you alway."

When the Mission Board of the United Presbyterian Church had information of Tiyo's impaired state of health, they immediately proved their anxious solicitude on his behalf, by relieving him from all active mission work, and authorizing him, as friends had advised, to take several months' furlough, and proceed to the drier regions north of the Orange River. He set out on his journey, on horseback, on 13th June, 1863, accompanied by two of his elders. In his travels, he first visited the mission stations of the Moravian brethren in the Queenstown district, and was cordially welcomed. His name was a sufficient passport. "On 10th June," he writes of the Mission station of Shiloh, "I visited the school, the mill, the shops for trades, and the gardens, which bear the marks of great industry and ingenuity. I found here, as in Goshen, that there is no outlying heathen population to evangelize. The four brethren, Gysen, Stephan, Weiz, and Richter, devote their energies to a population of 698 residents on the mission lands. They maintain themselves and their families, and receive no salaries from Germany. The surplus goes to the home treasury. The Moravian missionaries are not allowed to hold personal property. They can make no temporal provision for themselves. They send home their children at seven years of age, to be educated

by the Society, which assigns them a profession. Rarely do the parents again see their children. The sons are appointed as missionaries to other lands, and the daughters are married at home, or are sent to foreign countries as wives to missionaries. The choice is made by lot.

"I learned from the Shiloh brethren an interesting fact, which illustrates, in a very striking way, the efficacy of prayer, and God's special interposition on behalf of His people. The Moravian mission, in Labrador, was begun in the year 1771, about 92 years ago. The missionaries depended for subsistence upon annual supplies from Europe. About the month of June a vessel quitted the port of London, laden with provisions, goods, and presents from friends, and with no passengers on board except missionaries and their wives. The voyage is very perilous. But whilst hundreds of other vessels have been wrecked among icebergs, not a single accident during these 92 years has befallen the missionary ships. This singular fact is surely the direct interposition of God on behalf of His people, and a confirmation of the truth that He 'hath gathered the wind in his fists,' and 'bound the waters in a garment.' It is not said in vain to the messengers of glad tidings, 'Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world.'"

From the Moravian Stations, Tiyo passed on to the Wesleyan Stations of Lesseyton, and Glen Grey. Of the former place he writes: "There is here an Industrial School attended by 28 youths, who are taught various trades, such as shoemaking, carpentry, masonry, &c. Several have already gone forth as full-fledged journeymen. The lads read English well, and write and cipher tolerably. I was greatly pleased with the Sabbath School. On entering the schoolroom, all the children rose, and heartily sang a verse of salutation and welcome. The graceful

way in which they did it surpassed anything I had ever seen. Most of them read with ease the English New Testament. The school was attended by 200 scholars, mainly children; but there were also some adults anxious to learn. The population of the station is 4,500, and the people raised £300 during the previous year for mission work amongst themselves. The people of Lesseyton and Glen Grey are well off in worldly things. Four men there unitedly own 1,400 sheep. They have neat cottages, which are respectably furnished. Altogether they are in advance of any native Christians I have seen. At Glen Grey they raised last year for the maintenance of religious ordinances £230. The population, including the out-stations, amounts to about 4,000. Eighty children attend school."

He then crossed the Stormberg where he "saw ice half an inch thick, and icicles as thick as an infant's arm!" From such gentlemen as the late Mr. Warner and Mr. Gilfillan, he experienced great kindness, and received letters of introduction as well as guides for his journey. On one occasion the guide took them several miles beyond the station where they purposed halting for the night. "After we had ridden in vain along a well beaten waggon road which, our guide said, would take us to the station of Mr. Roland, we off-saddled beside a rock, intending to stay there, and rest until the day dawned. I dreaded sleeping in the open field. We kindled a fire, and roasted a small piece of meat. Our guide went on foot some distance along the waggon road, and shortly afterwards returned saying he had seen the station, and would search for a shorter road to it. After considerable delay he reported that he had found a footpath, and was sure that the place was the station, as he heard the singing of hymn

tunes! We were delighted, and quickly saddled our horses and moved off. We had not proceeded ten minutes on our journey, when we discovered that we were on the edge of a precipitous mountain. We had therefore to dismount and scramble down. On reaching the base of it and riding over a very stony pathless flat alongside the Kraai River, we crossed with great difficulty and reached a Basuto kraal. When we inquired for the station, we were told that we were several miles beyond it. We could proceed no further, and asked skelter for the night. They gave us an enclosure, but uncovered overhead. I told them I could not sleep outside. One of the men then surrendered one side of his hut, and the other was occupied by his family. They showed us no small kindness *in words!* We laid ourselves down to sleep, thankful for even such accommodation.

"*27th June.*—Held family worship. The people sang the hymn in their own language, and in a way that made it difficult for me to refrain from tears. They sang an old Scotch tune which we knew. My thoughts rushed homewards to my dear children, so far from me. This experience by the wayside has taught me the following maxims:—

"I. Be kind to your wife and children at home, for when away from them any harsh act, or word, comes up with painful remembrance.

"II. Treat a stranger with kindness; for, if you have travelled yourself, you will know the value of kindness. If you have not travelled, you may, some day.

"III. Give a stranger who comes from a distance, and does not know the country, a guide for the next stage or two. Even with the plainest directions, a strange traveller is prone to lose the road."

Tiyo very reluctantly retraced his steps homewards from Basutoland, after having seen only one Wesleyan mission station, and two belonging to the French Society in that country; and also without having visited the Old Man of the Mountain, the great Basuto chief, Moshesh, whom he was most anxious to see. "The journey to the Orange River, in the month of June, did me much good," he writes to Dr. Somerville. "I could go no further than two days' journey beyond it. The country, north of this river, is the territory of Moshesh. This is the field of the missionary labours of the brethren of the Paris Missionary Society; and it was my great desire, on leaving home, to visit as many of their stations as I conveniently could. There are altogether 18 mission stations in Moshesh's country, with 20 missionaries; 18 ordained, 2 unordained. Their whole membership, I believe, will amount to about 2000. My impressions of what I saw and heard at the two stations I visited, were not very favourable. The brethren, however, are most active, zealous men, with much to contend against. The Rev. Emille Roland was manfully battling with the difficulties and trials of a new station. In his wife he has a noble coadjutor. How different was her new home, from that in the capital of Scotland, as she came into her scarce-finished cottage of two rooms, and from her open-air kitchen, with eyes blood-red from the smoke! Yet she was happy, and patiently encountered what must have been a great trial to a lady of her station and education. From Beersheba I was obliged to retrace my steps homewards, from the state of my horses, and the difficulty of hiring others in the unsettled state of the country.

On 7th August, 1863, he writes to Mr. Cumming: "It is nearly three weeks since I returned from beyond the

Orange River. The trip did me good physically. I am now stronger, and in better health. I was well during my journey, and the weather was remarkably favourable. We had not one bad day. The French mission stations were somewhat disappointing. The Christian natives are much behind ours even in outward things. On my return Mrs. S. was from home, and for a fortnight I led a bachelor life. Three things hastened my retreat homewards. My horses got disabled, and food was very scarce. I could not brook the idea of sharing the hospitality of missionaries having a salary of only £100 a year, when out of that income they had to purchase meal at £6 per muid, and coffee at £10 per bag. We could not get horses, even for hire. The country is in such confusion, that people would not part with their horses on any terms, as they constitute a means of escape from the incursions of Boers and thieves. The kindness of the Mission Board during my late illness, and their liberality in providing means for recruiting and strengthening my health, are altogether beyond what I had reason to expect. I never had an overweening estimate of my own importance as their agent. I am deeply moved by the kindness of our directors. May the Lord give me grace so to act, as more and more to deserve their esteem and kindness."

On the first Sunday after his return from Basutoland, he preached to his people from Psalm cvi. 7, "Our fathers understood not Thy wonders in Egypt; they remembered not the multitude of Thy mercies; but provoked Him at the sea, even at the Red sea," and gave them an account of his travels and all he had seen. The last paragraph of the sermon is: "I have seen other nations; but I love my own the more. I have seen other countries; but I love our own the more. I have seen other places; but I would

not exchange the Mgwali for them all. I have seen other churches; but this one is dearer to me than ever. There are only two stations I have seen, which surpass ours in almost everything; and these belong to the Wesleyans. Take heed, then, lest with such privileges you repeat the ingratitude described in the words of our text."

Another noteworthy event, during 1863, was the first anniversary to celebrate the opening of the Mgwali church, which was held in September. Tiyo writes: "In June, when the anniversary fell due, I took a journey to Basutoland to recruit my health. The services, though well attended, and efficiently conducted by missionaries of other denominations, were by no means equal in interest to those at the opening. Nor was such liberality manifested by the people. At the conclusion of the public meeting, on the Tuesday, the debt, which amounted to £361, was reduced to £83, and will, I trust, be swept away by the end of the year. For this happy result, I am greatly indebted to John Henderson, Esq., of Park, who sent another hundred pounds for the church; and I am indebted also to the contributions from various friends, congregations, missionary societies, and Sabbath schools of our own Church, in different parts of England and Scotland. Had these good friends, old and young, been yesterday in the Mgwali church, and seen the baptism of twenty persons, whose profession of the Gospel gladdened our hearts; and had they surveyed the solemn and devout audience that filled the ample area, they would have thanked God. And if they read these lines, let them thank God for the church which their gifts have helped so largely to build Nothing, apart from the consolations of the Gospel, has more kept me from disquieting fears, when the cost of the building grew upon

me, than the regularity with which these subscriptions arrived, month after month, until all was completed. Nor have these friends ceased helping us towards the liquidation of our debt. I tender to all of them my unceasing thanks for their sympathy and co-operation."

To the Rev. Henry Miller, he refers to the same event: "We held the anniversary of the opening of our church in September. Several missionaries were present. The debt has been reduced during the year, by the assistance of friends and congregations at home, and the contributions of our people, to £83. Unwilling as our people are, we aim at training them to sustain religious ordinances. We must teach them the duty of self-help, and it will be easy for them afterwards to maintain religious ordinances.

"The friends at home, and your own congregation among others, have liberally helped me. I thank the Master and them. The handsome donation from your good people is nothing more than I expected from your interest in your friend, and also in the work in which he is engaged. Say to your people, that whilst Kafir gratitude is retrospective, it is also prospective. I thank them heartily for being so mindful of our wants; but I thank them also, for what they will do for us. A Kafir, when holding the gift in his hand, will thank you, and say, 'Pray, be not weary, should you even have to repeat this favour to-morrow.' It is in this spirit of anticipatory begging that I thank your people for their liberality. Why should they not remember the poor Kafirs of southern Africa, as well as the poor negroes of western Africa? They are as *spiritually* destitute here as in Old Calabar; and the fact that they have been very troublesome to the white man, is a reason why Christians should wish to win them to Christ, and make them good neighbours by a

liberal support of that Gospel which, among the Kafirs also, is 'the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth.' Any future contributions I shall use to meet our future plan of erecting small mission churches at our out-stations. This is a system of Church extension in the mission field. I am looking towards two localities which are well populated. Come out here and see how much remains to be done, and you will arrive at the conclusion that what any one missionary has done is like a drop in the bucket. The prospect of accomplishing much good in this field is very dark indeed. To the chains of heathen customs and practices, which hold my countrymen in bondage, there have been added others, heavier and still more destructive. I say with regret that these are the results of contact with civilization. My faith in civilization alone, if it does not follow in the wake of Christianity, is gone. The civilization of civilized men, who care nothing, and do nothing, for the moral, physical, and intellectual improvement of igorant men in barbarous countries, with whom they come into contact, is destructive. No man needs talk about civilization, apart from Christianity, when I see the natives here rushing to ruin by drunkenness, and other vices of civilized ungodly men. Civilization is the handmaid of Christianity, only when it is the result of Christianity. I should like to go to Scotland, to be present at the consummation of the contemplated union between our church and the Free Church. Those who live to see that day will not have lived in vain. I should like to take into my own soul the blessed impression of that memorable day. The desirableness of God's people being *one*, is felt more by missionaries in heathen lands, than by missionaries at home."

As his second son, John Henderson, did not outgrow

the injury that befel him in infancy, Mrs. Soga took him to Scotland in September, 1863. "In this country," writes his anxious father, "nothing can be done for him. Medical men and institutions have not the necessary appliances for such cases. Parental duty and anxiety were intensified by the thought that the boy, now so healthy and happy, might grow up into a helpless man, and reflect upon his parents that they had not done more for his enfeebled limb. On such considerations we must send him home. It will be a satisfaction to us, and to him, even though the treatment should fail, to know that all that was possible had been done by us."

This step awakened a desire to visit Scotland once more, and thus Tiyo writes to Mr. Johnston: "I could not, without consulting Dr. S. and the Mission Board, accompany my wife and child. I could not ask the Board to give me leave of absence, and pay my expenses home. They granted me the means, quite recently, to recruit my health. I had a journey to the Orange River, which, under God, set me up again. Should they, however, ask me home, although I now dread the cold of Scotland, I would jump at the invitation. I cherish a dim hope that my personal friends may ask me; but perhaps this is chimerical." Still later he writes: "I would not refuse an offer to follow my wife, although one has a special kind of terror when he thinks of what is expected from missionaries in Scotland. Ours is now a tame missionary life, with no break-neck adventures, no narrow escapes from lions and tigers; and it would be difficult to produce a sensation in this age of sensationalism. It would be a splendid thing if I could take home half a dozen hideous specimens of *living South African gorillas!* When you take up the 'Kafir question' in your Mutual

Improvement Society, I would be glad to have an epitome of your discussion. I am, as you can believe, deeply interested in that question; and more especially, since the feeling of hostility to the Kafir has been awakened by recent thievings, which sadden one's heart. I have discussed this question of Kafir-stealing in the pages of the '*Indaba*.' I deal with it as it affects themselves. In the first paper I have traced the causes of it; in the next I take up the consequences, and the means of its prevention. I wish that I could get my poor countrymen to give up stealing, although theirs is not to be compared to the refined thieving of forgery, embezzlement, and voluntary insolvency. Much more noise is made about this vice, when practised by my poor countrymen. At the same time, the Kafirs cannot improve until they give up these mean and wicked habits."

When it was fully represented to the Mission Board of the Home Church, that Tiyo Soga was living in a *wattle* and *daub* cottage, which was fast crumbling to decay, he was at once authorized to build a more substantial and comfortable dwelling. On 6th July, 1863, he writes to Mr. Johnston: "I am on the eve of commencing my house. I have not yet heard, directly and officially, from the Board; but I believe they have made a grant of £650 for the purpose. Like a burnt child, I dread the prospect of having more to do with bricks and mortar. It is now impossible for me to undertake such cares, without great anxiety; yet I am trying to act upon your kind advice, not so much because of my usefulness to the Church—as I have a very poor and humble estimate of that—but, as I fear, from a concern for my family." He saw the house finished within that year. "I took possession of the new mission house at the Mgwali on 22nd December, 1863.

The building of it took three months and nine days. I am writing in the study. I gratefully take my life-lease of it, and am glad of the escape from my old quarters. I gave an entertainment to the people of the station, who rejoiced with me over the restoration of my health, and the completion of the mission house. The rains have been such as I have not seen since coming to the Mgwali. The country was flooded, and there was destruction of property. We are now without a school house. The rains brought our old church to its close. For nearly two months there has been no week-day school; nor can there be any until a hut is erected which may temporarily serve the purpose."

It becomes a question, therefore, if Mission Boards should spend any money on temporary buildings at mission stations. The time has probably arrived when Mission Boards, having a pecuniary stake in foreign fields, should see to the erection of permanent buildings. Friends of mission-work in the Colony would cheerfully co-operate with the missionaries and render valuable assistance. Were Mission Boards in England and Scotland to obtain the aid of such men in the country itself, a vast sum would be saved, and the colonists would become more interested in the missions around them.

On 8th February, 1864, Tiyo Soga's fellow-labourer, Mr. Chalmers, removed from the Mgwali and established a second station, among the Gaikas, at the Thomas River, which was named for the large-hearted philanthropist, and friend of mission-work—the late John Henderson, Esq., of Park. It had long been the earnest desire and prayer of Tiyo Soga, that a mission should be established at this place among the remnants of the late Tyali's tribe, amongst whom the missionaries at the Chumie had formerly laboured. His fond hopes were at length realised. Tiyo's

record of this event is as follows :—"Before Mr. Chalmers entered permanently upon the occupation of the Thomas River, it was desirable to have him formally and publicly introduced to, and recognised by, the people of his future charge. Accordingly, on 29th January 1864, we accompanied Mr. Brownlee, who had most readily and kindly promised to introduce him. On our arrival at the Thomas River, about one o'clock in the afternoon, we found that the chief Oba was waiting for us at a kraal, not far from where Mr. Chalmers' huts stand. We were scarcely off-saddled when Oba made his imposing and dignified appearance, followed by a considerable body of horsemen. They came riding very slowly, and then made a halt at a few yards from us, wishing us no doubt to admire them; and then they dismounted. My countrymen have a little of that vanity to which your countrymen must also plead guilty. They desire to produce a striking effect. They are not behind their fairer neighbours as to self-satisfaction, and the wish that others should be pleased with them. After exchanging salutations, Mr. Brownlee rose and addressed the two brothers, Oba and Fynn, the sons of Tyali, and their councillors as follows :—'What I have come to do, sons of Tyali, does not require many words; and yet it is a great thing. I have come to commend to your care this young man, the son of the former teacher of your tribe, who lies buried, like your father Tyali, at the Chumie. God has put it into the heart of the son to follow in the footsteps of his late father, and to come and preach the Gospel to the children of Xosa. You have done well to be present, to-day, with your people. You know for what the teachers have come; and it is a great thing which they have brought to your people. It is a blessing which comes from above. Although recently brought to you

Kafirs, still it has been in existence for many ages, and has been made known to, and received by, other nations long before you and I were born. Happy will your people be if they receive it! I commend, then, this teacher who brings this word to you, this day. Your father and his father respected each other, and treated each other well. Know him, then, as your father knew his father. You are aware that Tyali was no enemy to the Word of God. He placed no hindrances in the way of his people becoming Christians. It is not unreasonable to expect the same thing from you. There, then, is your teacher. With you I now leave him.'

"My old father, Soga, followed the Gaika Commissioner, and with a short speech of singular neatness and appropriateness, delighted us all. He did two things. He amplified, in his own Kafir way, the remarks of Mr. Brownlee, and so far as they affected his own mind pressed them home on the serious consideration of his countrymen. He further demanded, from the chiefs, the sons of Tyali, and their people, an answer worthy of the blessing. I could not help noticing in the speech of my old father—as I have done twice before, although I have never mentioned it—the singular affection he cherished for Mr. Brownlee in token of his genuine gratitude, and his high appreciation of the services which he rendered to the Kafir nation, especially during the cattle-killing. 'Deliberate well and answer becomingly,' said my old father. 'Deliberate well and answer becomingly, ye men of the great place! Return thanks to the chief Brownlee for bringing you a teacher. Utter a word which will affect us all.'

"After a lengthy pause, Oba requested his brother who was sitting with us to draw near to him that they might confer together. Their conference was long. The Kafirs are not hasty in their deliberations, and at their own

meetings it is vain to be impatient and restless. You must wait their time, or you spoil the whole thing. I am certainly no admirer of this feature of character in my countrymen. But you must take them in their own way, or you will fail in your dealings with them. Patience and self-command are the first requisites of success in treating with them. When the conference ended, it was evident from the reply of Oba that he wished to take advantage of the present meeting as a fitting opportunity to settle some political differences between the Government and himself. He wished to have all his people concentrated, and have free scope to select a suitable spot for himself, and another for the mission station. Mr. Brownlee pointed out to the chief that the political advantage which he sought for himself and tribe was not *the object* of this day's meeting, and that his proposals were not likely to be sanctioned by Government. The chief saw his mistake and quickly acknowledged the difference betwixt political measures, and bringing the gospel to his people. He then concluded by saying: 'You have brought a teacher to the sons of Tyali. It is well. Their respective fathers treated each other well. Tyali and Chalmers lie in the same land; it is well that the son of the teacher should take the place of his father. Chalmers and Tyali lived near each other; they cultivated gardens on the same plain; they worshipped in the same church. It is well that it should now be so with their sons. My only regret is, that the sons of Tyali are far from him. We give him therefore to the special charge of four councillors, who are nearer to him than we are, to Kaka, the son of Gcaza; to Gcweka, the son of Potwana; to Sonku, the son of Maziza; and to Bulani, the son of Mabombo.'

"Several speeches followed. The Thomas River Mission

Station was founded, and in a way that leaves no room to doubt that the Lord has marked the place to set His name *there*. It forms another centre of light in the night of surrounding heathen darkness. Again the favourite words stand true: 'The people which sat in darkness saw great light; and to them which sat in the region and shadow of death light is sprung up.' In this way the Lord is showing mercy to this land, so that 'Ethiopia may soon stretch out her hands unto God.'"

During the first anxious weeks and months when the fallow ground was being broken up at this station, when discouragements poured in from every quarter, and many privations were endured, the missionary was suddenly made shelterless from the long continued floods, and shut off from all communications with the outer world, so that neither huts for dwelling nor for worship could be built. Tiyo Soga rendered his brother workman such cheerful, valuable assistance as his time and circumstances permitted. On 8th July of that year Tiyo writes to his brother: "I am glad to find that things are likely to go on much better than our Brother Govan fears. Brownlee will never discourage, even were it coming to the worst. He is the only man among all our friends who never uttered one discouraging word to me amid all the struggles from which, thank God, I am now free. When I was most cast down, Brownlee always encouraged me with his wise and cheerful counsel. You will find this true. But you will also very soon find, as I did, that you must be independent of all men, and your principal dependence must rest on yourself. After a short experience of men, I resolve to do my best, and trust in God. I can do no more, and have the satisfaction to know that, whilst leaning on God, I have acted up to the measure of my ability. May He be

your nearest friend and counsellor. Be not over anxious. There is a great deal in anxiety which wears out a man."

In the month of April of the same year, a man whose name is known throughout Christendom, and who had just then retired from his scene of active labours in India, oppressed with the honours and plaudits heaped upon him by his fellow-men, visited the Presbyterian missions in South Africa, leaving behind him, as he passed onwards, all the refreshing influences of a reviving shower of rain. Tiyo Soga and this renowned and bronzed veteran have, each unknown to the other, photographed the occasion of his visit to the Mgwali. Let us look at each picture from each man's individual standpoint. The one was a master-worker, and perfected in his task by long experience. The other was still unknown, yet eager to gather knowledge, so as to perform his work with acceptance and credit. On 8th of April, 1864, Tiyo Soga writes:—"In the annals of this station the last three days are not soon to be forgotten. On the evening of the 6th arrived the good and honoured Dr. Duff, of Calcutta. Mr. Chalmers had gone down on the previous day to King William's Town to meet and bring him hither. Unfortunately I could not go, as my throat had threatened to trouble me as formerly, and I was afraid to hazard a long ride. I shall not readily forget the shake of the good doctor's hand on alighting from his mule waggon. Interest, sympathy, and Christian brotherly love were in that shake. In a feeble state of health, though somewhat improved since landing, he was glad to get quit of the waggon for the day. At night he rested well, and was refreshed. Next day he examined all my schools; and as the children made a very good appearance, the doctor was much pleased. Afterwards the church was well filled with a

respectable audience of our people, who greatly rejoiced at the opportunity of seeing this honoured servant of Christ. Mr. Brownlee, who occupied the chair, introduced the doctor, by referring to the interesting facts, that in the old man before us, we saw one who had literally spent his life in the Master's service, and one moreover, and though now before us, it was probable we would never see again on earth. The doctor entranced us all by an address of two hours' length, most ably interpreted into Kafir by the Rev. B. Ross, of Pirie, who accompanied the doctor. That address gave us an idea of India in its heathenism, which surpassed anything I had ever heard or read. To our people it was like a vision.

"On leaving us, I drove with him in his waggon to Tembani, where I parted from him with a very sad heart. May the mantle of that great prophet of the Lord fall upon us. What a man! What a missionary! What a Christian! Dr. Duff's visit to this country has formed an era in the history of the missions of the Free Church and our own. Neither by the Free Church brethren, nor by Mr. Chalmers, myself, and my people, shall that visit fade from our recollection so long as our memories last. On missionaries who have met with that great and good servant of Christ, who have conversed with him, he has left an impression which has deepened the sacredness and responsibility of their calling as ambassadors for Christ to benighted men. For the good work's sake, one could almost wish that such men would live for ever. To younger missionaries, with our mistakes in our work, our lack of experience, our trials, our discouragements, his words of counsel given in true Christian sympathy have been worth a thousand benedictions from other men. He has emphatically done good to our hearts, and good

to our work. I know of no man visiting these regions who has left so sweet a savour, and whose memory is cherished by all good men with so much love, veneration, and admiration, as the great Indian missionary. In one sense, Dr. Duff is the great missionary of no one particular church. He is the great missionary of the Church universal. All who love the Lord Jesus united to do him honour. May God spare him a little longer to his Church, and to the cause of missions! I had many refreshing conversations with him, and was very much struck with one remark he made. He said that he loved solitude. He could live for weeks alone, and even go to the wilderness, that he might be away from men. He assigned no reason; but who that has met with him as I have done, can fail to comprehend the secret."

Turn to the picture of Dr. Duff, who writes on 15th August, 1864: "Having, in the course of my journeyings through South Africa, purposely turned aside to visit the Kaffrarian missions of the United Presbyterian Church, I deem it at once a duty, and a privilege, to bear emphatic testimony in their favour.

"The difficulties and obstacles in the way of successfully conducting such a mission are of a totally different kind from those which we have to encounter in India. Nevertheless, they are in the aggregate of a very formidable description; and the men who have to face them have very special claims on the sympathies and prayers of God's people.

"For the last thirty-five years I have regarded it as merely a truism, that while the Gospel must be *introduced* into a heathen land by *foreign* agents, it is by *native* agents that it must be *propagated*, so as to reach and *pervade* the *masses* of the people. In order to insure a

race of *qualified native* agents, common-sense and experience dictate that substantially the same means must be employed which are found necessary in raising up teachers, preachers, and ordained ministers in Christian lands. Now, it so happens, in the good providence of God, that to the United Presbyterian Church belongs the honour of having in its service the *first native Kafir*, who has ever been *ordained* to the ministry of the Gospel, in the person of the Rev. Tiyo Soga. It was, therefore, with me a matter of intense desire to visit the station of this native minister, and confer with him face to face. And this desire was, if possible, still further intensified by the consideration that, in the training of this truly excellent man, the United Presbyterian Church and the Free Church—as if in *anticipation* of a future blessed union—had actually contributed each its due share. The early education, which *fitted* him for receiving the higher theological training in Scotland, was obtained in the Lovedale Seminary of the Free Church in British Kaffraria.

"Never can I forget the joy which thrilled through my soul, on first meeting with the first native Kafir ordained minister of the everlasting Gospel, in his own comfortable manse, close to a spacious and well fitted up church, and surrounded by Kafir kraals, partly Christian and partly heathen. It was, altogether, a spectacle which I felt it was worth while travelling all the way from Cape Town to witness.

"The pleasure was enhanced when, on the following day, I found a goodly number of the native Christians, male and female, assembled in the church in decent attire, and manifesting all the decorum and propriety of an audience in the long christianized British Isles. On the same occasion were assembled the boys of two schools, and the

pupils of the central girls' school. All of these were examined on the subjects of their respective studies, and showed that the foundations of a good elementary education were laid. It is to be hoped that means will be found for raising the more capable, or select few, to a higher standard.

"After this examination I was asked to address the adult audience, which I did at some length. If the members of the United Presbyterian Church at home could only witness with their own eyes, and hear with their own ears, what I was privileged to witness and hear on that day, I am confident they would feel that, had they spent ten times the amount of pecuniary means on that mission which they have done, they would have been more than amply recompensed. I am bound to add, that throughout the whole of South Africa I found no mission station conducted in a more orderly, vigorous, systematic way, than that of my admirable friend and brother, the Rev. Tiyo Soga, the native *Kafir* ordained minister of the Mgwali."

The year 1864 witnessed the extinction of the debt on the Mgwali church, but mainly as a generous act of Christian friends in Scotland—the subscription list being headed by the late J. H. Young, Esq., of Glasgow. The gratitude expressed by Tiyo Soga for this unexpected kindness was unbounded.

In the same year the people of the station built a commodious school-house. The experience, gathered from the past, brought wisdom to bear upon the erection of this building. To add to its durability a verandah was made on the exposed sides, to shield the walls from the pelting rains, which had wrought such speedy destruction upon the houses which were built at the establishment of

the station. Although there was scarcely a person upon the station who did not put forth a hand to assist in the building, and although it was entirely the work of native skill and labour, still the erection of it cost the missionary no small amount of trouble as "director-general," in urging the people to be prompt and active in their exertions. It is not a breach of reposed trust now to state that, rather than see the undertaking prove a failure, and be further indebted to the Mission Board and to friends of the mission in Scotland, Tiyo Soga exercised great self-denial, to contribute out of his own small salary towards that school house, which was valued at £90 sterling!

It cheered the tender-hearted Tiyo, in the same year, to welcome the return of his little son, John Henderson, "well, and walking better than when he left."

The year 1864 brought an accession to the missionary staff of the United Presbyterian Church, in the Rev. John Sclater, now of Manchester, who came to the Mgwali to benefit Kafirland, co-operate for a time with Tiyo Soga, gather missionary experience, and then pass to his home-sphere of labour. "Oh! what a difference it makes now," writes the grateful and jubilant missionary, "in our spirits, when we meet as missionaries of the same Church. Union is strength! God grant that our threefold cord may not be easily broken. This addition to our staff has very much cheered my heart, as a good omen that the tide is turning in favour of our Kafir mission, which has been eking out, for many years, a doubtful existence."

The state of his church also was more promising. The moral tone of the membership, which now numbered 138, was more satisfactory. "Yet I am obliged to confess," he says, "that I am not altogether pleased with the signs of Christian vitality among our people. I would wish to see

the fruits of love, earnestness, activity, and zeal more apparent among them. I feel that their progress in spiritual things is not in proportion to the means of grace which they enjoy, and yet there are sufficient tokens to encourage me to be steadfast, immovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord.

It is most significant that all the missionaries of the United Presbyterian Church, in South Africa, met around the symbols of their holy brotherhood at the Mgwali, on the first Sunday in January, 1865, to rejoice with Tiyo Soga at the passing away of dark clouds, and over that sunshine in which his earnest soul was then luxuriating. Such is life; such did Tiyo Soga find life to be; such has been the experience of every pious soul. Yet, however dense the cloud; however fierce the tempest; however dark the night; beyond that darkness shines the sun in *its* splendour, and warmth, and majesty, and calmness. Beyond the oft-repeated changes of season, it remains unchanged during the whole circle of the year;—a fit emblem of the Eternal Light which is always the same, although ofttimes our little lives are enveloped in midnight blackness, and there sems no outlook. It is a blessed thought, that we also, the sons of ignorance, may, if we are faithful to the high purposes of life, participate

"In the Eternal Light
Through the Eternal Love!"

CHAPTER XVII.

MISSIONARY EXTENSION.

"The Universal Father has made the Gospel a heritage to his family at large; and He has entrusted it to us, as executors of His will, for distribution to the whole of His children. When the heathen may be careless about the Divine gift, or even resent the offer of it, their case is just so much the more clamant for help."

BEFORE the events recorded in the previous chapter took place, the missionaries of the Free and United Presbyterian Churches, in Kaffraria, resolved to extend their missions. Messrs. Richard Ross and John A. Chalmers were requested to visit Kreli, then an exile beyond the Mbashee River, and to ascertain if there was any prospect of establishing mission stations among his people, the *Galeka* tribe. This chief had forfeited the rich and fertile country which he formerly owned, from the prominent part which he had taken in the destruction of the Kafir nation. The deputation became the more influential by the unexpected accompaniment of Mr. Brownlee, the Gaika Commissioner, and the Rev. Dr. James Stewart, then on his way homewards from his important mission to the Zambesi.

At that time the whole country between the Kei and the *Mbashee*, which the Galekas formerly occupied, was a desolate dreary wilderness without an inhabitant; the grass, uncropped by cattle, was most luxuriant. On the site of Galeka villages were heaps of snow-white bones of cattle, which had been sacrificed to a falsehood. By the wayside, and bleached by sunshine and

rain, were the scattered fragments of men and women, who had died on their way to the Colony for food. What a striking contrast was the land beyond the Mbashee, to the oppressive loneliness of the wilderness just travelled! The whole country was dotted with small villages, far as the eye could see, tier above tier of Kafir huts on every hill-side, and so placed as to be a sort of watch-tower for observing the approach of the white men, whom the Galekas had dreaded ever since Kreli was obliged to cross the river with its singularly serpentine course. On the night before these travellers entered the country occupied by Kreli, they halted on the banks of the Mbashee River. Spies repeatedly and stealthily crossed to the encampment of the jaded travellers, to ascertain from the attendants the character of the imposing cavalcade, whose approach had filled them with alarm. The most striking feature of the country beyond the river was the density of the population; every kloof and knoll seemed swarming with human beings. The travellers found the Galekas as much absorbed with pleasure as if no calamity had befallen them. The heir-apparent to the Galeka chieftainship had that year been circumcised, and the whole tribe gave itself up to the usual revelry that accompanies the important event. At the chief's village there was an immense assemblage, to witness the dancing of the young chief and his 100 compeers, as his future bodyguard. For a whole day the travellers were treated to the deafening howl of the women making music for the dancers; and the music was accompanied by the vigorous application of sticks on a dry ox-hide. The chief himself kept out of view, until by stratagem he had discovered who the visitors were; and only when solemnly assured that they had come on a friendly errand did he venture to

appear. After the day's festivities were over, the deputation met with Kreli in an unfinished hut, and announced the object of their visit. He was very grateful for having been remembered by the missionaries in his troubles, and stated that they were the first to visit him, as friends, during his exile. He professed anxiety to have once more a missionary for his people; but stated that he knew of no place as a mission station, so long as he and his people were living as outlaws. If his country was only restored, he would at once grant the request of the deputation. The chief had a most pitiful record of grievances, as hedged in on every side by neighbours, and some of them most formidable foes; and the country where he lived was overcrowded. He looked wistfully towards his old home, and longed for the country where he and his tribe had brought such misery upon themselves. Why, he asked, could he not be allowed to return to the country of his forefathers, which was unoccupied? As he had only injured himself by believing a lie, why would not the British Government allow him to live at his former great place? The old chief, conscious of his grave error, appeared to be humbled and crushed; but these political questions the deputation were not at liberty to discuss, as their real purpose might be misinterpreted.

Whether a voluntary and gracious act in the Government, or owing to the representations and intercessions made by some who had visited Kreli in his exile, the Galeka tribe was afterwards permitted to re-occupy a portion of their former territory, on a strip of coast land, extending from the Butterworth River to the Indian Ocean. Ere the negotiations were completed, however, the Eastern Province of the Cape Colony was suddenly agitated by a false alarm of war. It was noised abroad

that Kreli had crossed the Mbashee with a large army, and was already on his march to destroy the colonists. Preparations were instantly made by the Colony to meet the enemy, and many Europeans, living in Kaffraria, were officially instructed to concentrate and prepare for an attack. The Mission Board of the United Presbyterian Church had been informed of the deputation to Kreli, and the missionaries were anxiously awaiting reinforcements from home to enter upon this new mission. Tiyo Soga, fearing lest the false and warlike rumours should seriously injure the prospect of the mission, and check the increase of their staff in Kaffraria, wrote to Dr. Somerville the following letter, which, when published in an Edinburgh newspaper, gave him an unenviable notoriety, from the free criticisms that were passed upon his temerity in insinuating that those who originated and fostered the warlike tidings had some object in doing so. It is only right to state that Tiyo Soga was moved by a desire to prevent another calamity to the Kafir mission. The letter, dated 4th June, 1864, is as follows:

"The last mail from this colony has conveyed to the mother country the startling intelligence of another Kafir war. I hasten to contradict this false alarm. The origin of it, so far as I understand it, is as follows: An officer of the mounted police, towards the end of last month, started post haste from the police station on the Mbashee to King William's Town, with the intelligence that Kreli was moving against the Colony with 7,000 warriors, with the object of recovering the Transkeian territory, from which he had been expelled by Sir George Grey at the close of the cattle-killing. This territory, it is supposed, will be annexed to the colony.

"The false alarm flew from British Kaffraria to Cape

Town with the rapidity of lightning, and it was known there long before we, living among the Kafirs, heard of it. The excitement in the Colony was great; troops were ordered from Cape Town to the frontier; the mounted police in the Colony were moved to the Mbashee, under Sir Walter Currie, their commander. It soon appeared, however, that the report was a wicked and cruel invention against Kreli and the Colony.

"This police officer received his information from a Kafir policeman, who received his from a man of one of Kreli's kraals. The Transkeian magistrate, W. Chalmers, Esq., sent messengers to Kreli, to tell him that such a report was abroad regarding him. The messengers found no symptoms of war in the country. The people, absorbed with their dances, were enjoying the abundant harvest which God had given. The men, who belonged to the kraal implicated, were five in number. Kreli sent them to that magistrate for the arrest of him who had reported the invasion to the native police, and to show that he knew nothing of war. When the native policeman was wanted to identify his informant he was not to be found, and has not since been seen or heard of. This is the end of the matter. We hear that Sir Walter Currie, after a conference with Kreli, through his councillors, has returned to the Colony, quite satisfied that Kreli does not meditate war.

"Of the probabilities of war I would speak cautiously and advisedly. Whilst deeply attached to my people, I am the loyal subject of the best Government for the aborigines that ever existed under heaven. What would I not do, to have all the natives brought, in God's providence, under the influence of the English Government, to smother all causes of irritation and heartburnings, and to approve

themselves the faithful subjects of the best friend of all men, *Queen Victoria!* We, who have got a little light, see plainly that we have nothing to gain, physically, mentally, or morally, from the perpetuation of heathenism.

"So far as our own Gaika tribes are concerned, they are so reduced in numbers, from recent national disasters, and so utterly defenceless that they could not think of fighting with the certainty of utter ruin staring them in the face. From this quarter, therefore, no danger needs at present be entertained of another aggressive war. They have lately stolen a great deal from the colonial farmers, so much so, that the repression of cattle-thieving has raised one of the most interesting discussions in our Colonial Parliament. This general thieving is construed by some into an evidence that Kafirs as of yore are meditating mischief; but just now it is simply the result of want, or covetousness, and not of warlike purposes. They themselves declare that they are so humbled that they can only apprehend war. What we require therefore at the head of affairs in this country for the preservation of peace is a wise, cautious, unimpulsive administration. Though little credit is given by some men to the Gospel, it is reducing, and has reduced, the number of Kafir thieves. I am sorry to say that the frequent cry is 'Put down stealing,' and not 'Put down heathenism'—its real parent and source.

"Kreli now lives beyond the Mbashee and is a stranger. That country belongs to the Tambookies, his old enemies. He lives simply by toleration, and unless he is thoroughly secure of their confidence in him, he can attempt nothing against the English. In truth he has repeatedly applied, but hitherto without success, to be recognised as a British subject, and to have a magistrate appointed to reside with him. He is considered an irreconcilable enemy. The

only thing that can involve us in war with him, will be an attempt to apprehend him, or to expel him by force from his present location. The Gaikas are bound to Kreli by the tie that he is their paramount chief, the head of the Kafir tribes, and they would make common cause with him.

"The most deplorable feature of our affairs, which I have long observed, is the tone of the public press in British Kaffraria, on native questions. It keeps up in the country a constant state of unfriendly feeling. The most groundless fiction is seized upon and proclaimed as an event '*ominous*' and the 'shadow of coming events.' It is easy to see through this thin disguise. There are interested parties who like this kind of thing, and would not regret a rupture. It is exceedingly unfair. Warriors of noble spirit disdain to strike a foe without weapons. Unfortunately for themselves, the natives are in this plight; it is beneath the dignity of civilized men to be the formidable enemy of naked barbarians, who cannot write and reason like themselves."

Whilst the missionaries of the two Presbyterian Churches were contemplating the extension of their respective missions, they had no conception of the pending political changes which would conduce to the enlargement of their spheres of labour. Early in 1865, in answer to his oft-repeated applications, Kreli received instructions from the High Commissioner, Sir Philip Wodehouse, to cross the Mbashee, and take up his abode on a portion of his former territory, which had eight years previously come into the possession of the English Government. The remaining portion of his country, bounded on the east by the Butterworth Road, and on the west by the Indwe River, after having been offered to, and refused by, the Gaikas and Tambookies, was given to the Fingoes, resident

in the Colony and British Kaffraria. With remarkable shrewdness this people accepted the gift, and whilst taking immediate possession of the territory, they retained their connection with the Colony by making only a partial exodus to the country, now known as *Fingoland*. They were wise in their generation. They became better off than before, had more elbow-room to increase as a people, which they had no opportunity of doing, "cribbed, cabined, and confined," as they were in the Colony.

The chief Kreli was no sooner located with his people in a portion of his former country than, true to his promise, he sent repeated messages to Mr. Charles Brownlee, expressing the wish that a missionary should be sent to labour among his people, and stating his preference for a missionary from the denomination whose representatives had visited him in his exile. This fact the Gaika Commissioner communicated to the missionaries of the United Presbyterian Church, and urged them to take immediate action by visiting Kreli, and ascertaining the nature of his wishes. These missionaries at once conferred with their Free Church brethren, and the result was, that a second deputation, in which Mr. Bryce Ross represented the Free Church, and Tiyo Soga represented the United Presbyterian Church missionaries, visited Kreli, in July, 1865. The deputation was cordially received, and the chief expressed his willingness to receive *one* missionary at once; but *as a missionary was a great responsibility* he could not see his way to accept two at present, as his country was small, and his tribe not yet concentrated. By mutual agreement the United Presbyterians had the first choice in establishing a mission among the Galekas, inasmuch as Kreli's message was sent to them—the Free Church brethren agreeing to follow when circumstances permitted.

The exodus of the Fingoes also opened up a new field for missionary extension. Of the people who had gone across to *their* territory, there was a large number among whom these two denominations have laboured. From the Mgwali district alone, the Fingoe section of Tiyo Soga's church hived off to form no inconsiderable nucleus of a United Presbyterian Mission in Fingoland. Five of the Fingoe chiefs with their people crossed. Among these Tiyo Soga had itinerated and gathered fruit, and preached the Gospel faithfully for years. This deputation, therefore, on their return from Kreli, visited Fingoland, and made arrangements for the establishment of mission stations among their former people. Centres were at once fixed upon, and so as not to encroach upon the fields of other denominations, they treated with only such head-men, and people, as had formerly been under their teaching. The district of the Toleni was selected by the Free Church, as containing the largest number of their membership, and that of the Mbulu by the United Presbyterians. The Free Church generously gave to the United Presbyterian Mission, a Fingoe clan with some excellent Christian converts, who had located themselves near the Mbulu River, which is now called *Paterson*. The mission stations in Fingoland, with such materials, may be said to have been fairly established long before any missionary was permanently located among them. He had mainly to carry on what had been successfully begun by others, whilst these people were residing in the Colony.

The two denominations resolved to work the two missions unitedly, and on a plan mutually arranged for the visitation of these fields, until reinforcements arrived for which application had been made to the home churches. Meanwhile, two missionaries, one from each denomination,

were appointed to supply the Transkeian fields with the means of grace.

When the application of the United Presbyterians, for an increase in their staff to occupy the new fields, was favourably entertained by the Mission Board, Tiyo Soga wrote to Dr. Somerville a letter containing some suggestions for the guidance of the new-comers; and although some of the statements contained in it seem somewhat arbitrary, and such as many men in the mission field might decline to endorse, it is most valuable as expressing *his own* view of the connection that ought to subsist betwixt the Mission Board and its agents. On 14th December, 1865, he says: "In the prospect of other brethren coming to labour with us in Kaffraria, it has come into my mind to furnish a few hints, which you may possibly use in your instructions to them. These hints are the result of my observation both in the Colony and in Kaffraria.

"Prepare the new missionaries to beware of the hostile influence of many in the Colony against missionary work. They will meet with some persons who will bid them 'God speed,' as in the mother country. Others, good people too in their own way, will shake their heads knowingly, and tell them it is all romance; that the charm will wear off when they come to know what people they have now to deal with; and that it is no use teaching these natives, who are ungrateful and wicked, &c. Some may even go the length of declaring that they do not believe there is one converted native at all; that the 'bray of Exeter Hall,' as it is called by many here, about the wrongs of the natives, and such like, is sheer nonsense, and tends still more to alienate the colonists from the aborigines. They are likely to hear all these things, and

much more. Some colonial ministers, as slaves to their congregations, may also echo these statements; nay, some missionaries are even tinged with it. I was shocked, the other day, by what I heard from a lady in the Colony, about a missionary who had been visiting where she lived. She said that Mr. So-and-so had been making sport of the enthusiasm of a missionary's wife who had lately arrived from England with her husband. She had grasped the missionary warmly by the hand in salutation, and expressed her joy at meeting one already engaged in a work to which she was looking forward. The cold-hearted missionary, who pandered to colonial prejudices, made a jest of feelings so natural and becoming in one entering upon such work. The brethren must be told, that the true reasons of this opposition will not be honestly told by those who manifest it. They do not like the elevation of the natives, whom they would fain keep down as men and maid-servants, and do little for them. It reflects upon their Christianity. They cannot, therefore, bear to see any one doing anything for the natives. Provided they cannot rise upon their ruin, they would let them 'go to the wall.'

"I think also that the obligation of new missionaries to the Church, which sends them to do her work in heathen lands, should be more solemn, and the connection more binding. Many colonists hold out tempting baits to missionaries, by flattering the talented, and declaring that they are simply thrown away among barbarians, who cannot appreciate their talents. Yet the position of colonial ministers is anything but a bed of roses—there being perhaps no profession held in less esteem in this colony. . . . . Let the brethren come with exalted convictions of their dedication, as the ambassadors of Christ to the Gentiles.

"They must come with their minds thoroughly prepared to see heathen degradation in all its forms and varieties—the reality being often worse than the conception, as formed by the future missionary at a distance. They must come prepared for discouragements in the work itself. No splendid gifts of argument, or eloquence, will convert a single soul, without the blessing of God, the Spirit. They come to break up hard ground; to enter and even sleep in uninviting Kafir huts. Men, who are not prepared to meet bravely all such difficulties, should not be missionaries. Nevertheless, to the true servant of the Lord Jesus, the sky which overhangs the missionary field is not all darkness and gloom, but is often relieved with glimpses of glorious sunshine. The trials to be endured should only animate him to gird on his armour in the noble enterprise of bringing souls to glory.

"The brethren must be prepared to identify themselves with the people, on whose behalf they leave home and kindred. The knot of the Kafir's prejudices and habits is not to be rudely cut, by the uncompromising knife of civilized tastes. It must be patiently and cautiously untied. The smile of kindness, and a good word to all, go direct to the heart of a barbarian. As a race, the Kafirs prefer to be drawn, rather than driven. At the same time the student of human nature can reap a splendid harvest in the study of their history, prejudices, habits, and customs. In the midst of much that he cannot sympathise with, he will find much to show that there is some good in all men; that God is the common Father of all, and therefore that no race should be despised.

"The missionary to Kreli will have most difficulties. He must be a man of prudence, good judgment, and tact. Kreli looks upon the missionary as a political agent, who

may influence the Government of his country for good or evil. We took pains, in our late visit, to define the true position of a Gospel missionary. He has preferred the Presbyterians, because he thinks that the other denominations, with whom he formerly associated, were not so good friends during his exile, and that the Presbyterian missionaries have done much good among the Gaikas. Kreli is exceedingly jealous of his power, and of his country. The missionary must support this authority in all lawful things, and recognise it among his future converts in secular matters. In this respect, there must be no separate authority on the station. Naturally he is a just man, and even if he were not, the British agent would prevent any injustice being perpetrated. The above I have written upon the principle, that to be forewarned is to be forearmed."

Tiyo Soga has minutely detailed the part which he took in arranging for the visitation of the new fields of labour, in a letter to Dr. Somerville in 1866: "I have taken my turn," he writes, "to visit the regions beyond the Kei, in company with the Rev. Richard Ross of the Free Church. When we, and the dear brethren of the Free Church resolved, a little more than a year ago, to follow our people beyond the Kei, who had been torn from her mission by the Fingoe exodus, we mutually agreed to maintain missionary operations in those regions by quarterly itinerations. As each quarter came round, a United Presbyterian brother went with one of the Free Church brethren. This has been done up to the present moment; and is to be done until the Transkeian territory, comprehending the Fingoe and Kreli territories, are occupied by the missionaries from our respective churches in Scotland, for whom we are greatly longing.

"The Transkeian territory, with which we have to do, includes the part lately granted to the Fingoes by the English Government, and the sea-border, extending from the Kei to the Mbashee Rivers, now occupied by Kreli and his people. Both these divisions of land once belonged to him and his ancesters, and were always in possession of the great Kafir tribe of the Galekas.

"In addition to supplying religious ordinances to our respective native converts, and preaching the Gospel among the heathen in those regions, we were anxious to come to a definite understanding with the Fingoe chiefs, and with Kreli, about portions of land which they had tacitly promised for ecclesiastical and educational purposes. It was our desire that these chiefs should now indicate the spots, and keep them in reserve. The limited area of the lands at the disposal of the Fingoe chiefs has prevented the missionaries asking for any land, beyond a glebe to the missionary and the schoolmaster, and sites for missionary and educational buildings. The native Christians among the Fingoes are to remain where they have been located by their chiefs, without being congregated in masses upon so-called mission lands. There can be no such institutions, therefore, as mission stations in the Transkeian Fingoe territory; and I think that for the purpose of a wider diffusion of the blessings of the Gospel this is a better arrangement than what necessarily exists at our mission stations among the Gaikas.

"We are uncertain as to what shall be the conditions for the tenure of land, by missionaries in Kreli's country. One thing is certain, that the chief holds with a firm grasp the land which he now possesses. All that he has yet indicated is, that the missionaries are at liberty to choose one or other of two places. The site for a second station,

which should be in the centre of his country, is a matter which the missionaries must yet unite their wits to gain from the chief.

"In the Fingoe territory, the head-quarters of our present missionary itinerations are at the Mbulukweza, which is the property of our Fingoe Christians, formerly connected with the Mgwali; and whilst these converts expect the future missionary to settle among them, there is no suitable spot for a station, as the locality is inaccessible and confined. Adjoining it, however, is the Mbulu, a splendid site in every way. It stands in an open space, betwixt two streams, at the base of well-wooded mountains, and has an extensive southern aspect. This district is owned by an active, clever, intelligent young Fingoe chief of the name of '*Moni*,' '*sinner*,' a cognomen, however, which is not singular in his case. Moni is very anxious to have the new missionary located with his people, which would enhance his dignity and importance in the estimation of the rival chiefs in the neighbouring districts. His district is not only the most central and extensive, but also the most populous, and has greater natural capabilities and resources, which ought never to be lost sight of in selecting a mission station.

"The probable site of the future mission of the Free Church is on the Toleni, where, and at two other places, a native elder and Scripture reader are already at work. The Free Church brethren have the largest number of native chiefs.

"Our last itineration extended over 20 days of long, constant, and ofttimes wearisome travelling on horseback. After making all necessary preparations for our journey, and storing Mr. Ross's waggon with provisions and bedding we followed on horseback. The night overtook

us at Tyala's kraal, one of Sandilli's old councillors, who lives not far from the Kei. Next morning, after Tyala's present of a sheep by way of hospitality, we descended, and crossed the difficult drift of the Kei at noon. After ascending the rugged hills beyond, we relieved our oxen from the yoke and our horses from the saddle, and refreshed ourselves by a rest and a hearty meal. After an hour and a half, we left the waggon, and took a circuitous route to the Mbulukweza, crossing the high mountains between the Caba and the Mbulukweza. The Caba district is owned by a Fingoe chief, who belongs to the Church of England mission. Some of his people belonged to our denomination, whilst on the colonial side of the Kei, and have renewed their connection by presenting their certificates of membership to us, and have joined the church now being formed at the Mbulu. When we crossed the Caba stream, two women came out of a hut, which belonged to a kraal close to the road. Their garments were very much the worse for wear. They greeted us very politely. When we inquired who they were, they informed us that they came from the Blinkwater, upwards of a year ago, and were candidates for church membership, in connection with the London Missionary Society there. It was truly charming to notice the joyful smile on the countenance of the younger woman, when we said that we would hold Divine service on the following day, Sunday, at the Mbulukweza. They said that they had been already there, on other Sundays, and would be sure to come to-morrow. Denominational preferences exist even in the mission field! Our people declare they would go a long distance to drink the milk of the Word, from the *milk sack* from which they had been accustomed, and if they could not get it from *that*, then they would take the milk

that most closely resembled that of their own cherished *milk sack!* This state of things, I suppose, cannot be remedied, so long as there are such names in Christendom as Presbyterians, Episcopalians, Independents, Baptists, Wesleyans, and Roman Catholics.

"At five o'clock in the afternoon we reached the Mbulukweza, where the greater part of our late Mgwali Christian people are located. A most affectionate people they are, who would do anything for their ministers. We sent a messenger to invite Moni's people, at the next district, to come to church on the following day; with a request that they would act for Moni, who was absent, and send another messenger to Mhle and his people, at the Xolobe, also to come. Our messenger returned with the somewhat rude reply from Moni's representatives, that they would neither send a messenger nor come to church; that they knew nothing about Sunday, and did not care to be sent hither and thither about a thing which was no business of theirs. The emphasis, with which this stern refusal was repeated in Kafir, made us laugh with astonishment. It is simply an act of politeness, if you can get men who care nothing for the Gospel to do anything for it. Hence, as a rule, we do not calculate upon any help from that source. But we must act our part, whether or not they care for us or our message, which makes its own way afterwards. Many of those, who now prize the Gospel above all things, once scorned it as much as Moni's men do.

"On the Lord's day, the voice of praise at early dawn from the huts of our people near us broke our slumbers. In the forenoon, I preached; and Mr. Ross, in the afternoon. On both occasions we had an audience of 90 persons. After the services, we were employed organizing the church, by examining certificates and enrolling the names

of members. These, with two elders, amounted to 43 persons. There were also five candidates, whom we formed into a class, and instructed and confirmed. Thus, there is already a church at the Mbulu, awaiting the superintendence of some man of God. It is not every mission station that is commenced with such a nucleus, to sustain the missionary by their prayers and sympathies. One of the two elders at this place belonged to the London Missionary Society, and the other to the Free Church, and so it is with some of the church members. By mutual agreement, members and candidates, on the west side of the Tsomo, are transferred to the missions of the United Presbyterian Church, whilst those to the east are handed over to the Free Church.

"On Monday, we visited the districts of the chiefs, Moni, Njikelana, Tobe, and Mkehle. The first two chiefs are willing to give land for ecclesiastical and educational purposes. Njikelana's people, among whom there are 13 members, and two candidates, are, like our Mbulukweza people, very anxious to have schools. In both places they are willing at once to supplement by £10 a year a schoolmaster's salary. The people of Njikelana have been well trained at Burnshill Free Church Station. We did nothing at Tobe's as he was from home. However, our relation with him is satisfactory, as some of his people are our church members. The chief Mkehle is a curious old fellow, from whom we got no satisfaction. He was full of the unspeakable importance of his hereditary chieftainship. He cherished the greatest contempt for those fellows who had got *their* chieftainship in the offices of Government. 'If I get a missionary,' he said, 'I must get him to myself. I could not think of sharing him with another chief. I am the *earth* itself. God made me a chief on the very

first day of creation, in the full sunshine of the sun, when all things were brought home from their native wild state, men and animals such as those horses on which you are mounted.' The old fellow then treated of the genealogy of the most renowned Fingoe chiefs, from whom he is descended, and in this he was assisted by his councillors or attendants, who declared that what he said was all true. We were not disposed to dispute his magnificence, but we assured him that we could not promise him an independent missionary. I could not help remarking to Brother Ross, after we left, that perhaps old Mkehle did well to intimate his chieftainship in such grandiloquent terms, for unless he had done so, none of us would have done him the honour of supposing him to be a chief—so unlike was he to one. As he had just left the frequently cruel service of shepherd, among our Colonial Dutch Boers, he had probably suffered some rude indignities at their hands.

"Although Mhle could not promise us a grant of land he received us cordially, and promised us a site for school purposes whenever we could send a schoolmaster to his people. On our way to this chief's district, before crossing a difficult ascent of mountains which divide his country from Moni's, we came upon a village where we talked with the people, amid the frantic yells of pot-bellied little youngsters, who dreaded white men and others dressed in white men's fashion. On enquiring where they had resided before coming to that district, a woman told us that they had lived in the neighbourhood of the Pirie Mission Station of the Free Church. 'Then,' said Mr. Ross, 'you are one of my father's people!' 'Yes, are you his son?' 'I am,' said Ross, 'and I wish you to know that my father has handed over all his people in these parts to this teacher, Soga, and his brethren.' 'Ah, all

well,' said the woman; 'but is he likely to have the *thing* which Ross had, and which we used to get from him?' 'What may that be?' I next enquired. She put her hands together, and formed them into the shape of a basin, and then held her basin-hand forward and declared that old Mr. Ross, when their vessels were empty, used to fill them to overflowing with abundant rain, time after time when the land was dry. This was very amusing to me. I had before heard that our venerable father and friend, Mr. Ross, of Pirie, was reputed to be a rain doctor by the natives of his district; but here was a confirmation of the fact. I asked the woman whether the son, the Rev. Bryce Ross, his father's colleague, also had rain? She knew nothing of him, she said, but was sure of the old gentleman at any rate. 'But how did Mr. Ross give you rain?' I enquired. She replied—'When in dry times he used to call us together, and get us in great numbers to his house (church), and then he would pray till our hearts were so nice; and then the rain would come before we were out of the house.' 'Well,' I said, 'I cannot compare myself to the old gentleman you speak of, but as occasion required, we would pray also to his God, who is ours also; and He would hear our prayers.' She concluded by saying that she had no doubt whatever but that old Mr. Ross was *loved in heaven,* for he got from it whatever he wanted. This incident shows the influence of an aged and laborious servant of God over the heathen mind. So deeply rooted is the confidence of Pirie Fingoes in Mr. Ross's skill in *rainmaking* that they have been known in times of drought, heathen though they were, to go in crowds of their own accord, to ask him to pray with them for rain. Should Mr. Ross happen to be from home when they arrived, great was their disappointment. They believed in the power of the prayers of no one else.

"After two days' visitation, we proceeded to the district, fixed upon by the Free Church, and having called upon different chiefs we made arrangements with them about the locations of evangelists and schoolmasters, and also entered into treaty for a site for the central station, after which we passed on to Kreli's country. It was four o'clock in the afternoon when we alighted at the chief's kraal. There are two kraals in close proximity. At both, there was a large gathering of the attendants at court. The chief could not be seen, as he was said to be from home; but he would return before the next day. As we could not approach the chief's village with our oxen for fear of the lung sickness infecting the chief's cattle, we were obliged to keep at a respectable distance from his, and all other kraals. In the evening a goat was brought to us for slaughter by Ludidi, a younger brother of Kreli, which we accepted with becoming expressions of gratitude.

"On Sunday, Sigcawu (Spider), the crown Prince, called with an attendant very early upon us. He is an exceedingly promising young man, of about 24 years of age, of a reserved quiet disposition; but a good observer of transpiring events. All that I have heard of this young chief is to his credit. The Galekas do not like him, because he stabbed nearly to death a young man for cohabiting with one of his wives. Sigcawu is reported to be an enemy to Kafir vices of every name. He took his breakfast with us in princely dignity. Specimens of Nature's own nobility are to be found by dozens among his race. In appearance the young chief is exceedingly prepossessing.

"On the forenoon of the same day, Kreli came to our encampment with a considerable body of attendants. As

they came along the road walking, in a long line, and in single file, I identified him at once from his tall, commanding figure, in the exact middle of the line. In the usual formal Kafir way, he asked the object of our visit. That it should be his pleasure to give and point out to us a site for the contemplated mission station among his people and in his country, was our answer. His reply was very courteous; and he referred the whole matter to the British Resident, as he was the best judge of the most suitable site for a mission station. We returned our thanks to the chief for what he said to us, and expressed ourselves satisfied.

"We asked the chief for general news. These he gave us with exceeding goodwill. Kafir custom and etiquette require, that if you first ask news of me, after relating all, I must next ask news from you, and in the same way you relate what you know. After the chief had entertained us with news, an opportunity occurred to unfold to a large congregation of Kafirs the message of love and mercy. Such an opportunity we have not had before with these people; and with God's help we availed ourselves of it. For two hours, in a conversational way, we reasoned with them of 'righteousness, temperance, and the judgment to come.' The conversation, which ultimately took a practical religious turn, was introduced by themselves. The chief first inquired about my visit to Cape Town. He asked about the ships of the white men; and a description was given. Then he wished to know if Cape Town was beyond the sea. He was told that it was in the same land in which we were. He then asked where England was, the proper home of the white men—the land of the great Queen Victoria. An account of it was given. He then asked if there were other countries and nations

of white men beyond the sea. Other European nations and countries were named. He then inquired if there was any other colour besides white and black among the nations of the earth. This question was answered in the affirmative; and we mentioned the Chinese, the Malays, the Egyptians, Persians, &c. The next question was—What is the white man's account of the origin of these different races of men? I asked them what their own account of the creation of man was. They said they did not know. I said: 'Your own account is, that men originally issued out of a hole in the ground; the white men from one hole, and the black men from another. This, however,' I proceeded, 'is not the account which the white men gave of the origin of the human species.' A Scriptural history of the creation of man was given, till we came to the three sons of Noah—the representative heads of the existing races of the earth. The terrible reality of human depravity, consequent on man's fall, was taken up, and discussed with keen interest and animation on both sides. In its wide ramifications, it included their own special vices, which they dared not dispute. The proofs of the immortality of the soul seemed to electrify them, as having never viewed the complex nature of man in the light in which Mr. Ross and I represented it. They brought in, of their own accord, the central truth of Bible doctrines—the death of the Son of God. We were asked to give our account of Him. Need I say that it was enough that the opportunity was given us? Whether they had referred to it or not, it would have come up, and they would have heard of 'the great mystery of godliness.'

"At last they ceased questioning us; and we asked if they had anything further to ask, to which they replied that they had exhausted all their topics, and that on all

the points discussed they were satisfied. Mr. Ross afterwards preached to the chief and his assembled councillors; and thus closed our labours for the day.

"On Monday we proceeded to the British Resident, and informed him of the chief's words, when he told us that there were two places, either of which we could select as a site for a station; but as Mr. Ross and I considered that the actual choice should be decided by special appointment of the united missionaries, we deemed it unadvisable to settle the point. We then proceeded to the district of the Free Church in Fingoland, and itinerated during the whole week.

"The following Sabbath found us still in this district, at the Toleni, and at a kraal of one of our native Christians. We dispensed the communion to an organised church of 91 members. The occasion was one of interest and encouragement to the people and to ourselves. As the disciples of the Lord Jesus, the converts were once more renewing the pledge of allegiance to their Master, and in the midst of rank heathenism. With mingled emotions, in the communion services, 'we exhorted them to continue in the faith,' and to 'endure hardness as good soldiers' of Jesus Christ. The attitude of our native converts in the Transkei is most gratifying. When they left our churches, and the constant administration of their missionaries, it was feared, and even asserted, that they would not remain steadfast. By our unbelief we do injustice to the character of God and His own blessed Word. These converts, thank God! have remained firm. We found them not sitting still, contented with what they were; but also active in proclaiming the Gospel to their heathen countrymen, and maintaining religious ordinances among themselves. Those who professed the truth, living in distant and separate

districts, after diligent inquiries, found out one another, and strengthened each other in the Lord. So much are they recognised as a peculiar people, that we met with three Christian women, in different places, who had heathen husbands, that were allowed, without let or hindrance, to profess their faith in the Gospel. 'The Word of the Lord endureth for ever.'

"The difficulties of a missionary, among Kreli's people, will be neither few nor small. That must be distinctly stated and understood at the outset. Kreli, being the paramount chief of the Amakosa tribes, has been courted, petted, and spoiled by white men and black men of all ranks and conditions. He has been in the habit of receiving gifts and presents, and all good things. The consequence is, that not only he, but all his subordinate chiefs, expect to be treated in an *open-handed* way by missionaries. The missionary who labours amongst them will have to stand the brunt of breaking down this ruinous custom, and it will not raise him in their estimation if he succeeds in doing it.

"In my opinion the Galekas will now, more than ever, resist the introduction of the Gospel. They may not prevent the establishment of mission stations, but they will oppose the progress of the Gospel among the people. The prevalent opinion in that tribe is, that missionaries are the emissaries of Government, to act upon the minds and feelings of the people, with an instrument which they call '*the Word*;' and that those who become affected by the Word, and exchange Kafir customs for those of the white men, become subjects of the English Government. Thus white men plan to get a footing in their country, which they afterwards take altogether. These are the views of not a few of Kreli's people. The other great

difficulty is, that Kreli will always expect to gain some political advantage through his connection with a missionary. If Kreli is pleased with him, and he is a white man, Kreli will try to get him to present his imaginary grievances to the powers that be. It is well to go into his country with a knowledge of these facts. But the Lord is Governor among the nations. All these difficulties, like mountain mists, must vanish before the glorious rising of the Sun of Righteousness."

From the impaired state of his health, Tiyo Soga obtained a six months' furlough in 1866, and visited Cape Town. He had consulted Dr. Krantz, of Queenstown, who pronounced his ailment to be *chronic laryngitis*, and recommended not temporary, but entire cessation from work. Upon this point Tiyo Soga was scrupulously reticent; and not until compelled by sheer necessity, did he send home the medical certificate, which he had obtained for his own satisfaction. He was very averse to tax further, as he said, the generosity of the Mission Board, as they had already defrayed the expenses of his trip to Basutoland, and aided him most materially in the visit of his wife and child to Scotland. "Although I have had the warning contained in the advice," he writes in March, 1865, to Dr. Somerville, "and the certificate beside me for seven months, I could not bring my mind to give up my duties. The uneasy symptoms and sensations about the throat have not been removed. I have endeavoured to take care and not overtax it, and have at times given up public speaking, for a week or more, when the symptoms became more severe. This has been the manner of my life at the station, and out of it, ever since I returned from Basutoland in 1863. I have found it difficult to sever myself from my duties, as each day adds to their importance and

responsibility. One reason why I have kept on as I have done is, that my general state of health is tolerably good, and I leave all to Him who will continue my life if He has more work for me. I have resolved not to avail myself of the means for improving my health, which the Board so kindly sanctions, and which Dr. Krantz's certificate recommends. The Mission Board shall not spend a pound more for me. They assisted me, two years ago, to recruit my health, and have since done much for my wife and child. I shrink from being too much of a recipient." In November of the same year, he writes again to Dr. Somerville: "It is only now that I am in a position to think of leaving home, so that my next letter may be dated from Cape Town. Permit me again to thank the Board for their kindness. Your letter containing their advice was exceedingly touching; and I could not help feeling, that it was an honour to be an agent in the Lord's vineyard under men so very considerate. When they so kindly enjoin me to take their advice, my reluctance must give way. Under such circumstances, and following what medical advisers may recommend, I shall refrain whilst at Cape Town from all pulpit or public speaking, and be completely at rest—this being a most solemn duty to the Board and to the cause of Christ."

Having gone to Cape Town, he writes from Kalk Bay, on 24th May, 1866: "This is Her Majesty's birthday. I came here last evening from Cape Town, where I passed six days. On Sunday last I preached for Mr. Morgan, and got on very well indeed, so far as my voice is concerned. Dr. Kitching who is a very skilful homœopathic doctor, recommends me not to over-exert my voice, but does not forbid me to exercise it occasionally; so, be not astonished if you hear of me preaching a little.

"When I arrived at good old Mr. Morgan's house, a message awaited me from Dr. Dale, the Superintendent General of Education, inviting me to call upon him and also an intimation that His Excellency the Governor and Lady Wodehouse desired him to take me up to the Government House. I had no objection to call upon Dr. Dale, for I had a strong desire to speak with him about the education of the natives; but I confess that I was afraid to face Governor Wodehouse. I have an instinctive dread of meeting these great people. I could not refuse, or frame an excuse for not putting in an appearance. To fortify myself, I asked the Rev. Messrs. Morgan, father and son, to accompany me to the great man; but they both politely declined; and their significant smiles betokened that they were as timorous as myself! I had, therefore, to screw up my courage, and put on a bold face, as I have had to do often before.

"Dr. Dale is a thorough gentleman. No great man, whom I have met, so easily won my heart as he did, and in whose presence I felt so much at ease. His kindness was profuse. He loaded me with his Blue Book Reports, &c., &c., and positively promised £75 a year for the girls', infants', and boys' schools at the Mgwali, as soon as British Kaffraria is annexed to the Colony. I have no scruples to accept it; and if I had the sole management of the station I would accept it with thanks, for the education of the natives, and thus give proper salaries to our teachers. I have told Governor Wodehouse and Dr. Dale that I am not opposed to the grant, but rather desire it, and trust that the Board will allow me to exercise my own judgment in this matter.

"This great kindness of Dr. Dale is owing to a simple fact, which shows that a man will never lose anything by

acting politely. When he was in the frontier, two years ago, he sent circulars to missionaries in British Kaffraria, asking them to give him information about their schools and their operation. He said that it would only be an act of politeness for missionaries to do so, as he had nothing to do with British Kaffraria. In reply to his circular, I gave him a full account of our school operations, which he embodied in his report.

"I had twenty minutes' talk with His Excellency Sir Philip. He was exceedingly polite, kind, and affable. Lady Wodehouse, though desirous to see me, could not leave her room. The doctors tell her that she has not long to live. No class of society can escape the arrow of the insatiable archer: 'Vanity of vanities; all is vanity.' Let us live our life, and enjoy it; but let us also be prepared for death."

On 18th June of the same year, he writes from Cape Town to Dr. Somerville: "It is now three months since, in compliance with the kind wish of the Mission Board, I came down to these parts to recruit my failing health. On arrival I took proper medical advice, and followed the prescription. I was recommended to remove to Kalk Bay, as a milder place, twelve miles distant from Cape Town. I remained there for two months with considerable advantage to my health, and occasionally ran up to Cape Town to consult my medical adviser, and make a few calls upon private friends. My voice so far improved at Kalk Bay that Dr. Kitching advised me now and again gently to use it, as the natural exercise of an organ is in itself healthy; and that as a public speaker it would not do to keep my voice long out of use, lest on return to my work it might break down at once. I have therefore, at long intervals, used it on three occasions in Cape Town—the last time

not so successfully as on the first two. The weather, however, at present, about the Cape, is wet and damp, whilst on the frontier it is dry and bracing just now. If all is well, I shall proceed homewards in July next, when the six months' leave of absence expire.

"From the inclemency of the weather I left Kalk Bay a week ago, and am now residing with the Rev. George Morgan, minister of the Scotch Church in Cape Town. His, the only Presbyterian church for Cape Town, unites members of the various denominations of Presbyterians in Scotland. I have received much kindness from this Christian gentleman and his family. I am only sorry that I cannot aid him in his abundant labours, by preaching for him. I long also for an opportunity of addressing his influential people on the subject of our work among the heathen on the frontier. I dare not trust myself to lengthened speaking. I have felt since I came down to the Cape, and met with the people of all denominations, who know nothing of our work, as seven hundred miles from the scene of our labours, that I had a fine opportunity of pleading the cause of Christ. From my peculiar circumstances there is great interest to hear what I may have to say, and it was lately evinced on two very pleasing occasions.

"Shortly after coming here, I had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of Dr. Brown, the colonial botanist, and his truly excellent Christian lady, who is the sister of our late and venerable sire, Dr. John Brown, of Edinburgh. Mrs. Brown is truly worthy of her ancestry. Having an eminently missionary spirit, she introduced me to some Christian ladies in and about Wynberg who partake of her spirit. A few days afterwards she invited me to a meeting with these ladies in her house, to have a friendly talk

about mission work in Kaffraria. I complied with this invitation, to my great satisfaction *afterwards*. There were about twenty-five ladies present. There was no formal speech. Dr. Brown was their spokesman; and for a whole hour I answered his questions in various ways for the information of the good ladies.

"The other occasion to which I refer is this: The Cape Town Young Men's Christian Association, on my arrival, courteously requested me to give them a public lecture when my state of health would permit. I declined until I got the above good advice of Dr. Kitching. About a week ago, I delivered to a crowded audience a lecture on 'Some of the Current Popular Religious Opinions of the Times.' The lecture, such as it was, was exceedingly well received. Missionaries must show that they can speak on other questions than those in which they are more immediately interested.

"In and around Cape Town I have met with excellent men of all denominations. For a month, at Kalk Bay, I lived in the household of Mr. Best, the English Church catechist and schoolmaster. Without exception, he is one of the finest Christian men whom I have met; and that is saying a good deal. The kindness of his dear family is one of those things that will linger long and most pleasantly in my memory. When I think of Mr. Best, the words of the poet Gray come up to my mind:

> 'Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
> And waste its fragrance on the desert air.'

"I had delightful fellowship with Cape Town ministers of different denominations, who, for the last twenty-five years, have held a united fortnightly prayer meeting. The first of these meeting which I attended I shall never

forget. I felt myself sweetly drawn within the Christian influence of men whom the Lord has honoured and blessed. The memory of that hour of delightful Christian fellowship lingers to this moment. I could have enjoyed the sederunt for several hours longer. I have since had the pleasure of attending other meetings of these excellent brethren. Here, the ministers of the Dutch Reformed Church, the Presbyterian, the Wesleyan, the Independent, and sometimes of the English Church, meet as brethren. I am told that there is wonderful harmony among them; and I thoroughly believe it."

Tiyo Soga wrote to an old Lovedale school-fellow, urging him, if invited, to preside at the lecture which he was about to give to the Young Men's Christian Association. This old school-fellow was the late W. R. Thomson, M.L.A., who was then engaged in literary work in Cape Town, and silently earning for himself an honourable colonial reputation. Mr. Thomson replied as follows: "About your lecture, you must really forgive me if, when applied to, which is not at all likely, I should refuse to take the chair. It would never do. I am nobody in Cape Town; and it would be gross presumption on my part to preside on such an occasion. Mr. Morgan is the man. Will you allow me to give you a little bit of advice, or rather. caution? I have not, of course, the slightest idea how you have treated the very interesting subject which you have chosen; but I have no doubt that if only treated as you did your text the other day, you will command the attention, admiration, and respect of all your hearers, who will be numerous, and, here is the point, *of a very mixed character*. You will likely have men and women before you of every denomination—Papists as well as Protestants, High Church, Low Church, Broad Church, Liberals, and

orthodox Englishmen, Dutchmen, Germans, Jews and Gentiles; in fact, as many creeds and nationalities as assembled at Jerusalem on the day of Pentecost. Now, without for a moment advising you not to be bold and manly in your assertion and vindication of what you believe to be truth, I hope you will be cautious, and not give needless offence. You have perhaps had opportunity enough to notice how excessively thin-skinned and jealous, in the matter of sect and creed, the people of Cape Town are. But knowing your calm, thoughtful, gentle, yet firm character, I am, I fear, only giving you an impertinent lecture which is not required. Forgive me, if I have been over-officious with unnecessary advice.

"I see that your lecture is fixed for next Thursday evening. Of course, though I would not dream of taking the chair, I hope to be *there* with strong lungs and heavy heeled boots, and make you hear my cheers and the noise of my shoe leather, with that of hundreds of others. I am glad to be able to tell you that, from the accounts of many people with whom I have spoken, your sermon gained the objects which you had in view. It did good, great good; and you succeeded in winning for your poor despised blacks great credit and praise, by throwing such lustre upon their obscurity and low estate. Go on as you are doing. God has given you a special work to do. He has raised you up to be a marked character in our country; and many, many of your countrymen will, I feel confident, ere long be raised to a higher level, through your direct influence, and through that of others whom you have brought to respect Kafir character and intellect."

According to the *Cape Argus*, the lecture was delivered on 5th June, 1866, "in the side room of the Commercial Exchange. The chair was occupied by the Rev. Dr.

Brown, and the attendance was both numerous and influential. The lecture was listened to with great interest. It exhibited great facility of exposition and illustration; and the style of the composition, though homely, was never commonplace. The sentences were most admirably put together, and there was a refinement and earnestness of tone pervading the address."

Tiyo's health seems to have been benefitted by the change to Cape Town. He writes: "After an absence of six months, I returned on 25th July to my home, family, people, and work. Being of rather a sanguine temperament, I am afraid of saying about my health what may, perhaps, be too favourable. I can say, however, that I am not what I have been for the last three years. I am stronger. The throat and voice have been greatly improved. They were rather worse when I left Cape Town, owing to the damp winter, and I beat a precipitate retreat homewards. There is a singular fact about the state of the seasons in Southern Africa, which is worthy of remark. In the Western division of the Colony, that is about the Cape, the summer is dry, and the winter wet and stormy. In our Eastern part of the Colony, the rains fall in summer in great copiousness, often flooding the country; our winters, again, are dry, with high north-westerly winds. The distance between the two divisions, for such a dissimilarity of the seasons, is *only about* 500 miles.

"For the present improved state of my health and throat, I am indebted, I think, to Dr. Wills' (of Edinburgh) system of inhaling his remedies for throat and chest affections, which my friend, Mr Bogue of Glasgow, at my request, procured, along with the medicines and inhaling apparatus, with great promptitude. They

reached me by the mail steamer just as I was preparing to leave Cape Town. He has also consulted Dr. Wills on my case, in accordance with his own description of it in his papers. I commenced the application as soon as I got home, and am still applying it with the happiest results, which, however, may only be temporary. I have again formally resumed my missionary duties. For the present respite and relief, I bless the Lord, 'who remembereth us in our low estate, because His mercy endureth for ever.' I note also, with great gratitude, the kind forbearance and indulgence of the Mission Board of our Church. Should the Board think it needful to make changes upon the mission field, in view of the calls beyond the Kei, which I am sorry to see are as yet unanswered from home, the state of my health needs be no barrier to my removal thither."

The catechist at Kalk Bay, referred to by Tiyo Soga in his letter to Dr. Somerville, has furnished a "reminiscence of Tiyo Soga, as an affectionate contribution to this memoir, by a faithful disciple, old and feeble, whose working days are ended, who felt that he must say something, but had no longer the power to write, or to put what he had to say in a more acceptable shape."

"Although," says Mr. Best, "I was acquainted with the Rev. Tiyo Soga only a short time, few persons knew him better. I have often wondered how a man with his youthful surroundings could have turned out such a thorough gentleman, and thorough Christian! . . . . . He was one of my family for several weeks, and I have always looked back upon those weeks with unfeigned pleasure, as the happiest period of my life. He was suffering from an affection of the throat, and came to this sea-side village to improve his health. He got better

daily; and ere he left, he was able to use his voice freely. I took the responsibility, from knowing the large-heartedness of our good Bishop, to allow him to officiate in my stead. He did so on two occasions. He preached, from Psalm cvii. 7, a very useful, practical sermon, showing that God's way is always the right way, though it may not so appear to us. On his last Sunday he preached from Psalm cxxxvi. 23, 'Who remembered us in our low estate, for His mercy endureth for ever.' He spoke in a very touching manner of God's goodness to himself, a heathen, the son of heathen parents, in remembering him in his low estate, raising him from this low estate, and giving him a place and a name amongst the sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty. If ever a man was lowly in his own eyes, that man was Tiyo Soga. He was not an enthusiast, or a fanatic, or a bigot, but a simple-minded, true-hearted Christian, in lowliness of mind esteeming others better than himself. I asked him on one occasion whether any man of his tribe, who received his advantages, would have turned out so well. He replied that he knew many who would have far excelled him. . . . . .

"He left Kalk Bay on the 12th July of the same year, along with my family. We were all going to the wedding of one of my daughters, and Mr. Soga, as *best man*, presented a very handsome china breakfast service to the bride. I am now looking at his name in the offertory book, with the sum of £2 8s., as a thank-offering for partial restoration to health, and as given to supplement my salary. He presided at our family worship every evening. He was a good reader, a man of extensive knowledge, and the best of company. The last memorial I had of him was his translation of the Pilgrim's Progress,

in Kafir, and on the fly-leaf is written by his own hand: 'This interesting curiosity to English readers, I present in remembrance of happy days of Christian fellowship, to my dear friends, brother and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Best, of Kalk Bay.' . . . When conversing on the doctrine of predestination, he invariably silenced both friends and foes by introducing one text of Scripture, 1 Thess. v. 9: 'For God hath not appointed us to wrath; but to obtain salvation by our Lord Jesus Christ.' His name shall long be remembered, as the first Kafir who lifted up the standard of the Cross in Kafirland; the first son of the soil who stood in the gap to withstand the armies of the aliens. May all of us follow him, as he followed Christ, in humility, simplicity, and godly sincerity."

CHAPTER XVIII.

LITERARY LABOURS.

"Fly happy, happy sails, that bear the Press;
Fly happy, with the mission of the Cross."

TIYO SOGA had long been fascinated by the Pilgrim's Progress, and it had long been his earnest desire, with God's help, to give it in a Kafir form to his kinsmen. On account of the accumulating cares of his mission work, and the impaired state of his health, it seemed as if he would never accomplish the task which he had assigned to himself, and actually begun during his student days. On 21st November, 1866, we find the following entry in his Journal: "Quarter past nine o'clock, night.—Finished, through the goodness of Almighty God, the translation of the first part of Pilgrim's Progress—my fingers aching with writing." He writes to Dr. Somerville: "I have not been idle. I have been carrying through the press a translation into Kafir of the immortal work of John Bunyan. I gave the translation over to the Free Church brethren, who have a printing press, and they have joyfully undertaken to publish it." To Mr. Bogue he writes: "You will be glad to hear that I have got the length of having finished the translation of the Pilgrim's Progress in Kafir. It is being printed at Lovedale. We applied to the Religious Tract Society for their woodcuts, so as to have it illustrated, and they cheerfully granted our request. I long to see the reception of this noble work by our native Christians, as well as by our people who

can read. We publish only the first part of it, and it is all that is finished, until we see how it takes among the people. The reception will indicate whether or not I should complete it. It will be something new for our people. I translated a large portion of it when a student in Scotland; but, as then translated, the Kafir of it would have spoiled the work."

This work was dedicated "to the Rev. William Govan, the founder and superintendent of the Lovedale Free Church Missionary Institution, one of the long-tried, unwearying, constant friends and benefactors of the native races of South Africa, by his friend and pupil, Tiyo Soga." The criticisms of the translation were laudatory in the extreme. All, competent to form an opinion, pronounced the translation a great success. It was read with avidity at every station. Some missionaries, at their weekly services, read portions of it to their people, and lectured upon it. Children were fascinated with the story. Tiyo Soga was privileged to see his volume everywhere welcomed. A second edition, in a more attractive form, has emanated from the Lovedale press. The following opinion of the book, and there is no exaggeration in it, will give to the reader a concise account of Tiyo Soga's great work:—

"Mr. Soga's ability, as a public speaker in English, is admitted by all who have listened to him; and those who have heard him in Kafir, as well as in English, admit that his greatest power lies in his own language. The translation shows how carefully and successfully he has adapted the shades of meaning, peculiar to the Kafir language, to the niceties of English idiom. The doctrinal portions of the work have been accurately, yet almost literally rendered, and specially so where quotations from the Scriptures

occur. The descriptive scenes and conversational parts are more freely translated, and the meaning of the text has been most forcibly and strikingly given in expressive native idiomatic forms. To accomplish this, a word or sentence has occasionally been supplied; but, in no case, has the sense been changed. The pathetic and emotional parts have been naturally and exquisitely expressed; and where the immortal Bunyan has provoked a smile, by some quaint yet simple pleasantry, the translator has caught the exact meaning, and given a life-like reproduction of the original.

"There seemed great difficulties as to the names of Bunyan's characters; but the translator has been most felicitous, not only in the meanings of the names, but in giving them in euphonious Kafir. A few instances will serve to show this: *Obstinate* is Pikapele; *Pliable* is Vumazonke; *Worldly Wiseman,* Sazingazwe; *Love of Vain Glory,* Tandu'dums; *Sir Harry Greedy,* Bawela; *Implacable,* Zondinzendo; with many others which *could not* be more happily translated.

"The Slough of Despond is faithfully represented; and the conflict with Apollyon, is inimitably reproduced. Of the truth of the latter statement, the following incident is the best proof. A missionary, travelling in Kaffraria, a short time ago, happened to have in his possession a proof-sheet, containing a description of the conflict. Having read this to a native he was asked if the writer had himself witnessed the scene; and being informed that this was the translation of an allegory, the native in great astonishment replied, that it appeared to him impossible for any one but an eye-witness to have given such a description. No translator could desire a higher recognition of the merits of his work, than this tribute so unconsciously paid.

"The Valley of the Shadow of Death is very graphically described; and the representation of Vanity Fair is perfect. The noble sentiments of Christian and Hopeful are touchingly given; and the *animus* and frivolities of the judge and jury are represented to the Kafir reader with great vigour. The same may be said of the description of Giant Despair, and Doubting Castle; and in the passage representing the journey from the Delectable Mountains to the Celestial City, the reviewer read the old story in its new dress, with all the delight and fascination experienced on reading it in his boyhood."

It was well-known that Tiyo Soga, since entering the mission-field, was collecting Kafir fables, legends and proverbs, fragments of Kafir history, rugged utterances of native bards, the ancient habits and customs of his countrymen, and the genealogy of Kafir chiefs with striking incidents in their lives. Great expectations were formed by his friends concerning such a work, which he was so well able to execute. Fragments of this mystic lore he published in a few articles in "*The Indaba,*" which showed his intimate knowledge of the past events of his country. One or two of these articles revealed a depth of playful humour in his character, and formed probably the most attractive contributions in that praiseworthy attempt to awaken in the Kafir a taste for reading. This task was never accomplished. His pencil notes are of so brief and fragmentary a character, and withal so illegible, that it is impossible now to furnish any connected and intelligible narrative. His biographer has often seen him seated in a Kafir hut, adjoining his house at the Mgwali, when the station people were asleep, sitting with pencil and note-book in hand, jotting down what he expected to give to the world, whilst an old

man named Gontshi, as grizzled as the ancient mariner, with a well-filled pipe, and a huge bowl of coffee before him, waxed eloquent in his narration of incidents of Kafir history, and of Kafir fables. These papers are lost; and Gontshi has reached that period of life when memory fails. Only two fragments are preserved, in which the reader will be at all interested; but they may serve as a specimen of what Tiyo might have done had he lived to carry out his purpose. The first, abridged, is on *Kafir doctors.*

"The Kafirs are in a transition state. This is an acknowledged fact, and proofs everywhere abound. The people are fast settling down into a condition which must alter or greatly modify their primitive habits, customs, and institutions. To me it is specially interesting to note down many things connected with them which are fast passing away, and not otherwise likely to be known. Besides, whatever relates to their species has a general interest to all men, and cannot be devoid of useful information and instructive lessons.

"As a good deal of what is curious among the Kafirs is connected with their doctors, and as I am in a position to obtain from my countrymen all the information that I desire, without reserve or suspicion, I have collected many details from one of my elders, who was a doctor in his heathen state."

Superstition runs through the whole system of Kafir belief, in every event and act of life. Tiyo Soga had purposed giving a description of these superstitions; but his notes are meagre, and little use can now be made of them. The following may bear transcription:—

"1st. *Necklet of the hair of a cow's tail.*—When a Kafir suffers from a lingering and troublesome disease, the services of a witch doctor are sought, who invariably

orders that a few hairs be plucked from the brush of a cow's tail, and when plaited be constantly worn round the neck. This is a charm to get rid of the troublesome infirmity. I heard of a woman, going to a dance, and forgetting to put on this necklet. Some time thereafter she was seized with illness, and she attributed it to this neglect, and declared that it was mainly owing to her necklet that she had hitherto enjoyed such good health. If a married woman takes ill, her first act usually is to leave her husband's home, and go to her father's place to get a necklet from the sacred cow of her father. Should this cow calve, the milk of it is drunk exclusively by those who wear this necklet; and should it die, the necklet, if old, is replaced by getting another from the progeny of the sacred cow. All these things are done at the instance of the doctor.

"2nd. *Lightning.*—When lightning has struck anything at a kraal, a doctor is called in. If a bullock has been struck, it is not touched, but is allowed to remain where it fell, until the doctor arrives. His first act is to bury the animal whole. After this he performs certain propitiatory rites and ceremonies to purify the place, and there are dances and feastings, because as they say, the Lord has paid a visit. Then the doctor orders that nothing whatsoever belonging to that kraal, and to those immediately adjoining it, is to be given or taken away until he gives permission. If the lightning has struck anything in a cultivated field, the crops in that field are not allowed to be touched or reaped. One of my elders once purchased the produce of a whole field, which a flash of lightning had struck. The owner had to gain the consent of the doctor to the sale. The purchaser did not lose by the bargain.

"3rd. Isivivane is a cairn of stones by the way-side; and every traveller, as he passes, throws a stone, and as he thus adds to the heap, he breathes the petition, 'Give me strength, Sivivane.'

"4th. Stones, placed on a tree where the branches divide, are prayers, that the traveller may find something cooked at the place whither he is bound; and when it is placed higher up in the tree, the prayer is, that the food which he thus expects and prays to find may be of good quality, and that he may eat to the full. The twisting of long grass into knots by the way-side has the same meaning.

"5th. *Imishologu* are the ghosts of the departed. If there is disease or death at a village, or mortality amongst cattle, and a doctor is consulted, he assigns, as a reason, that the *Imishologu* are not appeased, and that they were at that unfortunate place last night, for he saw them in his dreams. The displeasure of the Imishologu is said often to arise from their want of food, from never scenting fresh meat at the village of their descendants, and they are are dissatisfied with such stinginess; or they are angry at the manner in which things are conducted by their offspring, and with the reckless waste and squandering of property! The only way to appease these ancestors is by slaughtering the finest, fattest, and ofttimes the most useful bullock in the kraal.

"There are six classes of doctors among the Kafirs. The *first* class administers herbs exclusively, and takes its title from the sharpened piece of wood with which they dig up the medical herbs. They were formerly held in great repute, and frequently continued their services, when the other classes of doctors were consulted. The *second* removes the cause of disease, which is either a lizard, a

serpent, or leguan (a miniature alligator). This they do, by manipulating on the painful part, and when they have brought the serpent, or whatever it be, near to the surface of the body, they apply a large plaster of cow's dung, and thus draw out the destroyer from the body. The *third* class is that of dreamers and visionists, who discover the nature of the disease. The *fourth* is that of the Izanuse, or those doctors who *smell* out persons suspected of killing others by witchcraft. The *fifth* class is that of the Amatola, of which Mlanjeni, of 1857 notoriety may be cited as a specimen. This class regulates the conduct of war. The Kafirs cannot go to war, or engage in battle, without the sanction of the Itola. He is invariably saluted thus 'Camagu or Co'si!' He purifies them from all uncleanliness. This he does by first washing them in a stream, then he kindles a fire made of medicinal herbs, and then the warriors have to pass and repass, through the smoke. They must then sleep in the cattle kraal, *and on no account sleep in their houses.* This is repeated day after day; and in order to test their value, the warriors engage in a sham fight, after leaping with their shields and assegays through the fire. The *sixth* class is that of the rain doctors. I purpose beginning with a description of the Izanuse. They stood at the head of all the other doctors in Kafirland, and their very name, which means 'something fearful to look at,' was significant of all that was terrible in the minds of the Kafirs. Their professed object was to find out by 'smelling' the cause of sickness or death. Their importance in the estimation of the Kafirs may be gathered from the fact that no ordinary person could engage their services. They were the exclusive monopoly of the chiefs, councillors, and men of note. It was only when matters had reached a crisis — the

person being hopelessly ill, or actually dead—that the service of an Izanuse was required. Frequently the necessity for the interposition of an Izanuse was indicated by the doctors of the first or second class, who are usually consulted in the earlier stages of the disease. Generally, however, the anxiety or grief of relatives and friends needed no external promptings, and in the failure of other means they naturally turned to the last though terrible expedient of an appeal to the Izanuse.

"Among the Kafirs, the sickness of every person of note is reported to his chief, from its commencement to its issue, whether favourable or otherwise. When the relatives and friends of the sick or diseased have agreed among themselves about the doctor, they ask the chief's permission to send for the doctor. The reason of this step is, that the chief, being the lord of life and death, no private individual could claim the right of engaging an Izanuse, whose disclosures generally involve the sacrifice of life. Permission being granted by the chief, messengers are forthwith despatched to the doctor, with an assegay as a formal fee in advance. Should the doctor be 'a sharp one' (to use a Kafir expression), he there and then, in the presence of the messengers, begins 'to point out,' in general but decided and professional terms, how the evil or calamity came to pass. This is the doctor's bait, which always takes. It makes his services an indispensable necessity. It gives them confidence in his skill, and it makes the messengers, who have seen and heard all for themselves, the advocates of his claims, so as to secure him against all rival competitors in the mysteries of 'smelling out.' When the messengers bring a favourable report of the doctor's skill, he is sent for at once. Messengers hasten to his kraal, and deliver their message. If the doctor has

made up his mind to go, he sends back the messengers who came for him, a day in advance of himself, so that the people of the district may be assembled, and ready when he comes. On the day fixed for his arrival, groups of men and women are found in vast numbers at the appointed kraal. Perhaps no day dawns to Kafirs with more melancholy gloom, than does the dawn of that day on which the doctor's revelations are to be made. It may be compared to the morning of a day of execution, in the dark times of Britain's history; with this difference, that in Kafirland the victim or victims, who are to be doomed that day to forfeit their precious lives, are known only to one man up to the moment that he discloses the name or names. This uncertainty inspires so many hearts with dread; for although uncivilized men are cruel, and thirst for blood, they tremble when their own lives are in imminent danger. Many, therefore, who went to such a fatal kraal laboured under uneasy and painful apprehensions, which deepened and increased as the critical moment approached. To be absent were almost tantamount to a public confession of guilt.

"The multitude of men and women, on assembling, formed themselves into a dense compact circle, leaving an open space in the centre. At this stage they struck up a song, which custom had consecrated to such occasions; and which, indeed, took its name (Umlahla) from the transactions of the *smelling* day. It was, in fact, the knell of death; and the united voices of men and women swelled out its melancholy strain far and wide.

"These things are merely preliminary. The doctor at length makes his appearance, attended by a considerable number of people, who close round his person, to conceal him until the proper moment arrives. At the sight of this

dark, united, moving mass guarding the doctor out of view, the eager, expectant multitudes raise their voices into one simultaneous burst of wild impassioned singing. At the entrance of the kraal the doctor makes a halt. The singing is hushed, and there is breathless stillness. The doctor's signal being well understood, a man is immediately sent from the kraal to point out the hut where the doctor and his retinue are to be lodged. They move to the appointed hut, and the multitude resumes the song. On arriving at the hut, the party stands at the door, and the doctor, having completed his preparations without entering the hut, bursts suddenly out of his own company; with hurried steps and violent gesticulations, one side of his face painted white and the other black, and without a rag to the body (it does not matter what is the sex of the doctor), this shocking spectacle is performed. Approaching the singing crowd, the doctor moves round it several times, keeping time with the music. Pausing a while, he enters the wide interior space, through an opening made for him. The doctor resumes his wild antics, and makes attempts to push his head through the crowd at several points. He then takes his last stand, and at the highest pitch of his voice exclaims, 'I see thee, So-and-so,' naming his victim; 'son or daughter of So-and-so, I make thee unclean!'

"It was the custom, before the *Izanuse* arrived, to appoint the ablest speaker to cross-examine the doctor on behalf of the victim. As soon as the doctor named his victim, the questioner left the circle and stood alone, and then began to cross-examine the Izanuse. The reason why such a person was appointed was that, as all the people are subjects of the chief, no one should be put to death without a clear conviction of his crime. Sometimes

it happened that the doctor got bewildered and perplexed by the examination, and in that case his attendants came to the rescue by asking if the doctor had not come to do what they wished—by pointing out who it was that was working this mischief. The reply generally is, that the questioner is disinterested—that the victim *smelled* out is a subject of the chief, and must be condemned on clear evidence. If the persons smelled out are in the crowd, they are immediately thrust out, and made to stand before every eye; and if they manage to effect their escape, their cattle are then confiscated. But if the victim happens to be the beloved head of a large village, his people will at once seize their assegays, and resolve to die with him, if any one dares touch him. Sometimes the person claims the protection of a neighbouring chief, and it gives rise to a petty tribe. Such was the origin of Pato's tribe, called the Amaqunakwebe.

"The Izanuse are never prosecuted for false accusation, although the evidence may be strong against them. If the victim is not persecuted, he very easily escapes for a time to some other place; and when the excitement has subsided, he quietly returns to his former place, especially if he be a man of note.

"If, however, the questioner cannot overturn the statements of the doctor, a consultation takes place among those who solicited the doctor's services. The accused parties are then apprehended by men appointed for the purpose; and are left in their custody. The horrid work of extorting confession by torture then commences: hot stones, not large, are applied to the lower parts of the body; then a nest of large black ants is broken over the victim; or heated twigs of the elephant tree are bound round his body. This tree retains enormous heat if its

twigs are simply passed for a few minutes through hot ashes, and also assume great flexibility, which renders it easy to bind them round different parts of the body, and thereby inflict exquisite torture. Some of these persons maintain their innocence until death. If they refuse to acknowledge their guilt, even when thus tortured, word is sent to the chief to ask what is to be done. They are told to loose them, wash them with water, and let them go home.

"There is a remarkable and thrilling story in Kafir history, of *Nomtsheke* and his wife, who were both pronounced to be witches by an Izanuse. They were accused of witchcraft just as the sun had set; and as it was too late to perpetrate the acts of cruelty, they were told to go and occupy their hut that night, and they would be spoken to next day. To prevent their escape, a large body of armed men kept watch round the village. The man cautiously tried every expedient to effect his escape, but found it impossible. By a most singular coincidence, towards the break of day, a thick mist enveloped the place, and he made his escape to the mission station of Old Lovedale; but his poor wife, whom he left behind, was seized and roasted to death, although with her last breath she denied all guilt. They had three children, who fled to the station, and are still connected with the mission. In this way mission stations became cities of refuge.

"Another well-known case of a doctor's cruelty may close this subject. Nqeno, the chief of one of the branches of the Gaika tribe, was in his day a great lover of dogs. His attachment to the canine species amounted to a passion, and he had a very great number of them at his kraal. Whenever he saw that they were hungry, he slaughtered a bullock for them, and got them well fed as long as the flesh lasted. On one occasion, these

pampered animals unaccountably sickened and died, one after another. An Izanuse was engaged by the chief to find out the cause of the mortality. The chief had a faithful favourite servant, named Bili, who, from his devotion to his chief, and the readiness and alacrity with which he served him, had raised himself to a position of great confidence. To refuse obedience to the orders of a chief was reckoned an unpardonable crime among the Kafirs. It must have been so early an understood law, that it is questionable whether instances could be given in which any refused to comply with the wishes of their chiefs. It could only be done in two cases; when the individual sent was sick, or when he happened to be the chief's own milker. In this latter case, he was at liberty to say to his chief: 'I cannot think of entrusting my father's milk sacks into the hands of any other person. I do not know what might happen during my absence.' That excuse is the pretended fear lest the chief should be poisoned; and the argument is irresistible. But whilst no man dared disobey his chief, it was often easy to see whether some preferred to serve him at home or abroad, that is, on nearer or more distant errands. But the man of whom I speak seemed to find his happiness in obeying his master's will at all hazards, and everywhere. Yet the doctor fixed upon him the stigma of bewitching the chief's dogs. He was immediately apprehended; and to extort confession of his crime, he was tortured by heated twigs of the elephant tree being fastened about his body. At length the chief relented, doubtless from the entreaties of the poor man, and the recollection of his many services. His tormentors, who had formerly applauded his fidelity, stopped their inhuman work. The heated twigs of the elephant tree had, however, accomplished their cruel

work; for although the sores healed afterwards, his body bore the marks of branded rings as long as he lived. He would not leave his chief after all this ignominious treatment, and served with even greater fidelity and disinterestedness than before. But there are men in this world whom misfortune seems to doom. This same poor man was again charged with bewitching by another Izanuse. On this occasion he managed to escape to the tribe to which he originally belonged. When the displeasure of his chief had abated, he returned and found forgiveness. He was again in confidence; and so remained for many a day. On one occasion Nqeno, now grey with old age, visited Grahamstown, which was at that time much frequented by Kafirs. The faithful old servant, also much advanced in years, was one of the party who accompanied his chief. He was sent during this visit on some distant message. He obeyed; but it must have been with some reluctance, as he was now old and stiff with age. Most unfortunately for him, the old chief overheard him muttering his discontent in rather disrespectful terms, which is a great crime, by calling his master 'the grey-headed old troubler,' or something to that effect. The faithful servant's career was near a close. Nqeno resented the insult. He was, however, allowed to go on his last errand. He had executed his commission with credit. Poor fellow! he knew nothing of the doom that awaited him; nor did any one else, except the wily ungrateful old chief. On his arrival, Nqeno reported the man's disrespectful language to his councillors, who immediately led him away and hung him by the neck to a tree."

The second fragment of interest, which may be placed before the reader, is concerning the Kafir belief about the creation, and is as follows: "The Kafir has no legends, so far as I can learn, concerning the creation of the heavens,

the earth, the sun, the moon, and the stars. These things seemed to have baffled his imagination; but, of course, since Christianity has been at work amongst them, they believe that God is the maker of them all. Man as well as the lower animals are said to have come from *Eluhlangeni*, which is said to be far away to the east. This *Uhlanga* is a place where there are three large holes. From one issued the black man; from another the white; and from a third the lower animals. Each of those holes is called an *Uhlanga*. Man came out first; and then the lower animals. Those animals that are now in man's possession became his property by stratagem. The moment that a human being came in sight, as they gazed in great numbers all around the hole, they instantly rushed pell-mell into it and disappeared. Man never could approach them, but was determined not to be baffled. At last he killed a dog; but how he managed to do so is not stated. He allowed it to lie for a few days, until the smell became offensive, and then carried it to the mouth of the hole with the animals, and threw it in and drew it out, and dragged it along the ground for a long distance beyond his dwelling-place. The animals, issuing from the hole, took up the scent of the putrid dog with curious fear, the cattle bellowing, the horses snorting, and the other animals manifesting signs of excitement peculiar to them. As the animals rushed past, maddened with excitement, the watching men cut off their retreat, then went right in amongst them, and pressed what are now domestic animals into enclosures prepared for them. Thus the domestic animals came into man's possession. I must not be supposed to reconcile the inconsistencies contained in these fables.

"The Kafir story of the creation states further that the oldest son of the father of all was a Hottentot; the second

a Kafir; the third a white man. No creature could have been more happily situated than the Hottentot. He revelled in the abundance of his father's riches and luxuries. At length, by reason of the abundance in which he moved, he grew careless, indolent, and utterly regardless. His great amusement was to follow the honey-bird from day to day in search of bee-hives. One day he went out as usual, and never returned to his father, leaving everything behind him. That is the reason given why the Hottentots are such an improvident people.

"The second son, the Kafir, took a special liking to cattle, and the herding of them. Cattle ultimately became his inheritance; and when he came of age, he left his father, and set up for himself. That is why the Kafirs are to this day so fond of cattle. The other thing, received from his father, to retain for ever as his inalienable property, was Kafir corn, for which he has a special liking.

"While the oldest son, the Hottentot, was pursuing his wandering chase after the honey-bird, and the second son, the Kafir, was following his flocks in the fields, the youngest son, the white man, was always at home with the old man, his father. As the youngest, he was a great favourite. He was constantly in his father's company, waiting upon him, and hearing his wise talk. In this way he became a precocious child. His father poured into his '*soft head*' all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge. He told him everything; showed him how to do all things; and thus the white man was far in advance of the other races.

"In Kafir stories of the creation, the idea is that the Creator had the very best intentions towards the human family, and wished them all success and prosperity; but his intentions were always frustrated by an undefined enemy of man, who was always in opposition to the

Creator. For example: when he created a useful bee, that enemy opposed to it the troublesome fly; when he created a swallow, the enemy presented his ugly bat in imitation; when an eagle soared upwards from his creating hands, there was the ghostly owl brought forward, with his horrible eyes, and death-inviting voice at night. The Creator's good purpose was to give man an endless life in this world, and gave it forth that he should never die. To announce this great message to his creatures he sent the chameleon. Whilst the chameleon, with his tardy and trembling paces, was on his mission, the enemy of the human race had the swift rock-lizard ready as his messenger, to tell the human family that they would die. O chameleon! O chameleon! Though he was many long days in advance of the lizard, the swift lizard outran the chameleon, and the death-message was given to man, 'Thou shalt die, and not live.' The chameleon arrived some time after, and told the human family of his mission; but the doom had already been pronounced, and now, alas! man dies.

"It might have been well, however, for the human family, but for another misfortune. One day there was a death among them. There was great lamentation on account of this calamity. People could not understand what was the matter with the lifeless one; they could not make him see, or hear, or speak, or eat, or walk, or wake him up from the strange sleep. So they set up a loud lamentation, which echoed far and near, 'Yo! Yo! Yo! Yo!' Some one standing on an opposite hill, asked, 'Wherefore do ye lament!' The answer was, 'A human being has fainted, or fallen into a trance.' The answer was, 'Why do you not fan?' 'What with?' asked the mourners. 'With a Kafir basket-tray,' was the answer

of man's enemy. When the messenger from the Creator heard that answer of the enemy, he was so offended that he said no more, and went away. Now the Kafirs say, that had that destroyer of all things not given his own answer to the question, 'What with?' the messenger from the Creator who had asked the question, 'Why do you not fan?' would have told what they were to fan with, and that would have brought back life to the dead, and immortality would have been secured."

Tiyo Soga improved his talent for usefulness, by giving to his countrymen some of the best sacred songs yet published in the Kafir language. He felt the great lack of hymns on Christian experience in the Presbyterian Kafir Hymn Book; and he endeavoured to remedy this defect. His hymns are not mere translations, but the natural outflow of his own religious musings, founded on some Scripture. One difficulty against which he and others have had to contend in the Kafir Hymnology is, that the Kafir people as a nation are deficient in poetry and music. The hymns had to be adapted to the measure of English tunes, and the result is that, in singing, the words are not accentuated as when spoken. Where he disregarded this necessary evil, and sought rather to preserve the natural flow and rhythm of the Kafir language, he was eminently successful. Nothing could be grander than his exposition in verse of that magnificent outburst of the Hebrew bard and prophet, "Unto us a child is born; unto us a son is given," or more plaintive than his carol entitled "Heaven my home;" or more solemn than the sacramental hymn on the words "This do in remembrance of me." His hymns entitled "Christ, the Christian's Inheritance," "A prayer for all classes and conditions of men," "A Harvest Hymn," "The New Year," and many others which he has

bequeathed to his country, will long continue to instruct the reader, even although the contemplated changes in the Kafir service of song necessitate the production of hymns adapted to foreign music. He took great delight in this work; and no man could be more willing to receive suggestions as to the hymns which he had written.

It was also the intention of Tiyo Soga, along with others, to issue a series of brief practical expositions of the parables of our Lord, to meet a want being gradually felt amongst the Christian natives for a Christian literature in their homes, and also as a guide to evangelists in their preparations for addressing their countrymen at the services in the various villages. Only two expositions, from each of those concerned in the work, were issued at the Mount Coke Wesleyan press, when a higher hand interposed and arrested the work.

When Tiyo Soga became aware of the fact that he was suffering from a disease, which would probably shorten his life, he was strongly desirous to devote himself to translation-work. In this desire he was encouraged by many associated with him in mission work—conspicuous among whom was the Rev. W. Govan. There were several theological manuals, and such like works, which he had a special longing to give to his countrymen in their own tongue. Accordingly we find him writing to the Rev. Dr. Somerville, in March, 1865: "Could I be employed upon some other work than that of public speaking, for at least a couple of years, my throat might recover. As yet my chest is sound. I do not know what Mr. Laing wrote to you; but he and his brethren, and other friends, have long expressed a desire to see me engaged on translation-work, and thus endeavour to lay the foundation for a native literature of which our people

are in great need. Since this affection of the throat has come upon me, the wish that I should translate has become general. But having been called to preach the Gospel, I would only undertake this branch of Christian work temporarily, and only so long as my throat remains in its present state. Should there be no hope of recovery I might then take it up wholly until the end. In this, however, I would be guided entirely by the decision of the Board. I should not like my connection with my people entirely to cease; nor would I like to be denied the privilege of proclaiming Christ to men, unless compelled to do so, and in that case I would cheerfully forego them both. Should the Board be disposed to take up this idea, would they fix a brother here, to whom if, by the will of God, *it came to the worst*, I would most gladly hand over the charge of my work and station. There is abundance of work for two men in this district without encroaching upon each other. I would devolve upon him, for a time at least all preaching work, and the charge of the whole machinery of the station and out-stations. I would also desire to retain my position as senior missionary on the station, acting with my younger brother in all that concerns the good of the Kafirs, Christian and heathen. This I would crave simply for a time. I would leave it with the Board to make any arrangement with the Free Church brethren, who have a printing press at Lovedale, how I should do the work, as well as to decide whose property the translated works should be. There are many questions involved in undertaking such a work. Mr. Govan of Lovedale would, I am convinced, gladly consider the matter with you and agree to any proposal which you would make, as he is most anxious that I should engage on translation-work. I am ready to act as the Board advises."

In 1868, a proposal was made by the British and Foreign Bible Society that a Board, composed of a representative from each of the seven denominations labouring among the Kafir tribes, should at once be formed to revise the Kafir Bible. This proposal was heartily agreed to by the Conference. A circular was then sent by the Conference to the heads of the various missions in the Colony, detailing the circumstances, and requesting each society to appoint a representative, in order to form a Board of Revisers of the Kafir Bible. The United Presbyterian missionaries, in reply to this circular, unanimously appointed Tiyo Soga as the fittest in every respect to represent them, and their appointment was shortly thereafter confirmed by the Mission Board of the denomination. Thus Tiyo found himself once more "one of seven," as he had been ere he left the shores of Scotland as an ordained missionary.

Tiyo Soga entered into this fresh field of work with all possible enthusiasm. It was a work peculiarly congenial to him, and he brought with him into the meetings of the Board the bright sunshine of a cheerful and willing workman. He was greatly gratified in being permitted to engage on so great and glorious a work. It is better, however, to listen to his own statement of the pleasure, from a letter addressed to the Rev. Dr. Somerville: "The most important work with me, next to the Sabbath services, has been the translation of the Bible into the Kafir language. This translation is the joint work of all the denominations carrying on missionary operations among the Kafir tribes of Southern Africa. Each denomination is represented at the Board of Translators. I, as you are aware, represent our Church. The denominations engaged in this work are the Church of England, the Free Church

of Scotland, the United Presbyterian Church, the Lutheran Church, the Moravian Brethren, the London Missionary Society, and the Wesleyan Society. The translators agreed, at their first meeting, to commence with the Gospels. Up to this point the work has gone on to the satisfaction of the whole Board. The desire of all is, to reach the result aimed at—viz., the production of an *idiomatic* version of God's Word in the Kafir language. The greatest possible harmony and goodwill have prevailed. The translation of the first Gospel was slow and tedious, which was owing to the fact that, from the first chapter to the last, we had to proceed with care and caution, and to lay down rules and principles of rendering that shall apply to all the other books. We had to fix the shades of meaning in synonymous, or relative terms or words. The advantage, from what the translators had done, was very apparent, in the comparative ease with which the work was executed when we came to St. Mark. We are now translating St. Luke's Gospel, with every prospect of getting on quite as well with this book as with the one before it. It will not be long before the four Gospels are in the hands of our Kafir-reading native population. The Elzivir edition of the Greek Testament, by Mill, is our text-book of the original, so as to be in keeping with the English Bible. May God help us in this work! It is no task, but a delightful privilege and duty."

Later still, he writes to Dr. Somerville on the same subject: "The most important part of my missionary work is yet to be told: the translation of the Word of God into Kafir. I am still in the midst of labours connected with this great and responsible work. The translation commenced with the four Gospels on 6th April, 1869. We have had three sessions over Matthew, one session over

Mark, two sessions over Luke, one session over John. The four Gospels are now completed. In our next session, early in March, 1871, we take up the Acts of the Apostles, as far as chapter xiv. We then take up the four Gospels for a final revision, and harmonising of them, and proceed to print them. When we get to the end of chapter x. of the Acts, we shall have done the half of the New Testament. We have already been twenty months at this work. It takes us away four times in the year from our stations. Are the results satisfactory? I hardly know. All that I can declare with a grateful heart to God is, that the work has been most carefully prosecuted, both in preparation for it by the individual members, and by the executive Board; that the spirit of harmony, brotherly kindness, charity, mutual confidence and dependence has pervaded all our meetings. Whether the work be small in proportion to the time spent upon it, I feel that our experience has been enlarged for further service; and if one may judge from good to his own soul and from delight in the work, the blessing of our Heavenly Father has not been withheld from us. Such are the results of our translation-labours. We greatly need the presence and blessing of God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost, and the prayers, sympathies, and encouragement of all who love the Lord Jesus in sincerity."

The Rev. Dr. Anderson had asked Tiyo Soga to translate the Gospel according to John, and offered to defray the expense of its publication. In reply to that generous offer, Tiyo Soga writes to Dr. Anderson: "Seven missionaries of seven denominations, labouring among the Kafir tribes, are now engaged on this great and blessed work. I represent the United Presbyterian Church. The forming of the text, *that is* the composition into Kafir, after we

have all ascertained the meaning of the original Greek, is left to Bryce Ross and myself. On this matter we are very particular, I may almost say *determined*, to allow nothing but what is pure and idiomatic into our future Kafir version. I have no faith in a translation into any foreign language, which has been the work of *one* translator; and I have no faith if that translation has been made by a man who acquired the language, into which he translates, after he was 17 years of age. There may, of course, be men of great mental endowments and capabilities; but no man can acquire such a thorough knowledge of a foreign language, after he is 17 years of age, as to know it better than those to whom it is their vernacular. I began the study of English when I was 15 years old, and any man who would say that I am more competent to give a pure version of the English Bible for the English people than an English-born man, commits a great mistake. Were I to claim a perfect knowledge of the English language, I would be considered by English people to be *beside myself*, and they would judge rightly.

"The seven missionaries of the seven denominations have completed the translation of the Gospel according to Matthew. Shortly before we commenced the work of translation, you most generously offered to print, at your own expense, 1000 copies of the Gospel according to St. John, if I would undertake the translation. In other circumstances I would have gladly accepted your offer. But we are now engaged with one soul and spirit on that common work. As the Gospel of Matthew is ready for the press, will you not rather help us with it, as you would have done with that of John? We wish to publish, as a tentative edition, 1000 copies of Matthew, for circulation, until the whole New Testament is completed. The

orthographical changes, which we have recently introduced, require that the printing should be under our own superintendence in this country."

To Robert Miller, Esq., of London, who sent a donation to Tiyo, to assist the Board of Revisers in issuing a tentative edition of the work which they had finished, he writes in August, 1870: "I have sent you, by this mail, our translation of the Gospel according to Matthew. With God's good blessing, we have completed those of Mark and Luke; and at our next session, in November, we take up that of St. John. When the four Gospels are finished, we propose at present to send them out to our Kafir-reading population as the glad tidings of our blessed and adorable Redeemer, the Lord Jesus Christ. We hope to finish the Gospel of John in one session of a month's duration. The Kafir of our present version is *Saxon* Kafir, as you English people say of your purest writings. Please to examine it for yourself. However, all pleasantry apart, the Lord is helping us on in our work; and it is as pure and idiomatic as *three* Kafir-born and Kafir-speaking translators can make it. In laying down the text, we may be considered inexorable. We often find that the Kafir idiom comes nearer to the Greek than the English; and this we must preserve, although we may now and then be dragged down towards the English idiom. But what harmony and Christian goodwill and brotherly kindness prevail in our midst!"

Referring to the same work, he writes to the Rev. Henry Miller: "I would have spent sleepless nights in Scotland, studying Greek and Hebrew, if I had known that I would take part in this blessed work. Dr. Anderson, to the delight and gratitude of the Translating Board, has given £14 towards the printing of a tentative edition of St. Matthew. When the whole work is completed, the

British and Foreign Bible Society take it over for publication. When we have completed the four Gospels, and issued them as *one* volume, I shall thank God and take courage; for all that man needs to know concerning the vital points of salvation, is compressed within that short compass."

Alas! he was not privileged to see the realization of his fond wish. He lived to see the completion of the four Gospels, but not their publication and circulation among his countrymen. The Rev. John W. Appleyard, who had translated the present Kafir Bible, lived to take part in the revision of the whole New Testament, and was *then* taken to his reward. Man proposes; God disposes. Little did these seven representatives, who composed the first Board, know what changes would shortly take place in their circle. Ere their work had far advanced, one, and then a second, ceased from their labours; others were removed to distant spheres of usefulness; and when the translation of the Old Testament was begun, *only two* of the original members remained on the Board.

Such were some of Tiyo Soga's efforts to influence his countrymen for good; and such were some of his literary labours on their behalf. What greater work can any man achieve, than to assist a fellow-mortal to see in the four Gospels, and in the Pilgrim's Progress, how he may "rise on stepping-stones to higher things?" If Tiyo Soga has, through the press, done such work, it cannot be gauged by any human standard, as the day of the Lord *alone* shall disclose the full results.

CHAPTER XIX.

TIYO'S REMOVAL FROM THE MGWALI.

"Home in the world St. Paul had none. With a capacity for the tenderest feelings of our nature, he had chosen for his lot the task of living among strangers; and as soon as they ceased to be strangers, quitting them again."

EVER since the two Presbyterian missions responded to Kreli's call, in 1865, they made stated visits, at quarterly intervals, to the Galeka tribe, and thereby kept the field open. An application had been made to the United Presbyterian Church for a missionary. The cry, "Come over and help us," from the country of the Galeka, seemed to be unheeded. Were volunteers required to go to Abyssinia, India, or China, to fight the battles of Queen Victoria, a thousand voices would answer instantly, and the flower of England's army would boldly and cheerfully step forward "to do and die." The sons of nobles also would esteem it an honour to espouse their country's cause. Such is the heroism of England's warriors, that no sooner is a section of them ordered to go on foreign service, than officers and soldiers of other regiments besiege the War Office to effect an exchange with those already chosen. Not so cheerfully do men volunteer in the service of Christ. Not so readily did preachers and students of the United Presbyterian Church come to the help of the Lord—to the help of the Lord against the mighty. After waiting for two years, Kreli became impatient, and sent repeatedly to inquire

why a teacher had not come to instruct his people. This led the missionaries of both Churches to decide upon the immediate occupation of the field.

From this point to the establishment of the mission station in Kreli's country, Tiyo Soga has minutely detailed the various incidents. Writing to the Rev. Dr. Somerville, on 9th April, 1867, he says: "I wish to intimate to you briefly that I am on the eve of another important visit to the chief Kreli. Last month, at a conference with the Free Church brethren at Lovedale, we decided to take up the field among Kreli's people. It had come to the point of immediate occupation, even temporarily, or a total abandonment of it. The chief was sending message after message, asking the cause of the delay, and telling us that he was pressed to admit others into the field. This he said he would not do, until the Presbyterian missionaries had declined his offer. He is determined to admit only one missionary society into his country, and to allow it room gradually to extend. The evils of having different societies among the same tribe, he says, have been manifest in other tribes; and in his country there shall be no such evils.

"At the Conference, the united missionaries resolved at once to proceed to the field. They agreed to form a station, and to relieve each other, every three months, until the permanent occupants arrived. Two brethren are to go together, alternately from each denomination. The Rev. W. Govan and I were asked by the conference to commence this great mission. I accepted the appointment with anxiety, at the same time feeling thankful for such a fellow-missionary as Mr. Govan. With God's good blessing upon us, we go far hence among the Gentiles, where in truth Satan has his seat. After being three

months upon the field, I shall forward a full report. It was further agreed by the missionaries that three temporary huts should be erected—two for the missionaries—and the third to serve as a place of worship; the expenses to be equally divided betwixt the two societies."

From Kreli's country, he writes to Dr. Somerville, on 29th May, 1867: "At the Conference of missionaries, when the immediate occupation of Kreli's country was resolved upon, it was agreed that the two pioneer brethren should be accompanied by as many others as could conveniently leave their homes for a few days. The object was to make an imposing and dignified entrance into the field. Some may consider this a mere show and parade; but such things have a grave importance with the Kafirs. Besides, to a missionary, the countenance and support of brethren, in a new and trying situation, are of great consequence.

"As Mr. Sclater would leave the Mgwali about the time that the other missionaries proceed to the Galeka country, it was arranged to take the Fingoes on the way, and formally to introduce him to the chiefs of the localities in his future sphere of labour. It was found, however, that the only brethren who could accompany us to Kreli's country were Mr. R. Ross of Lovedale, and Mr. James Davidson, who had just left King William's Town, to take Mr. Sclater's place at the Mgwali. Two elders of my church also went with us. As destined to be for a time, far from home, I arranged to take Mrs. Soga and two of our younger children. We accordingly started in our waggons for the Mbulu on 10th April, and the brethren followed next day on horseback. During Mr. Sclater's temporary absence, Mr. Chalmers and I had many wearisome rides, and as wearisome talks, to recover the field in

Moni's country from the intrusion of a missionary of another denomination. Moni, the chief, had so involved himself, by promises to this missionary, that it was quite a trying labour to keep him to his previous promises to ourselves. We very nearly lost our good opinion of him; and nearly lost a good station. We would not yield the claims which we had upon Moni, although it was painful to come into collision with another denomination. We maintained that as we were first on the field, the reasons for relinquishing it must be very conclusive. Mr. Chalmers and I took six distinct journeys to talk the matter over and over again with Moni and his people. At last the field was declared ours. Mr. Sclater has entered upon a promising and most desiring field, and with the sympathy, support, and good wishes of all his brethren and fellow-labourers.

"The 14th April, Lord's day, found us beyond the Tsomo at the Tyinira, where there is a goodly number of our former people. The district belongs to the Wesleyans. Mr. Ross and I went to different points to preach, whilst Messrs. Govan and Davidson conducted services at the kraal, which for the time was our home. Thus usefully we tried to employ the peaceful rest of the Lord's day. At this place I found some of my late Mgwali people, who are now enquirers. They left the station, making no profession of religion, and with no likelihood of doing so, so far as I could see. I thought that they had left us to escape the restraints, consequent upon a profession of godliness. But *there*, the seed had been sown; and *now* it had sprung up to bear fruit in this moral wilderness to the glory of God. The Good Shepherd of the sheep knows, when and how, to bring His 'other sheep' into the fold, and when the under shepherds think of them

as going into the jaws of the wolf and the lion. I could not help adoring the wisdom and foreknowledge of God in the wonderful disposal of our late people, in the Fingoe portion of the Transkeian territory. They have well prepared the way of the Lord. When they quitted our stations, we thought that injury was being done to our churches. We have found, however, that to the itinerating missionary their scattered homes form quiet resting-places, where a cup of cold water is given in the name of a disciple. We enquire, as we proceed on our journeys, where such and such people reside; when we make our appearance among them, they overwhelm us with kindness, and joyfully give us such things as they have. The tie that is formed betwixt man and man, by the bond of the one common faith, is unlike any other in this selfish world.

"When we reached Kreli's country, we found that although we had a choice of two places on our last visit, that the chief and his councillors had fixed on the Tutuka. This place is well spoken of; and captivating accounts have been brought in by our elders, of its desirableness. The choice was made by the chief and his councillors; and so we had only to accept it with thanks.

"On 19th April, we had an interview with the chief and his councillors at the British Residency. At this interview, Mr. Govan, as the senior missionary, stated that our object was to preach in Kafir the Word of God to his people; but that we would also teach them to read and write the English language. We would also introduce some of the useful arts; but this matter mainly rested with the chief, and his people. Our great object was to make known the Word of God for their salvation, and it would be our aim

and endeavour, to train up some of those who may embrace the gospel, as teachers of their countrymen. He stated further that if any of his people should become convinced of the truth of God's word, they must be at liberty to receive and obey it, and that, as their chief, he would not allow them to be troubled, and persecuted, on forsaking most of the customs of their countrymen. Such persons would continue under the authority of the chief in all lawful things; we would not introduce any person into the country without the chief's consent, and would claim no control over any land in his country, except such as may be allowed to the missionaries and teachers for houses and agricultural purposes.

"It was necessary, plainly to state some of these points, as the chief is very jealous of his authority, and the question of land is with him one of vital importance, as all but a third of his former country has been given to the Fingoes and Tambookies.

"The chief replied, that all missionaries introduced themselves in the same way; that what we had said had been stated by others before us; but as time went on, a rupture followed with reference to the people and the land, and thus the chief gradually lost his influence over his people, and his right over the land which he had given to them for a settlement; that the people preferred another authority to his, and then took away his land with them, and he gave several illustrations of such things. Our simple answer was, that we were not responsible for the acts of others. After a little friendly conversation, we were formally welcomed by the councillor Maki, in a few well-chosen words, and the site assigned to us was at the Tutuka. In the afternoon, we proceeded on our journey to our future resting-place."

These two missionaries remained at the Tutuka until the end of June, and itinerated among the surrounding villages. They preached the Gospel, erected huts for shelter, and endeavoured, by prayer and effort, to lay a solid foundation. A few extracts from Tiyo Soga's Journal show the nature of their work:—

"*Lord's Day, 21st April.*—This first Sabbath in our new field was, in outward appearances, rather uninteresting. The people of the kraal in which we have put up for a while seem shy. They evidently do not care for our intrusion. This reception is not unexpected. What interest can they have in us, or in our cause, until they know better? I hope that we shall soon be friends. The first duty of missionaries, in an untried field, is to gain the confidence of the people. The itinerating parties, who had gone out early to invite our near neighbours to service, did not return with welcome news. The greater part of the people had taken refuge at St. Mark's, a Church of England mission station, during the famine of the cattle-killing mania. Some of them have imbibed the most inveterate prejudices against the Word, the Sabbath, and its services. They declared to our messengers that these things had driven them from St. Mark's: that they had come to their own country for peace and quietness; and they deemed it a misfortune that they should be followed everywhere. What an indication of the natural ungodliness of the human heart, to call sweet bitter, and to regard as a curse the richest of all blessings! We are sure that these views will change before very long. The outspoken opposition of sinful human nature surprises us less *now*, than when we first encountered it. These people were as good as their word, and did not come. We saw bands of them passing along

with jaunty airs, towards a kraal two miles off, to attend a marriage-dance.

"*Lord's Day, 28th April.*—I went out early to the neighbouring kraals to invite the people to service. They were very unwilling to come. A chief of the name of Madikana, who welcomed us on our arrival, was the only person who gave me encouragement. He followed me to the Tutuka, with an attendant, and was present at the service. There were seventeen Kafirs present. Mr. Govan and I addressed them.

"*7th May.*—We have been very busy during the past week building our huts. Mr. Govan looks after the finances and the purchase of building material, such as wattles, thatch, poles, ropes, &c. I direct the construction of the huts, which are built on an improved principle. The Kafirs, in great numbers, bring us the material—the women especially. I remarked to Mr. Govan that never before in his life had he had such a crowd of *ladies* attending upon him, as now and daily. They declare that they never saw a man with so many threepences and sixpences as Mr. Govan, and are baffled to understand where they have come from. One woman came running to me with a very doubtful expression on her countenance. She had a new sixpence in one hand, and an old worn-out one in the other. She asked me to tell her why the white man there said they were of the same value, when they were so unlike? I explained to her. She insisted that it could not be, as the one had *things marked* on both sides of it, whilst the other had not. She thought that we were taking advantage of her. However, after talking to her, and after she had been heartily laughed at by the Kafir men for being such a big fool, she became satisfied that all was right.

"*5th May.*—I went to the Free Church mission station among the Fingoes at the Toleni, and preached to the people. The large hut was filled by an attentive audience from the adjoining kraals. They were very attentive to the word of exhortation from the text: 'A son honoureth his father, and a servant his master,' &c. At mid-day, I held a large gathering of the Christian people of the Toleni districts, beside a bush where the station is to be formed. I could not but mark the different feelings with which a minister addresses a Christian audience and a heathen audience. In the one case, he may give his experiences of Christian feelings, thoughts, and desires to a people who will understand them in some measure. In the other case, such experiences would be wholly lost. He must adopt a line of preaching or speaking which suits the circumstances. Sometimes he must reason, to convince; at other times he must alarm, to induce anxiety and uneasiness in the mind; while at other times again, he must carefully instruct in the higher doctrines of revelation. I felt an untold relief in speaking to our Christian friends at the Toleni. They sang the songs of Zion with heart and will. Our heathen Galekas here, on hearing these songs, often just stare at us and at each other.

"*Lord's Day, 19th May.*—For the first time since our arrival, I went to the great place to attempt to preach the Gospel. The place is eight miles distant from the Tutuka. I confess to some concern, having never before preached formally to the proud councillors of the great chief. I had resolved, however, to adopt no roundabout method of trying to accomplish my object; but to tell the chief, at the very outset, that I came to hold Divine service at the great place.

"I found the chief sitting somewhat apart from a great gathering of councillors. Having saluted him according to my country's customs, I went some short distance from them, and off-saddled. I sat for five minutes, surveying the scene in a quiet way. A man was then sent to inquire the purport of my visit. I stated it. There was at once the most pleasing readiness to meet my wishes in the matter. As the day was rather windy, they proposed that we should meet in a hut, to which I agreed. The chief asked a younger brother of his, sitting near him, to go himself and gather the people. In such a case, the word of the chief is supreme; consequently, the hut was filled to suffocation. I refused to allow any more to enter. Kreli was an attentive listener, and at times seemed absorbed in thought. I have noticed that those Kafirs who have much to do in the management of their public affairs, whether in hearing law cases or in discussing political matters, best remember what they hear. If you speak sense these men are sure to understand thoroughly, although they may not receive your message. I was not only most cordially received, but was told that the missionaries, having begun their work, would be expected hereafter to preach at the great place on Sabbath. I never felt more thankful to our gracious Lord than for the issue of this day's anxiety and uneasiness. The ice is now broken. We are expected to preach at the great place. We were told further that, as a marriage-dance might come in our way, it would be better always to send a messenger on the previous Saturday, so that we may not be disappointed. They said that the people did not care to be stopped in a ceremonious dance, as it was inconvenient. They would, therefore, prefer to know beforehand of our coming."

As the nature of this new mission field was better understood by the Presbyterian missionaries, it became apparent that it was beset with grave difficulties; and although, by this time, there was a prospect of other missionaries coming from Scotland, it was deemed important that a man of some experience should be the first missionary. Moreover, the chief decidedly objected to a missionary of whom he knew nothing. He wished one who could speak the language; and distinctly declared that Tiyo Soga was the man of his choice.

When the united missionaries met in King William's Town, on 4th July, 1867, to receive the report of Messrs. Govan and Soga's three months' service, they also considered the question of appointing a permanent missionary at the Tutuka without delay. It was evident that one should be appointed who was thoroughly master of the Kafir language, and was familiar with the customs, thoughts, and feelings of the Kafir people. They therefore resolved "that Tiyo Soga is the person who should be requested to undertake this work, as it is known that his appointment would be highly acceptable to, and is earnestly desired and even expected by, Kreli and his people.

When the matter was laid before Tiyo Soga, he at once complied with the request of his brethren. They thereupon drew up a letter to the Mission Board of the United Presbyterian Church, detailing the deliberations of the conference, the resolutions passed at it, and asking the Board to sanction the appointment of Tiyo Soga to this important work—a work to which they considered he had been called by a remarkable concurrence of providential indications. They likewise expressed the high opinion, which they entertained of his "worth as a man, and of his

piety and zeal as a Christian and a Christian missionary." The men who attended this conference, and signed the document to the Mission Board of the United Presbyterian Church, were William Govan, James Laing, Bryce Ross, Richard Ross, James Stewart, and A. M'Diarmid of the Free Church; and John A. Chalmers, John Sclater, and James Davidson of the United Presbyterian Church. Tiyo Soga has written upon this subject:

"The reasons which induce me to comply with the request of my fellow-missionaries are these:—that I was asked to go by *them* and also by the chief Kreli and his councillors, which I consider a call from our Master, the Lord Jesus Christ. I stated that I had no personal desire to go to that field, and never thought that I was in any way qualified for such a post, which will require the exercise of no ordinary wisdom. Nevertheless, if my brethren think that I should go to that new field, I shall try it with the help of God. I do not speak of sacrifices, which I would make by going beyond the Kei. I became a missionary, not for the sake of my family, but for the sake of my poor countrymen; and when their spiritual necessities demand my poor services, I am willing to obey the call. As to sacrifices, the missionary has, as I consider, no home on earth; and when health permits, and duty calls, he must be ready to serve.

"I stated to the brethren, that my only hesitation was as to the state of my health, which had been failing for some time past, though now greatly improved. I had long ceased to look at the bright side of life, or to promise myself many days. In my illness, I found the greatest comfort in having no will of mine own, but the Lord's, as to life or death. At present I am well. If, therefore, I can be of any use in introducing the Gospel and white missionaries

among my countrymen beyond the Kei, I am willing to try it, though life should be short. As to sacrifices, I stated that I could not consider them for a moment when I was asked by such men, who had made greater sacrifices for me and for my people, and had left, in distant homes, far more than I could leave here. The call of these good men, some of whom have become grey in the Master's service among the Kafirs, was enough for me. They ask me to go only eighty miles from my own kindred, whilst they have crossed oceans. I am not sent to a strange tribe. Kreli is the head of the Gaikas as well as the Galekas. The two tribes are related. If Sandilli has a claim upon me, Kreli has a still greater. In conclusion, I said that I would go on condition that they make the request to our Mission Board, intimate my removal to my people and to my chief Sandilli, and give me practical aid in all things that may require to be done beyond the Kei."

On 3rd August, 1867, Tiyo writes to Mr. Cumming, then at Glenthorn, Mankazana, who had been proposed by the missionaries as his successor at the Mgwali: "We fully expected you at the united conference. Important matters were discussed, and foremost among them was the proposal that I should go to Kreli's country. I had previously and carefully considered every argument for and against, and have decided to go. If I have taken a false step, the cause on which I have ventured is the Lord's and not mine. I made a long speech to the brethren, who had expressed themselves in exceedingly kind terms.

"The unanimous opinion of the brethren was: if I am removed from the Mgwali, which is now an important station, and the head-quarters of our mission, that you, as known to the people and beloved by them, should take

my place. It was not considered advisable to have an untried man here, as it would be unfair to the Mgwali people. The opinion of the brethren is, that you should be asked to come to your former people, whoever else may be appointed to associate with you."

On 10th August of the same year, the Revs. William Govan and J. A. Chalmers, by appointment of the united conference, intimated to the chief Sandilli and his councillors, at the residence of Charles Brownlee, Esq., the proposed removal of Tiyo Soga from the Gaika to the Galeka tribe. The chief had little to say, beyond expressing regret at the loss which himself and his tribe would sustain. The Gaika Commissioner took advantage of this opportunity, to administer some wholesome rebukes to the Gaika chief for the indifference which he had manifested to the Mgwali mission, for his systematic non-attendance at church since the station was established, and for his callous treatment of the missionary, who was now about to leave him; to all which the chief listened with that stolid meekness, so very peculiar to him when his faults are pointed out. On 11th August, these two brethren preached at the Mgwali, and announced the same tidings to his church and congregation.

Tiyo Soga now considered his connection with the Mgwali at an end, and was more or less a resident at the Tutuka, as Kreli's missionary; and when the proposals of the united missionaries were approved by the Mission Board of the United Presbyterian Church, he finally removed from the Mgwali, with his family, on the 4th day of June, 1868.

During his residence for nearly eleven years at the Mgwali, in addition to his native services, he had a special English service for Europeans. This effort to provide for

the spiritual wants of his European neighbours was much appreciated. To them it was like an oasis in the desert; to himself it was both stimulating and encouraging. On his departure from the Mgwali, they presented him with the following address:

"We, the undersigned members and adherents of your English congregation at Mgwali, desire to avail ourselves of the occasion of your leaving for another sphere of labour, to give expression to our high appreciation of the ability and untiring assiduity with which you have ministered unto us, both in public and private, for now nearly eleven years—to our deep sense of the loss which both we and the natives in this district sustain by your removal—to the great personal esteem, which observation of your public career and the intercourse of private friendship have led us to entertain—and to the regret which we feel at losing these privileges of frequent intercourse with yourself and family. In the new and important sphere of labour which you are now to occupy, we heartily wish you God-speed, and trust that as you continue to labour in your Master's service, you may be rewarded with even a greater measure of success than has hitherto attended you. It may perhaps encourage you when trials assail you, to think that we watch your career with a kindly interest, and that you always possess our warmest sympathies."

These few parting words were not mere compliments to a Kafir minister, but were the genuine expression of gratitude for spiritual instruction. These persons were the best able to estimate the worth of his work and ministry, for they had known him as a genial, hospitable friend and as a welcome guest in their own houses; as a wise counsellor in times of difficulty, as a faithful and affectionate

pastor in seasons of affliction, and as a man, the more that they knew his private character, who became all the more worthy of their respect and honour.

He ended his ministry, among his English flock, by preaching a farewell sermon from the text, Psalm cxxii. 6-9, and then turned the key of sacred memory upon ten hallowed years in the following words:—

"Take these words, my Christian friends, as an expression of the feelings with which I close a ten years' ministry in this church and congregation.

"The reasons which have induced me to leave this station are known to most of you, and I shall not now repeat them. Suffice it to say that this step has been maturely and deliberately taken for the Gospel's sake. No earthly considerations could have induced me to leave this place. It has been the scene of my youthful ambition in the Lord's work; of my fears, hopes, anxieties, and prayers. I can never cherish any other feelings towards it, or breathe any other prayer for it, than the words of the Psalmist: 'Peace be within thy walls and prosperity within thy palaces; for my friends and companions' sakes I will now say, Peace be within thee.'

"I am going where midnight darkness covers the people. Heathenism there is rampant. So has it been among my own tribe, until the good men who have asked me to go to another tribe, came with the light of the glorious Gospel of the blessed God. It shall be my humble endeavour to do *there* as they have done *here!* From the perpetuation of heathenism, in all its abominations, we have nothing to hope, either for the aboriginal inhabitants of this, or any other country. We shall therefore strive to labour and pray for the peace and prosperity of every class of its inhabitants.

"With a very painful sense of unprofitableness, I have striven as I was able during the past ten years to supply in this house the lack of better services to you, my European friends. I have administered to you and to your children the sacraments of the Church, and have expounded the only rule of faith and duty, the Word of God. I have spoken to you of Jesus, our blessed Lord and Saviour, so far as I knew Him in my own experience, and in His revealed Word. I have striven to lead your thoughts to dwell on that heavenly home which awaits the faithful worshippers in the Church below. Whether in such a poor ministry I have succeeded in impressing a single thought upon any of you, I do not know. Allow me to say, however, that to secure the eternal happiness of your immortal souls is *the one thing* for which you yourselves ought specially to live, labour, and pray.

"Friends, sisters, and brothers, I wish you peace and prosperity in your own souls. May God the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, vouchsafe this blessedness to you now and for evermore!

"I wish you, further, peace and prosperity in your homes and households; in all that your hands find to do; in your basket and store; in your flocks and fields.

"I wish you peace and prosperity in your children. As they grow up, may they walk as I have ever seen you walk. May none of them rise up to be a source of grief and sorrow to you. May the Lord Jesus Christ, the Good Shepherd of the sheep, lead them now and always in wisdom's ways, which are ways of pleasantness and peace. My young friends, the world is all before you—its joys, its trials, its griefs, its disappointments. Oh, remember that you will never be truly happy, until you seek and find your happiness in God your Creator, and in Jesus your Saviour.

"My last wish for your peace and prosperity is, Christian friends, that after you have served God in your day and generation, your end may be peace, and your reward eternal life and fulness of glory in the immediate presence of God.

"Suffer me to commend myself and mine to your remembrances, prayers, and friendship. My greatest regret in leaving the Mgwali is, that I cannot carry with me such a community of Christian friends, as I have had in you. It has fallen to the lot of few missionaries in this country to have, in his immediate neighbourhood, such Christian families and friends as I have had. With some of you I have lived for these ten years on terms of the closest friendship, and there has never been a jar or difference between us. Your Christian forbearance, therefore, is worthy of note. Receive my grateful thanks, this day, for all you have been to me. For all the encouragement that you have given me in my work, for all the sympathy which you have extended to me, and for all the help you have rendered, I offer you my deepest gratitude.

"I commend, to the same brotherly kindness and goodwill, those who may succeed me in this place. Honour them for their works' sake; encourage and strengthen them for their Master's sake. We now separate, each taking his own way; but whilst this is man's lot during his earthly prilgrimage, there is an everlasting home above, where 'we shall meet to part no more.' We shall be *happier there*, because we shall be *better there* than we have ever been here below.

"Once more, I breathe a prayer for this house of God, and for the Church of God, that shall worship within its walls, in days to come. 'Peace be within thy walls, and prosperity within thy palaces; for my

brethren and companions' sakes, I will now say, Peace be within thee; because of the house of the Lord our God I will seek thy good.'"

He likewise spoke farewell words to his own native flock, with an earnestness, a pathos, a tenderness, rarely equalled. He founded his parting charge to his own Gaika countrymen, on the words of the apostle, Heb. x. 23, 36, 39. The few brief notes of the sermon, which are the only surviving record, are sufficient to show that all the finest points of his character were revealed in all their attractiveness, especially his humility, in the last solemn words which he spoke to them as one who was now leaving them, and not again to be their leader.

Tiyo Soga's departure from the Mgwali reveals a marvellous amount of self-sacrifice. He had gathered together those dismembered fragments of the United Presbyterian Missions in Kaffraria, which had been scattered by the war of 1851. At the Mgwali he had built a church which had cost him an enormous expenditure of physical strength. Within its walls a large congregation now worshipped, and he was actively employed in building up his people in spiritual knowledge. He had a growing membership and flourishing schools at and around his station. He had an interesting field for itineration, and an attached number of European neighbours, whose friendship he greatly valued, and who greatly loved and honoured him for the faithfulness with which he discharged his duties. He had lived long in a dingy, damp, low-roofed cottage, but had now a comfortable mission-house. There were outward peace and prosperity at his station, and every external circumstance tempted him to remain. He might easily have pleaded some excuse for not leaving the Mgwali, such as, the impaired state of his health, or the

desire for a few years' rest after so much toil and trial; but he was not swayed by such selfish motives. Cheerfully, good-naturedly, he stepped forth from his comfortable home, and began life once more in a Kafir hut, and in a dreary wilderness, where there was neither the nucleus of a Christian Church, nor willing people to listen to his message.

The following reminiscence of Tiyo Soga, furnished by one of his European flock at the Mgwali, most fittingly closes this chapter. It is from the pen of Mrs. Charles Brownlee, who took the liveliest interest in his work at the Mgwali, and was always ready to second all his efforts for the christianizing of his countrymen.

"My first recollection of Mr. Tiyo Soga was in 1850, when, as a modest retiring lad, he had taken refuge at Fort Armstrong, with the Rev. Mr. Niven, after the destruction of the Uniondale Station, and where, under Mr. Niven's supervision, he had been a schoolmaster. I next saw him, on his return in 1857, as an ordained missionary to labour among his countrymen. But what a change had taken place during those few short years! When he left South Africa, his chief Sandilli, with thousands of sleek warriors at his back, was causing alarm throughout the Colony, having shut up the Governor, Sir Harry Smith, in Fort Cox, and was keeping the troops at bay while Makoma and other chiefs were devastating the frontier districts of the Colony. In 1857, only six years later, he returned to Kaffraria, to find it a wilderness—kraals deserted, and human skeletons lying in all directions. The Kafirs, as a people, had slighted the Gospel, which for nearly half a century had been in their midst. They were given over to a strong delusion, to believe a lie, and the punishment inflicted by their own hands was

dreadful. Sad as the prospect was, it nerved Mr. Soga to greater efforts to save the remnants of his countrymen. He therefore settled on the Mgwali stream, in the vicinity of a location of Sandilli and the Gaikas who had not destroyed their cattle—about seven miles from their own residence. A little sod cottage, with thatch roof, and walls about six feet high, was soon erected; and in this humble dwelling the subject of these remarks spent his first years of missionary life. In this home we were often welcome guests, enjoying its Christian society—the only drawback being that my husband was constantly knocking his head against the beams. Mr. Soga, in building it, had probably not thought of the intrusion of '*Ramncwa likulu*,' or he might have put the Society to the additional expense of a wall six inches higher. On the establishment of the Mgwali station, we became members of the church, and so highly esteemed the ministrations of Mr. Soga, that during ten years we attended every Sabbath, unless prevented by sickness or bad weather. It is almost superfluous for me to attempt to describe Mr. Soga as a preacher, a man, and a Christian. In these various characters, he has been so well and ably described in the notices of his death which appeared in the various colonial papers, that I may now only add, that in none of these accounts were his virtues and high excellences overrated. I shall never forget the feeling of pleasure that possessed me when first I heard him preach. The classic English, in well-turned sentences, melodiously flowing from his lips, was indeed surprising; but as the discourse proceeded, and the heart and mind became enthralled, the thought would unconsciously arise: 'Is this possible?' Many, many times have I listened to that voice, which we soon learned to love. Alas! that we shall hear it no more.

"It was quite an undertaking for us to travel with a family seven miles to church, and when the days were hot I felt the fatigue; but on coming out of church the feeling always was, 'I am glad we came; it was worth all the trouble and more.' While the sermon was the crowning treat, the whole service was refreshing, and his prayers were the natural outpouring of a full heart. I seem to hear his voice even now: 'Here we are again, O Lord, a company of poor sinners come before Thee'—a sentence with which he often prefaced his petitions. On mounting the pulpit he had often a weary look, and his large, melancholy eyes were heavy. I am sure he must often have suffered more than any one knew. But under the inspiration of his subject the jaded, tired look vanished; the eyes sparkled and gleamed, the whole countenance became almost transfigured. I sometimes attended his Kafir service for the sake of the singing, for there were under his training a softness and resonance in the singing of his Kafir congregation, which to me were peculiarly thrilling. Although I could not understand a word of the service, I could see, from the countenances of both speaker and hearers, when the subject was absorbing, pathetic, or exciting. We frequently took visitors with us to the Mgwali, and the one expression of all was that of surprise and pleasure. A few questioned the originality of his sermons; but they did not know the man; and their crediting the best authors with what we knew to be his own *bona fide* ideas, we considered the highest tribute that could be paid to his preaching. Among the visitors to the Mgwali was Bishop Wangemann, a learned doctor from Germany. On his return to our house he could not speak enough of the Kafir pastor, and said several times, 'I never have met any one more ripe in theology.'

"We often visited at the mission house, and very much enjoyed our visits. In his home he was a genial host, entertaining both mind and body. He was social, well fitted to take his place in any society, and gained for himself a welcome everywhere. The more the man became known, the greater was the regard entertained for him by all classes and conditions of men. I may here introduce an incident, to show how he gained upon people even at first sight. An official at the top of the Kaffrarian Executive, and a good judge of men and manners, said, when he heard of a white lady having honoured a Kafir with her hand and heart, that she showed a strange taste. After seeing the man, she did not at all wonder, as any girl might fall in love with Tiyo Soga, adding, 'that there were few men fit to hold a candle to him!' As a father, he was all a Christian father should be; he loved his little boys, and was very proud of them, but kept them in order. They had all fine voices; and when he led them in singing it was a real treat. In all his relations, he never neglected those small attentions which show a refined mind, and tend so largely to make a home pleasant. The duties of the husband, the father, and the head of a house, were not lost sight of in the weightier duties of the pastor.

"At Tembani Mr. Soga and family were frequent visitors; and among our numerous guests none were more welcome than they. When the visits were pastoral, particularly in times of affliction, they were doubly precious; his affectionate words of Christian sympathy and comfort can never be forgotten. One of the most pleasant parts of my husband's duty, in Kafirland, was making the annual inspection-tour through his district, on which occasions he was frequently accompanied by Mr. Soga. On his return, he always had something pleasing to tell of

the trip. I remember his once telling me that he had during one excursion heard Mr. Soga preach five sermons, at different kraals, from one text—each admirable and entirely different from the other—and, on two of the occasions, suggested by circumstances which had taken place on the way. These sermons had been listened to with the greatest attention and interest by many Kafirs, who, perhaps, had never before heard a sermon which they understood, or heard with pleasure. It was a sad day when we heard that Soga was dead. We felt that a great one had fallen, and that we had lost a dear and valued friend. But He, who took him, knew that the time had come for giving His beloved sleep; and he entered into his rest, walking in his uprightness."

CHAPTER XX.

IN THE DARK PLACES OF THE EARTH.

"On an average, the heathen get the better share of the ministry of the Church. It is right they should; for our people at home, with all their education and books, and mutual edifying of one another, are better qualified to be a priesthood to themselves."

THE spot selected for a mission station in Kreli's country was known among the Kafirs as the Tutuka. Tiyo Soga gave it the name of *Somerville*, after the Rev. Dr. Somerville, who had just then retired from a long and able secretaryship of the Mission Board of the United Presbyterian Church. "Though we give English names to our stations," says Tiyo Soga, "the natives always call them by their own. I am happy thus to mark my sense of gratitude for the doctor's many kindnesses, counsels, and fatherly concern, whilst I have been under his leadership, and also my admiration of his untiring interest in the cause of missions."

In taking up his permanent residence at the Tutuka, in June, 1868, Tiyo Soga encountered no ordinary difficulties. The site given for the station was an elevated one, exposed to the mists and damps which perpetually rise from the sea. It was, therefore, afterwards pronounced by some people as most unsuitable for his infirm state of health. It was selected in a season of great drought, when the whole Colony was parched and withered. At that time the Tutuka presented a beautiful contrast to the dry

country, from which the missionaries had come who began the work. The foggy atmosphere, coast rains, and heavy dews, to which it was liable, had rendered the grass green and plentiful. Whatever disadvantages, therefore, there were to his state of health, they were not at first apparent. The other site, which had at first been granted by Kreli, but was afterwards withdrawn, might have been more advantageous. But the Tutuka was now given; and there, with impaired health, this self-denying missionary began life afresh. From the comfortable manse at the Mgwali, he betook himself to a Kafir hut. "The interval from March to June, 1868," he writes on 10th July of that year, "has been occupied with putting up accommodation for a large family, which has been accumulating for the past eleven years. I built two additional large Kafir huts, and a *wattle and daub* small place for kitchen and store. We shall therefore, God willing, rough it once more in these humble dwellings for a time. It is not palaces or costly houses that minister *true happiness* to man. No; where in this world shall we find it, if not in Him who has the fulness of joy, and whose loving-kindness is better than life? My family has now been nearly a month at the Tutuka."

Many of his immediate neighbours at the Tutuka had resided, for some time after the cattle killing, at a mission station, where they had contracted an inveterate hatred to the Gospel. They were violent in their opposition to a "thing" from which they had purposely fled on coming back to their chief Kreli, after he and his tribe returned from their exile. To live down this opposition, and endeavour to bring them to the house of God, required extraordinary patience and perseverance. He was unwearied in his visitations of the kraals, notwithstanding the callousness,

seeking by every means to win the people to a knowledge of the truth. The brief entries in his Journal show that, although he was sometimes favourably received, their deep-rooted hatred to the Gospel was always cropping up in their conversations.

"*Lord's Day, 20th June.*—Commenced the plan of going out early, whenever the weather permits, and preaching at some of the distant villages, returning in time for the mid-day service at the station. Held an interesting service at Ngubo's kraal. Two elders have gone to Kreli's place to preach. The people I preached to, to-day, are a very inquiring and inquisitive people, very different from our neighbours. I had a most interesting conversation with them on the subject of discourse. They said they preferred the *narrow way*, of which I had been speaking to them, and added, that they never knew before that there were two ways, and they had always considered that it was all right with them. One man asked me to point out the difference between the conduct of a man who is on the broad way, and that of one who is on the narrow way. This gave me further scope for expounding the passage which I had been endeavouring to illustrate.

"*5th November, 1869.*—At Tshazibana's kraal. When moving off, after service, a woman said to me, 'Peace be unto you, servant of God; do not give up speaking to us although we are deaf.' As I approached the third kraal, where I was going to preach, I made up to a man, who asked me where I was going. I answered, 'I am coming to you.' 'What to do with me?' he asked. 'To carry on my work,' was my reply. He then asked me where I came from. I said, 'From the Tutuka.' He then repeated his question, 'Where I was going?' I told him that I was going everywhere among the villages seeking people.

He asked, 'What is the matter with them?' I said, 'I have something to say to them about their souls.' 'What ails their souls?' he inquired. I said, 'They are sick.' 'What!' he exclaimed, 'souls sick! Well, what about that?' 'They need to be made whole.' When I reached his village he gave me some milk; and I tried to teach him a lesson of gratitude to God by giving thanks for it. After a long conversation with him he said to me, 'I have been feigning to be a clown. I know all about what I have been asking you. I am a man who has resided at a mission station, and I see no truth in that thing of yours, in the dissemination of which you are wilfully wasting your strength.'

"*9th November.*—At Mnynanda's kraal. After having been asked, and I had stated, the object of my visit, we conversed for some time on the omnipresence of God. One man asked me if I knew the names of all the kloofs and villages around. I answered, 'No.' He then asked, 'Has not God told you beforehand all the names of the kraals?' I said, 'No.' 'Why, that is strange,' said this man; 'you told us a little while ago that God knows all things, and you profess to be one of His people; why, then, has He not informed you?' Here I had a large meeting, and preached from the parable of the rich man and Lazarus. Afterwards, the same man asked me, 'Why do you go about preaching this thing?' 'In order that men may be saved, and brought to a knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus,' I said. 'Why have they lost the way?' he asked. I repeated the story of the fall. He then asked me where the devil came from. I endeavoured, so far as I could, to enlighten him. 'But where had God gone to,' he asked, 'when the devil came to steal His people from Him? Do you not say that God created all men; that He knows all

things, even such as my hands do and my eyes see? Where had He gone to, when we lost our knowledge of Him, that He did not come and enlighten us? Why does He allow this being, the devil, to come and ruin us without putting forth any effort to prevent him?'"

Some of the Galekas had got a mere smattering of Divine truth, and now used it as a weapon to defend themselves against the pure gospel. "Of all sounds," said one of them, "that which grates most upon my ears is a church bell; I have been sickened with it in the past, and I care not although I never hear it again." Noiselessly, steadfastly this Kafir missionary reasoned, remonstrated, pleaded, and ultimately won some of them to attend the house of prayer, and persuaded all to listen patiently and without opposition to his message. A hardened race is this Galeka tribe, second only to the proud, haughty, self-satisfied Gaika. The latter is plausible, and hides from the missionary his opposition to the gospel; the former is as yet an unsophisticated barbarian, outspoken, and careless of his utterances to the preacher of that gospel.

Human life among the Galekas was held at a very low value. The belief in superstition was rampant, and the belief in witch-doctors fostered this belief, to lead men away from a knowledge of the truth. Not a buzzard uttered its low dismal cry, not a dog bayed at the moon, not a bullock fell a victim to pleuro-pneumonia, not an infant died, or strong man succumbed to a fatal disease, but some evil-disposed person was denounced as at work, in destroying his fellows. This was the most formidable obstacle which the devoted missionary had to encounter, and it met him at every turn of his path, greatly hindering all his efforts to elevate and christianize the Galekas. His preaching had to shape itself in such ways, as to meet

the evils that abounded everywhere; but he was not less outspoken or faithful, even although he had to unmask to the *great men* the falsehoods by which they were led astray. He was possessed of a wonderful power of speech, by which he could fascinate and charm, and sway any audience of his countrymen. The notes of the sermons which he preached show that he did not pander to their tastes, but unveiled with his own marvellous power the fatal errors which enveloped them, as a people, in the greatest darkness.

Here is an illustration of the Galeka belief in witchcraft: "2nd October, 1870.—There are very serious occurrences taking place in this tribe at present. Two men have lost their lives, because, as is alleged by witch doctors, they have bewitched Kreli's cattle with lung sickness. Others are named, as concerned in this destruction of the chief's cattle, conspicuous among whom is Maki, the councillor. I am sadly grieved. This land of the Galekas is being ruined by the baneful influence of the witch doctors. Human beings, yearly, and in no small numbers, are secretly put to death, through the instigation of these doctors. We hear of some after they have been despatched; and of others we never hear. This sacrifice of human life is kept a profound secret from those who are known to be hostile to the wholesale destruction of their fellow-men. There is no security for the most precious life among this people. They are all sheep for the slaughter. The butcher of a witch doctor has only to point out his victim, where and when he likes.

"Maki came to me last Saturday, and said that the councillors are expected to go to the great place to condole with the chief in the great calamity, which has overtaken him in the death of so many cattle. Now, he said, the

question of detecting and killing those who are supposed to be destroying the cattle will come up, and what was my opinion as to what he should say? He added that already he was openly accused of leaning too much to English ideas. I said to Maki, that I was astonished that he should come to seek my advice on such a matter. There was but one advice which I could give him, not two, 'Thou shalt not kill.' I could not compromise matters, or encourage any other course of action. I told him that he should strongly advise the chief, since he believes in witchcraft, rather to expel the accused from his country, than shed innocent blood. To-day I went specially to visit Maki at his kraals. I found him in great dejection of spirit, and meditating flight from his country. The meshes of Galeka jealousy of his reputation and powers are compassing his ruin. As he does not belong to the old Kafir party, which says, 'the customs of our fathers are the best for us,' but to the liberal party which hails the approach of light, improvement, good and orderly government from the white men, every one from the chief downward is seeking his ruin. He asked me what he should do. I told him that he should, without delay, absent himself from this country. I found out that Maki and his sons, and a good number of his retainers are already singled out to pay for the destruction of the chief's cattle, by the sacrifice of their lives. Truly, I do not know what to think of this miserably dark and heathen country. Kreli is an enigma. He is either hopelessly weak-minded, or a wicked chief. When I have an opportunity of speaking to him, may God help me to tell him all that is in my mind. The plea put forth to remove the blame from Kreli in the eyes of the English Government is, that the two men lately killed were murdered by their neighbours, and about their own affairs.

"*3rd October.*—News were brought early this morning by Maki's eldest son, that during last night they had succeeded in quietly getting his father, and all their cattle, over the border, and into the Fingoe territory. The women and children left after it was light. There was a spy at this station last night, sent from the chief's place. As Maki has not slept at his own kraal for some time, lest he might be waylaid and murdered, the spy had evidently come to use his eyes and ears to find out whether or not Maki was harboured here. He was very speedily undeceived, and left early for Maki's kraal, where he could obtain no information about him. Maki escaped in time. Every precaution was being taken to make his escape impossible, and his death certain. It is a part of the policy of Kafir chiefs, when a councillor of note and great abilities has lost favour, and is likely to seek the protection of another chief, or, as they say, to seek service under another chief, to put him to death if they can lay hold of him. This is to prevent his becoming famous under a hostile chief or tribe, and it would have been Maki's fate if they could have arrested him. His departure has weighed down my spirits very much. He gave great support to our mission in this country. It was his people chiefly who filled the house of God on the Lord's day, and impressions were visibly being made upon them. He was the councillor to whom this station was given in charge. But for more than a year his chief, who had been his companion from childhood, has turned against him. Kreli says that Maki has been reporting his doings to the English Government through the Resident; that Maki was striving to make himself great with white men, at the expense of the chief's importance; that, in short, he was usurping authority, and coercing him into courses which neither the

chief, nor the people approved of. When the Galeka people saw the estrangement betwixt these two great men, the enemies of Maki redoubled their efforts, not only to widen the breach, but to put an end to his existence. But God has interposed on his behalf, and disappointed their rage. Now they may begin to think that they have gone too far, but it is now too late to undo the wrong, and Kreli will yet suffer from the removal of such a judicious friend and councillor. Upwards of 100 people have gone with Maki, which will tell upon the attendance at our Sabbath services. A gloom hangs over the whole district. Maki was too great a man to leave his country, without making a serious blank. There are daily tidings of the flight of other influential men. How to make the chief feel that these disasters must prove dangerous to himself, I know not. I must rely upon divine wisdom to direct me *how* to speak, and *what* to speak, and *when* to speak.

"*Lord's Day, 16th.*—The heir-apparent to the chieftainship, and his uncle were present in church to-day, and I ventured, as far as the circumstance would permit, to direct their thoughts into a proper channel.

"*Lord's Day, 23rd.*—Kreli at church. He came on Saturday, and I had an opportunity of having a long conversation with him about the above matters. He is in considerable trouble of mind."

"On 20th August, 1870, the young chief Sigcawu, eldest son of Kreli, made his appearance, with an attendant, at the door of my study. He said he had come to inform me that his sister, Ngangelizwe's wife, had arrived at the great place the evening before. He remarked that he had no time to enter into particulars, but that as she was now come in person, we could go and see for ourselves the state in which she had presented herself among her friends.

"I thanked the young chief for the news, and promised to go to the great place on the following Monday to see his sister. On that day, accordingly, I was early at the chief's kraal. After resting a while, I was requested by the wives of Kreli to go and see their daughter. A short time previously, I had observed the women filing out of the hut where she was. She came out last, supporting herself on a staff, and they all squatted in front of the hut. I went up to them, and sat down beside Ngangelizwe's young wife. Having seen her fifteen months before with a fine, fresh complexion, I was struck with her appearance. She was dark-skinned now, withered-looking, and wearing a very dejected look.

"After a few general questions as to how she was, her mother requested her to uncover the fore part of her right leg. She did so up to the knee. The sight was most revolting, as that of a shattered, shrinking, fast withering limb. The injury altogether was what I might have expected to see, not in a female, but in a man. The limb had all the appearance of being run over by a waggon-wheel, or shattered by a bullet. On a closer inspection, I found that the inner ankle bone was gone, and that the inner side of the shin bone, from the ankle up for nine inches, had sustained a compound fracture, and was a revolting, raw, festering wound. During the suppuration after the injury, the young woman says that many splinters of bone came out, and that the flesh dropped off from the leg. The calf of the leg is quite gone, and the muscles have shrunk up to the bone. On the opposite side of the limb, above the ankle bone, she feels the sharp point of a bone, as if forcing its way outwards.

"When the sloughing is completed, and healing has taken place, my opinion is, that the leg will wither up,

and become useless, or nearly so. It is already shorter than the other; the young woman uses it by touching the ground only with her toes, and the heel does not reach the ground.

"I counted not less than thirty scars of wounds from the head down to the waist, and from the knee of the sound leg downwards. These scars average an inch in length, and some of them are two inches long, are knotted, and seem to be marks of scourging with rods.

"This young woman has also a constant pain about the middle of her spine. A sickening sensation frequently comes over her, which is followed by a cough that brings up a quantity of blood. Naturally she is of a delicate constitution, and if she does not fall into decline and die from these injuries, it will be a perfect marvel. I have purposely refrained from entering into details. She has received all these injuries at the hands of her husband. From having seen her condition, I have no hesitation in saying that the rumours that have been in circulation have not presented the whole truth regarding her."

This harrowing sight, ever present at the chief's kraal, roused the indignation of the Galeka people, and made them prepare for a vigorous attack upon the Tambookies, and their savage chief. The two hostile armies have since met in battle, and the Galekas have proved victorious. Although the Tambookie chief has become a British subject, to shield himself against an attack from Kreli, the wound inflicted by the brutal chief continues to rankle in the heart of every Galeka.

Despite these adverse influences, Tiyo Soga held his ground, and silently exercised his influence. A second station was formed mainly by his influence over Kreli, and his councillors, at the Quoloka, where the Rev. John

Dewar now labours; an out-station near the Tutuka was established; the site for another field of labour was offered by the chief Mapassa, which promise has since been fulfilled; and a systematic itinerancy was carried on by the missionary, and the native evangelists associated with him. The huts, which were his shelter in the first months of his missionary life *there*, gave place to a more comfortable dwelling. At long intervals, one, and then another, of his heathen hearers renounced their barbarous habits, and made an open profession of Christianity—the first-fruits of the mission being a younger brother of the liberal-minded councillor Maki. The hut, where the gospel was first preached, having succumbed to the rain and damp, it became necessary to erect a more durable house of prayer—the missionary himself had to accomplish this task. Whilst there was much to discourage, the Word of the Lord made slow yet perceptible progress. Despite all the barbarism and superstition, a few were added to the Church.

Tiyo Soga was singularly reticent about the state of his own health, even to his most intimate friends and associates. Any reference to it seemed to wound his sensitive nature. Although the Mission Board had been fully apprised by the medical certificate, which he had sent to them, indicating what was the nature of the malady, not one of his brethren in the mission field was made acquainted with the fact. They were aware that he suffered from some affection of the throat; but what it was, they had not discovered. Singularly open, frank, communicative, and confiding, on almost every other subject, he seemed to repel all minute inquiries about his health, and at times declined all demonstrations of sympathy with his apparently infirm state of health. Not until his removal to the

Tutuka, did a missionary of the Berlin Society discover, by accident, the nature of Tiyo Soga's affliction. On learning the fact, he instantly communicated with the writer of this memoir, and in the following terms :

"Are you aware, my dear sir, that our much respected friend, Mr. Soga, suffers from laryngitis, and that his recovery will be a rare chance? He may perhaps linger for a year or two. Kaffraria will have to deplore an immense loss in his death. I think that his brethren should do their utmost to remove him from his present station to King William's Town, where he will have proper medical treatment, and where he could give all his time and energy to the great work of translation. He should also abstain from all speaking in public.

(Signed) W. Rein."

On receipt of this intelligence, three brethren, without waiting for a formal meeting of Presbytery, wrote to Tiyo Soga the following letter, and in the conviction that they were expressing the sentiments of all his brethren :

"Henderson, *16th February, 1869.*

"Dear Brother,—We, your brethren undersigned, have heard with intense grief that you are at present, and for some time past have been, in a very precarious state of health, and that your present symptoms are of an alarming nature.

"We regret exceedingly that this information has not come from yourself, but from other persons, some of whom are unconnected with our mission. We know, however, that it is from no want of confidence in us that you have not brought the matter plainly before us, so that we might have discussed it at our last meeting. We know that you

would rather suffer silently and patiently, than appear to desire to relinquish your post, or to desert your brethren.

"From the information, we have met here this day to discuss the question of your state of health; and we have resolved to address this letter to you.

"We offer you our sincerest sympathy, in this your great affliction; and we trust that Providence will overrule events, in such a way that these alarming symptoms shall be checked, and means adopted for your recovery. We wish you, therefore, to write us frankly on the subject; and whatever proposals you make, we shall cordially and instantly second.

"We sent you to your present post, and asked you to occupy the forefront, to face the difficulties of breaking up a new field, and thus removed you from your comfortable dwelling at the Mgwali; but now, that your health is suffering, and your strength daily declining, we as earnestly entreat you to take into consideration, whether it would not be advisable for you to leave that place. We desire to know what course you wish us to recommend to the Board, so as to try to obtain your recovery.

"As the case is urgent, it is unnecessary for you to wait the decision of the Board, but instantly to take such steps as you may best judge. We recommend you to abstain from all public speaking, either in preaching or addressing meetings.

"We recommend your removal from the Tutuka without delay, for another and more congenial locality. We are at a loss which place to recommend as the most suitable. We have thought of King William's Town, Alice, also the Queenstown and Cradock districts. We recommend that your remaining strength be devoted to the work of translation; and if you find that the journey to King

William's Town, to the meetings of the Translation Board, are taxing your strength, to depute some brother to represent you at these meetings — the work of translation, however, devolving entirely upon yourself. Two difficulties may present themselves to your mind *anent* our suggestions. The first, how to dispose of your family; secondly, how your station may be supplied. Do not for a moment imagine that we recommend you to separate from your family, as they would accompany you. As Mr. Girdwood has got permission to commence a new station, and is desirous, from all accounts, speedily to occupy that field, we would recommend him to go to that station, and to make Tutuka an out-station — your brother Festiri being left in charge to conduct the services, and to carry on the work which you have begun. This seems to us the only way in which the Tutuka can, in the meantime, be properly wrought.

"The urgency of the case has prevented our meeting with Messrs. Sclater and Girdwood; but we feel assured that they will cordially second our proposal. It is our firm belief that they will heartily approve of it, so we beg of you not to be astonished at the absence of their signatures. We cannot delay this matter until our next meeting. We call earnestly upon you to act without delay; and if, in our propositions, there is anything of which you do not approve, write us frankly.

"We trust that, in your decision, you will obtain all needed guidance from Him whose we are, and that this, our brotherly act, will result in the desired object—the restoration of your health.

(Signed) JOHN F. CUMMING.
JOHN A. CHALMERS.
JAMES DAVIDSON."

To this letter Tiyo Soga replied as follow:—

"TUTUKA, *22nd February, 1869.*

"DEAR BRETHREN,—I received your letter on the 17th instant, expressing sympathy, and making inquiries and kind and important proposals, regarding my health. On a repeated perusal of your letter, I have felt much thankfulness to God that, as a native minister, it has been my happiness to be associated with brethren, whom the longer I have known the more I have loved and esteemed very highly for their own and their Master's sake. I thank you most sincerely for your brotherly concern for me, and for the readiness, promptitude, and heartiness with which you have shown a desire to come to my aid in time of need. How the report has gone abroad that my health is in a precarious state, and that the present symptoms are of an alarming nature, I do not know, and indeed in this country do not care to inquire.

"I do not wish to make myself either better or worse than I am. As you want frankness on my part, I assure you that after a chronic attack of laryngitis, which I had after our conference, I am in my tolerable usual health. For a fortnight after I parted from you at the Mgwali I was unwell, that is, 'I was out of sorts,' though not laid up for more than a day, and was not disabled from doing duty on the Lord's day. This is all I know of a recent illness. As I have said, I am tolerably well and in good spirits. I do not know, dear brethen, what is meant by alarming symptoms. Perhaps they do not sufficiently alarm me, and that may be the worse for me.

"Supposing there was, let Him do with me as it seemeth good in His sight. Four years ago, I made my covenant with death. Mark you, I do not say that I am well, or

likely to be as well as I once was; but at present there is no reason to be alarmed on my account.

"I think that if I live longer, I shall live as an asthmatic subject. No symptoms of pulmonary consumption have as yet appeared, although there is dulness on the left side. When these appear, as you know, there could be no mistake about them; and I have studied medicine in vain, if I do not also know that any one of them would be sufficient to tell me that my time on earth was drawing to a close, and that my work was done. I would not, dear brethren, hesitate to tell you the whole truth in this matter if I knew. Unless those who know better have not told the truth to me, they might have spared their fears. I attach, dear brethren, grave importance to my mission here. It was at your call, and that of the Christian brethren of another Church, I came here not in a robust state of health. That I knew; and so did you, brethren. I did not leave the Mgwali to find a better home. On what special occasion are men's motives to be considered pure and high, if mine are not so considered when I left my dear old home at the Mgwali, which, but for the call to come here, I would rejoice to regain to-morrow. If, happily, this place was to be found to improve my health, that was but a secondary matter; and I am sure that, notwithstanding much *roughing* in damp and wet weather, I have been better here than latterly I was at the Mgwali.

"Aware, therefore, of who sent me here, and believing in the sincerity of the motives that urged me, whenever I feel my health utterly failing, and the work likely to suffer detriment through my lack of service, this state of things I shall, as in duty bound, and as in the sight of God, intimate at once to you.

"After what I have said, I need not dwell on your proposal, that I should forthwith leave the Tutuka. I would, however, assure you, dear brethren, that though it would have been a great matter to say to you, No, I would not, though I had been dying here, make another change of place, I would prefer to finish my course, and the ministry which I hope I have received of the Lord Jesus, among mine own people, and in mine own appointed sphere of labour. I have already made two changes, at some expense to the United Presbyterian Church, in quest of health—the one to Basutoland, the other to Cape Town two years ago, and I shall not make another. I am not, of course, speaking of those changes of air, which are needful from time to time to benefit one's health. I refer to any change that might necessitate an absence of six or twelve months, or a final leave-taking of the Tutuka.

"Notwithstanding what people may say of this place, it is better than such places as Peelton, King William's Town, and Alice, so far as chest complaints are concerned. I speak not unadvisedly. This place is bare and open; but art and skill must remedy that. God does not always, in every place, give us every advantage of nature; and what is lacking must be supplied by man. As for fogs, if they are not accompanied by drizzling rain, they are more soothing than oppressive to the chest, if an actual attack happens to be on when they come. The fact is, I hardly know any of our present mission stations which, after having been selected with care and consideration, and proper inquiries from the natives, has not been reviled by men; and, so far as the Tutuka is concerned, I am not going to listen to them, and I trust that the evil speakers are safe in their own fortifications. The Mgwali Henderson, Mbulu, and Toleni, have all been assailed.

"I hope that you will believe that I have written in all brotherly kindness, fidelity, and sincerity. On the inexpediency of abandoning my present post, though God were cutting off my day at once, I need not enlarge.

"In your kind consideration of my circumstances, you have, in your letter, referred to my journeyings from this to King William's Town, to attend the meetings of the Translation Committee. Many thanks for your offer on this matter. My friend and brother, Mr. Chalmers, must be kind enough to hold himself in readiness to revise my MS., and to act for me in case of need. As I find the translation of the word of God into Kafir to be a most important and interesting work, and most congenial with present aims and desires, let me ask you to ease me rather from attendance at our quarterly meetings, except when they are on this side of the Kei and Tsomo. If riding on horseback to King William's Town should prove too much, I would avail myself of the mission-waggon.

"I may state that, had it not been for pressure occasioned by having to go to the conference in January last, and being unable a fortnight after, I should have forwarded my MS. of St. Matthew's Gospel to Mr. Chalmers for revision; but as I am now making up for lost time, this is impossible. Thus then, dear brethren, in all frankness and sincerity, I have given you an account of all that concerns me. From you I have concealed nothing, and would conceal nothing, for better or worse. What may be beyond the present I do not know; and I am content, in hope and faith, to leave all with Him in whose hands our life is, and who has the ordering of all our ways."

At this time, as the following letters show, Tiyo was conscious of his failing strength, and made arrangements for the education of three of his sons in Scotland. The

correspondence reveals some features of his character. The break, occasioned by the departure of his three boys, forms also one of the chief events of his life, after he had been fairly settled at the Tutuka.

To the Rev. Dr. Anderson he writes on the 3rd September, 1869: "My long and tried friend, the Rev. William Govan, of Lovedale, has retired from the tutorship and directorship of the Institution at that place—an Institution which has done much for the races of this country, black and white. Although Mr. Govan had just brought the Seminary to the highest point of success in every respect, the Foreign Missions Committee of the Free Church have introduced changes which necessitate Mr. Govan's retirement. These changes, and the retirement of Mr. Govan from the Institution; the expensiveness of education elsewhere in this colony; and the improbability of any length of days being given to me—are reasons which have made me think seriously about the education of my children. My oldest boy, Willie—your own and your son's namesake—has already been two sessions at Lovedale Seminary; and the present, which is his third, will in all likelihood be his last there.

"In our various colonial towns, there are Government-aided schools, which may be attended by the children of all, black and white, without distinction; but it is a question whether the higher class of schools in these towns may be attended by coloured children, even though their parents are respectable. I do not wish to be the first to raise this delicate question about my children, as it might lead to a controversy which would injure their prospects for life. God has enabled me to live down these prejudices so far as they concerned myself; but I would never think of subjecting young natives to an ordeal such as I have

passed through, especially at the outset of their career, lest they might be ruined by it. At the Lovedale Seminary our coloured children have prosecuted their studies, and mingled in happy friendship with white boys, without being put to shame on account of their colour. To bind my boys down permanently at this Institution, admirable as it is, would curb the natural bent or inclination of their minds with reference to the future.

"I have therefore resolved to send our three eldest boys to Scotland. The education of the three in Scotland, for one year, would cost less than the education of one in a single year in this country outside of the Lovedale Seminary. Mr. Govan goes home in February, and has kindly undertaken to see them home, and to be a friend and adviser to them as long as he lives.

"I have written specially to you, my father and friend, about them. I ask you to favour *them* with that friendship which you have long shown to me, and which I shall never forget. I should wish them to reside in Glasgow, in some healthy locality, in the family of a man who would wisely influence them, and exercise authority over them in a judicious and kindly way. It would be all the more desirable that such a one be in connection with John Street Church, as they must be connected with that church. May I ask you to see Mr. Bogue, and act unitedly as to what you think would be best for my poor boys. To Mr. Bogue I shall write about their board and clothing, and the administration of funds for their education. Their maternal grandparents live out of Glasgow; but it is only in Glasgow that I can secure my object—the education of my children, the influence of Christian friends, and the moderateness of their maintenance.

"They may ultimately separate; but yet, in their youth

I should like them to be together. Allan is almost too young to be away from his parents, as he is only eight years of age; but if he is beside the others for a few years he will, I think, with God's blessing, do well. I feel very anxious about them. But as they cannot always look to me or their mother, I must place them in a position in which they may act for themselves as soon as possible. Whatever good they obtain in Scotland—that land of great advantages—I wish them afterwards to use on behalf of their own nation.

"I belong to a long-lived race. Had I never left this country, I would have had as excellent a constitution as any of my brothers. Transplantation to a foreign clime, and want of knowledge and experience there, will shorten my life. I must prevent this, if possible, in the case of my children, from experience in my own case. I shall write to Mr. Bogue to insist upon two things: that the boys wear warm underclothing, especially about the chest, and have gymnastic exercises once or twice a week. All the natives of this country have active bodily exercise, and are accustomed to live much in the open air. I mean to tell the boys that until they leave Europe, they must not give up gymnastics, warm clothing, and bathing or sponging with cold water every morning."

On 10th January, 1870, he writes to Mr. Bogue: "Some time ago, I wrote to Dr. Anderson intimating my intention of sending my three eldest boys to Scotland with Mr. Govan, who would leave this country about the end of the last or beginning of the present year. I asked the Doctor to communicate with you on the subject. I gave him my reasons for sending them so far away, and at so tender an age, as they are respectively only in their eighth, tenth, and twelfth years. I have also written to

Dr. MacGill, as an old friend of the Kafir mission. In reply, Dr. Anderson advises me by all means to send them to Scotland. Although it is a matter that will pinch us greatly in our small income, I feel that we must deny ourselves on their behalf, and all the more that I do not anticipate long life for myself. If God blesses my intentions regarding them, and answers my prayers, they may all the sooner be able to do something for themselves, for their mother, the younger children, and their own country. I send them to you, my dear Christian friend, in the full confidence that you will show to them the same kindness as to me, in the bygone days of my sojourn in Scotland as a foreigner.

"If they act according to my desires and prayers, they go to Scotland to obtain an education to benefit their own countrymen. They are not needed in Scotland, and are much required in Kafirland. Although they should be so defective in intellectual powers as not to rise higher than *tinkers*, they must come home and practise that craft for the benefit of poor Kafirland. Encourage among them, my dear friend, by every means, love to home, love to country, and love to race."

On 8th February, 1870, he writes to Mrs. Macfarlane, of Glasgow: "My eldest three boys are the bearers of this letter of introduction to you, and to my good Christian helper and friend, your husband. East London, from which I date this letter, is a small seaport town from which they embark to-morrow for Algoa Bay, thence to Scotland under the care of my old teacher, Mr. Govan, who goes to Scotland to end his days there. I commend them to the friendship of your family; and I ask you, as I have asked other Christian friends, to give them all needful advice. They leave a country of comparatively

few temptations for one brimful of dangers. I dread the civilized, refined sins and immoralities of Europe, more than the native vices of the Kafirs. I have seen both, and can institute a fair comparison. Were it not that my boys must be educated, to become true Christian and useful men, I would keep them at home, rather than send them to Europe.

"The bell, presented to the Tutuka by Mr. Macfarlane, is answering its noble purpose well. Many thanks for his gift. Nothing has delighted me so much as the attendance of the heathen Galekas at our services. I have not seen anything like it at the Mgwali. Sunday after Sunday, in sunshine and in shade, they come and still they come, until the few native members at the Tutuka have in their zeal resolved to erect for themselves, and their heathen brethren, a more suitable place of worship than a hut.

"The Lord is blessing our work among the Galekas. One man has come forward with his family, as a professed follower of the Lord Jesus. He is the son of a great man. This is the small beginning of a great harvest which, I am sure, will in due time be gathered to the Lord."

He writes to Mr. Bogue from East London, two days later: "The boys are the bearers of this note. I have been waiting here three days for the coasting steamer, which we expect to take them to Port Elizabeth, where they join Mr. Govan, who takes them on to Scotland. I commit them to your care, my dear friend, and to that of Dr. Anderson. I have entrusted Mr. Govan with the sum of £20, to carry them on to Scotland. The balance, if any, I have asked him to hand over to you to defray any expenses which you incur on their account. My purpose is to leave the half of my half-year's salary (£50) with Mr. Peddie, forwarding to you, as the time approaches, an

order to draw the amount. I trust that you will let me know the amount of yearly expenditure on their behalf. Their passage home I have paid out of long savings.

"All the boys have a good ear for music, and good voices for singing, and they are very fond of it. Willie has had two and a half quarters' lessons on the piano from a lady who teaches music in Alice, near to the seminary where he was a pupil. To beguile their leisure hours, during the long winter evenings in Scotland, it might be well if they got music lessons—Willie on the piano, Allan on the flute (he has one with him), and John on the violin or flute, or whatever musical instrument you deem advisable. I merely suggest these things, knowing that they must be granted or withheld according to means. Introduce them to Mr. Niven and his sons, and ask them to give them such advice as will be for their good. They will need it much; and I beseech you and other Christian friends not to spare it. I now leave them in your hands, and in the hand of Him who is a father to us and to our children."

To the Rev. Henry Miller, of Hammersmith, London, he writes on 10th March, 1870: "I had made every needful arrangement to send my eldest three boys to Glasgow. The month was fixed, and the steamer also in which they were to sail. Owing to our long distances from one another in this country, the voyagers had to proceed to different ports. Mr. Govan was to embark at Port Elizabeth; and my boys to save a long tedious journey, were to embark at East London, a port nearer their home, but still 140 miles from the Tutuka, and were to be taken thence by a coasting steamer to Port Elizabeth, to join their guardian (Mr. Govan) there, in the Royal Mail steamer, which was to take them all home.

"The month proved a disastrous one in this country, from rain and heavy gales. The coasting steamer did not come up in time to take in my boys. She stuck fast in the sands of another port, and could not keep her time so as to meet the mail packet; and Mr. Govan, to our great disappointment, left our boys behind. He has gone to Scotland, his native land to spend the remainder of his days. I had asked him to call upon you with the boys, that you may give them your counsel and blessing. The boys are now to leave, if God wills it, on 19th April, under the care of the Rev. Mr. Ashton and his wife. Mr. Ashton is a missionary from the interior, in connection with the London Missionary Society. He does not go further than London. My request of you is that, as an old and beloved friend, you take my boys from Mr. Ashton, show them what is to be seen in London, and send them on to Glasgow to Mr. Bogue. I am not backward in asking this favour, as I remember your kindness to me of old, and cannot think that it is changed. I introduce my poor boys to you. The eldest is William Anderson, the second John Henderson, and the third Kirkland Allan. They go to Scotland *not to seek a fortune.* Oh! may they obtain from their Heavenly Father a better inheritance than this world can yield. They go home to Scotland for the benefit of Kaffraria. They are needed *here.* Give them your best advice, caution, and warning!

"John Henderson is lame. It has always been a difficulty to get a boot properly made for his foot. I should, therefore, feel much obliged if you could take him to one of those hospitals, in London, where his foot would at once be understood, and order a boot for him.

"I trust that the Lord is making you abound with those gifts and qualifications, which are so much needed in a

new sphere of labour. As one of your friends, I am anxious about your change from Carlisle to London. I now see that congregations give utterance to mere sentimentalism, or are actuated by selfish motives, or are inconsiderate, when they say that a minister who has done good service among them for ten or twelve years should *not* leave them. A change is always desirable to obtain new vigour and elasticity, and rest of mind, amid fresh scenes of ministerial labour. May God give you great success in Hammersmith!"

Writing to Mr. Bogue, on 17th March, 1870, he says: "I thank both Dr. Anderson and yourself for the ready encouragement which you have given me to send home my boys. The truth is, I cannot educate my children here; and I would rather go in rags and send them to Scotland, where, if they behave themselves, and God blesses them, they will get fair play. Unless old Adam re-asserts himself as they grow up, and changes their disposition, they have hitherto been very obedient boys, and have given us no trouble in their training. I do not forget that they have not yet reached the age of promise. Be good enough to get a skilful doctor to watch the progress of John's growth, and to acquaint himself with his constitution. The climate may try him. The steamer in which they will now most probably sail is the *Asia*, of the Diamond Company. However, I am not certain, as two steamers sail at the same time, and I do not know in which Mr. Ashton has taken passage. I shall know more definitely when I reach Port Elizabeth, whither I am now going to see the boys off. I am very much pained to hear of the death of Mrs. Finlayson. Our friends are leaving us, one by one. May God prepare us for our coming change!"

Whilst attending the Board of Revisers, at King William's Town, during the month of March, 1870, he was very much cast down, brooding over the recent separation from his three boys, who had travelled overland with their mother from East London to Port Elizabeth. As soon, therefore, as the session closed, on hearing that they had not sailed, and that there was a possibility of once more seeing them, the desire became so strong that he started at once for Port Elizabeth, to bid his family one last long farewell. His stay at Port Elizabeth, however, was lengthened beyond his expectations, by a severe attack of ague fever. He and his, during his severe and unexpected illness, received the greatest kindness under the hospitable roof of the venerable Rev. Roger Edwards, who, for upwards of fifty years, has been one of the most devoted missionaries of the London Missionary Society. This sojourn at Port Elizabeth suggested the following reminiscence. It is from the pen of the Rev. J. C. MacIntosh, minister of the Congregational Church there:—

"I first met Tiyo Soga when we were both students at Glasgow University, where he was my junior by a year. But from our taking certain classes in a slightly different order, we were in the Logic and Moral Philosophy classes together, in both of which Tiyo Soga was a good student. Though what he had become as a Christian, a man of culture and a preacher, when I met him in my own house, and heard him preach in my own pulpit, in his own land, sixteen years later, struck me far more than any college exercises or intercourse with him.

"At the earlier time, I knew almost nothing of his unfavourable start, and debasing early surroundings. As the one man of his people in the University; as the personal friend of all the spiritually-minded United Pres-

byterian students, who had manifestly resolved to make him feel at home among us; as himself, so modest, diligent, pleasant, intelligent, and good; as the first Kafir college-bred minister amongst us, he was an avowed pet in his classes, heartily *ruffed* by his fellow-students when he did well, and helped, if possible, by professor and students when he needed help.

"We could not have been impartial in such a case. We would have been much worse fellows than we really were, if he had not in the circumstances been much made of. It was not easy for a stranger to his race and antecedents, and almost to himself in private, to see aright the full mental stature of the man. But even then, when measured with other University men, there was to outside observers like myself much promise, and much not unripe fruit.

"On coming to this land, I soon and often heard most favourably of him and of his work, and from many quarters. When last in Port Elizabeth, early in 1870, I saw a good deal of him, and with much satisfaction heard him preach. The flesh was visibly weak; but, for the time, the willing spirit mastered it so fully as to extract the most effectual co-operation from its frail partner.

"His sermon on this occasion was a noble one, and effectively spoken to a large appreciative audience, of which he had a firm hold. The man himself, in his unfeigned goodness, was more and better than the sermon, although it was manifestly part of him—most truly his own, not only in matter but also in spirit, the ripe growth of all the years, and of all the influences that had passed over him. By this time it was just as manifest that strength for such efforts was being borrowed, at a heavy interest soon to be repaid. It was such a sermon, though doubtless the preacher wished it not, and meant it not in

that sense, as carried near to the very eyes of his hearers the broad seal of heaven, engraven with his own commission to preach the Gospel. Men of widely differing creeds saw and owned his commission. The breadth and all-sidedness of his appeals to our complex nature struck me most in the sermon, as I viewed it mentally; and morally it shewed maturity, unearthliness, and the evident nearness to his own view of visions from afar.

"In private this spiritual ripeness was even more manifest. Tiyo Soga and my nearest and dearest died in the same month of the same year, at the same age, and of the same disease. Whilst on this visit I soon saw in him what I had so often seen in her—ripeness, unworldliness, peace, a certain removedness, which, though felt, it were hard to describe from my own spiritual standpoint. I was too much startled to find *how*, though almost strangers, they drew together, and liked to meet and talk, to be able to banish the remembrance that I then saw, as being after all a mere imagination. Even then I knew it to be in both a growing meetness for the inheritance of the saints in light. I have no doubt that they saw it in each other. I then hoped for both more days than were granted.

"A painfully instructive yet amusing episode, though singular in my experience, and in some respects much to be regretted, occurred at this time in a ministerial meeting which has been held in Port Elizabeth monthly for the last seven years. Our late brother was present, one morning, as a welcome and honoured visitor, at one of these meetings, held in the house of an aged veteran of the mission field, whom God also took to his rest in August, 1870. One of our worthiest of a not unworthy band of workmen—some of whom are now divided by oceans and continents, and some by the veil unseen—whose turn it was to read an

essay, thought good, in that temporary absence of wisdom which sometimes happens to the wisest, to introduce, contrary to all usage and without any warning, as his essay for this morning a commendation of his own Church as the pure *jure divino* article, with a corresponding condemnation of the other Churches represented in our meeting. As was to be expected, this mistaken act was objected to and resented, and the erring brother experienced moderate applications of the rod to himself and to his Church, though in love, which were administered by each man in his own measure and fashion.

"Tiyo Soga, sitting silent and grave, declined to make any remark on the essay in his turn, which came last. But when we had all said our say, he gave us a general, and in some cases a special, rebuke, or exhortation, all round, counselling unity in sentiment, prayer, and work. It was an instructive scene, when we remember who spoke. No one had said anything unworthy of himself and his position; but an error of judgment had been committed, and strong words were spoken in reply. Our Kafir brother, *alone* among a half-dozen European ministers, to whom he spoke the word of exhortation, seemed to some of us the calmest man there. He was nearing the perfect Church, and perhaps he saw more of its spirit than others did. His spirit knew a great calm."

In due course, after returning to his station, he heard with a joyful heart of the safe arrival of his children in England; and was specially gratified to hear of their good behaviour, as well as of the provision made, by the Mission Board of the United Presbyterian Church, for their education. To Mr. Bogue, on 8th June, 1870, he writes: "When I returned from Port Elizabeth, three weeks ago, whither I had gone with Mrs. Soga to see our boys embark, a letter

was awaiting me from Dr. MacGill. I found, to my great surprise and joy, that the Mission Board had shown extraordinary liberality towards them. Willie and John are to participate in the benefits of the Ladies' Scheme for the Education of Missionaries' Children from January, 1870. As for Allan, who has not reached the age specified in the schedule, the Mission Board will, in the meantime, give him an allowance of £25 per annum from the Foreign Missions' Fund. Thus, then, you will have to draw £85 annually on their behalf. I had not asked the Mission Board to do anything for my children. I simply wrote to Dr. MacGill, informing him of my purpose to send them to Scotland with Mr. Govan, and gave him my reasons for so doing. The result is as I have stated. Being a foreigner, I did not in the least expect that I would be allowed to share the advantages enjoyed by European missionaries in the education of their children. My purpose was to deny ourselves of every comfort on their behalf. I was prepared to part with the half of my salary to have them educated. I feel truly thankful to the Mission Board; and I trust that the boys will not disappoint the hopes of so many interested in their welfare."

To the Rev. Henry Miller, who had welcomed these boys to London, and showed them kindness for their father's sake, he writes on 10th August, 1870:—"I received your letters of 9th and 10th May, and 24th June. Words fail me, my dear friend, to express to you and Mrs. Miller my gratitude, yea, my admiration of your brotherly and sisterly kindness and attention to my poor boys. I wrote you, my dear brother, with the greatest confidence in the goodness of your heart, having experienced in my own case, in our early days, many kind acts from your generous sympathizing heart, and the reception which you and Mrs.

Miller have given to those foreign boys, has proved that I was not mistaken in cherishing that confidence. Though I lamented the loss of the opportunity of sending them with Mr. Govan, God could not more graciously have ordered all things for their comfort and safety. Every thing you did for them, the great pains you took to obtain the best medical advice for John's leg, the economy with which you have managed everything, and your good lady's particular attention to their wants evoke from me a song of gratitude, which is but feebly expressed in these lines. But inadequate as my thanks are, receive them because they are uttered in all sincerity.

"I am much pleased to hear that the boys have been behaving well. Poor fellows, I should not have been surprised to hear that they had got themselves into some scrape, when they came into contact with society so very different, in every respect, from what they had left. Though they are but boys, they must now push their way in the world. Consider them as in a sense your own, give them all kindly warning, advice, and instruction. My prayer to God is that they may be saved, and be the means of bringing salvation to their own perishing countrymen here. I told them, when they left me, that although their mother is white, they were to consider themselves black men, and that they were to take their place as Kafirs—a race of which they need never be ashamed, as being the noblest among barbarians. Their family on the father's side is A 1 among the Gaika tribes, and comes of a long line of powerful, eloquent, independent councillors. I can *now* tell you these things. When I was with you, I soon saw that Scotchmen disliked egotism above all things. I myself abhor it in any man. I can now tell you from this far-off South Africa, that among my own people *I am*

a Kafir of the Kafirs. To me that fact is a mere straw driven by the wind; but you, Englishmen, lay great stress on such things, and sometimes I see it is of advantage to tell them that *socially*, although not politically, we too can lay claim to as honourable an ancestry as they can. The liberality of your brother Robert to the boys, and to the Board of Translators of the Kafir Bible, has amazed me. The good deeds of such a man are above being acknowledged by thanks."

On this subject, and on the same date, he writes to Robert Miller, Esq., London: "I ask you to take an interest in these foreign boys. They are not white men, but Kafirs. They know *that.* My heart's desire and prayer to God is that they may be saved to be, under God, the salvation of their own people. Pray that this may be realized. Do interest yourself on their behalf, by making enquiries after their welfare."

Five letters are preserved, which Tiyo wrote to his boys. To educate them he was willing to forfeit every comfort, and take for his own use only one half of his salary. Such parental concern is rarely surpassed in this world! Two of these letters are now placed before the reader. The first is addressed to his three children:—

"*8th June, 1870.*—May God bless you all, my dear boys; may the Lord Jesus bless you all; and may God the Holy Spirit, the one eternal God, bless you all. Amen. Ten days after you left Port Elizabeth, I got so much better that I was able to start for home. It took us five weeks to reach the Tutuka. The rains which fell after we started were worse than those during our travel to East London. We reached home all well. I am much stronger, and the fever from which I suffered has nearly gone. We found all your friends well, grandma, Gxavu, Festiri's

family and all the little boys, his sons, your cousins. Joello and Bella ask me to say to you that they love you, that when they are both big they will write to you, and that when you are big men you are to come back.

"They asked me if you had food in the ship? and if you had pudding? and if you had fruit? and if you had bananas? When I told them that you had plenty of everything, they then asked me how your food was cooked, and who cooked it? They are both well, and so is little Frances; and they send their love to you.

"We got Willie's letters, written from Cape Town and near St. Helena, telling us how you all were. They were very good letters indeed, especially the one from Cape Town. They gave us all the news we wished to know; we thank Willie very much for them, and hope the letters that come afterwards will be as full of news as those we have received. I expect that in scholarship they will be still better.

"I think Willie should write a letter in the name of you all to Mr. and Mrs. Morgan of Cape Town, and to Mr. Stretch of Glenavon, Somerset East. Willie should thank these friends for their kindness to you, and give them some account, however short, of your voyage to England, and your journey to Scotland.

"I hope, Willie, you have not forgotten, when you are all alone, now and again, to read from the book I have written for you and them. Do not make light of it. Read it often together, and God's blessing will be upon you.

"Among many things, I am very anxious about your behaviour before people. Behave well, my boys. Mr. Ashton says that you behaved well on board. I hope Mr. Bogue, and Dr. Anderson, and the person you lodge with, will say the same when they write. Take care and be

not forward, rude, talkative, silly boys. Be sedate, quiet, cheerful, and gentlemanly.

"Take care what boys you associate with. Be sure that they are good boys, and belong to Christian families. There are many wicked boys in Glasgow; *very, very* bad boys. Beware of them. I think often, very often of you, and pray for you all, night and day."

On 28th December, 1870, he writes to his son John: "I was glad to get a letter from you. I thank you for it. I was much pleased to find that you remembered what I said to you when we parted. Try to keep it long in remembrance, my dear boy. God's blessing always attends those boys who remember and act up to the advice given by their father. I was glad to see a letter from you, because it shows that you have made some progress in learning since you left. Say to Allan that papa was glad to see that his little boy had written a letter to his sister Bella. Do not forget your friends, my dear boys. Remember them, and pray for them; and pray always to be good boys and good men yourselves. Grandmother is well, and often speaks of Willie, and John, and Allan as her favourite grandboys. The name of your little sister is Jessie Margaret, after your mamma and her sister Margaret. Have you seen your grandpa and your aunts? You must be good friends to them, and when you have time, ask Mr. Bogue to give you leave to go and see them. Never go anywhere without leave from Mr. Bogue. I hope you are good and obedient boys to Miss Blackstock. You must be ready to serve her, and to go her messages. Good-bye. May God be with you."

The closing sentences of Tiyo Soga's report of his mission work, for 1870, give a bird's-eye view of his year's labours. No great ingathering from the ranks of

heathenism is reported; but he who would expect much, must surely forget the intense depravity and obstinacy of the human heart. "You will be pleased to remember that Somerville is a mission field of only recent origin, and that consequently the *results* of our labours must present a meagre aspect in an annual report. Our membership is still small—only 18 native Christians. No additions during the year. The Missionary's Bible Class of inquirers is still small, seven in all—there having been an accession of *five* persons during the year. Everything is still on a small scale except the attendance of heathen at church. Our week-day school has only 27 scholars on the roll. The same number of children attend the Sabbath school. The girls' school has 18 scholars on the roll. The languages, taught in all these schools, are Kafir and English. In the good providence of God we are completing our new native church, which is 40 feet by 25 feet. We have fixed that the opening of it take place on 2nd April, 1871; and on the 5th, a public meeting will be held for rejoicing, thanksgiving, and making of speeches to encourage one another in the good way and work. More of this, after these days, if God is pleased to spare us.

"The Sabbath services on the station belong to me. The summer being the wettest season of the year in this country, itinerating with me has been impossible, suffering as I have done from chronic asthma. Still I have only been laid up for two Sabbaths during the year, and on all the rest have preached the Gospel when at home.

"The past year has given us abundant ground to believe and hope that the Galekas have sincerely opened an entrance for the Word of God among them. Amid threatening signs of war, the people have not failed to recognise the fact of the existence of the Gospel among

them. Wherever the influence of the mission extends, and within a radius of ten miles where the three evangelists labour, the sacredness of God's day has been respected, and the attendance at religious ordinances has been all that could be wished. The attendance of the heathen at the church on the station has been such as to call forth our admiration and our gratitude to God. It has averaged 150. The chief Kreli, his sons, and brothers, have also signalized the past year by the frequency of their presence at church on the Lord's day, thus assuring us of their personal goodwill to the mission, and encouraging their people to listen to the preaching of God's word. Such are the results of our general work during the past year in the Galeka country. We stand much in need of the presence and the blessing of the three-one God; and we ask the prayers, the sympathies, and the encouragement of all who love the Lord Jesus in sincerity."

CHAPTER XXI.

CHARACTERISTICS.

"'Ne crede colori,' the Poet erst sang—
Appearances ever delude;
But white is the hue, that to us is genteel,
The black one, of course, is tabooed!"

BEFORE passing to the closing chapter, or venturing to describe the various incidents connected with the last few months of his life, it is well to pause and enumerate some of the distinguishing features of Tiyo Soga's character. In one of the letters written to his boys, mention is made of a book which he gave them on leaving their native shores, and which he enjoined them to peruse in secret. This was a small note-book entitled "The Inheritance of my Children," containing sixty-two short pithy maxims for their future guidance. To publish it to the world would rob it of its sacredness, and to reveal to the public gaze what was intended to be seen and read only by his own children. Such extracts as are illustrative of his own character may with propriety, however, be placed before our readers:

"The things I am here writing and collecting for you, my dear children, are founded on experience, observation, and reflection. If you carefully attend to them they may, with the blessing of God, be of some service to you in this world—a world to the opinions, usages, prejudices, and

trials of which you must accommodate yourselves, if you would do well in it, without however compromising truth and righteousness.

"I. Among some white men there is a prejudice against black men; the prejudice is simply and solely on account of colour. For your own sakes never appear ashamed that your father was a Kafir, and that you inherit some African blood. It is every whit as good and as pure as that which flows in the veins of my fairer brethren. It is said that in America half-coloured people manifest the utmost hatred to the negroes who are of pure African blood. It seems to be a matter of regret to them that they approach in any degree to this despised colour. I have also myself seen the desire of half-coloured people to be considered altogether white.

"I want you, for your own future comfort, to be very careful on this point. You will ever cherish the memory of your mother as that of an upright, conscientious, thrifty, Christian Scotchwoman. You will ever be thankful for your connection by this tie to the white race. But if you wish to gain credit for yourselves—if you do not wish to feel the taunt of men, which you sometimes may be made to feel—*take your place* in the world as *coloured*, not as *white* men; as *Kafirs*, not as Englishmen. You will be more thought of for this by all good and wise people, than for the other. It will show them that you care not for the slight put by the prejudices of men upon *one* class of men, who happen to differ from them in complexion. I consider it the height of ingratitude and impiety, for any person to be discontented with the complexion which God has given to him. I am sure that no true Christian would ever feel the shadow of a pang upon this point. It is the height of wickedness, a libel against God's creation, for men to

hate others for differing in skin from themselves. You, my children, belong to a primitive race of men, who, amid many unamiable points stand second to none as to nobility of nature. The Kafirs will stand high when compared in all things with the uncivilized races of the world. They have the elements out of which a noble race may yet be made!

"II. I am (without being at all lifted up by this, God knows!) considered a fortunate man by some people. I have got to a point of respectability in society, to a position which many considered impossible for a black man; yet it *never* was impossible, blessed be God! It is only circumstances, in the providence of God, that have made a difference of natural capacity and intelligence. Under favourable circumstances the *reason* of the black man is capable of as much improvement and enlightenment as that of the white. Let men, who are interested in the perpetuation of such opinions *rave* as they may, God has made from creation no race of men mentally and morally superior to other races. They are all equal in these respects; but education, civilization, and the blessings of Christianity have made differences among men.

"The position to which I attained, as a black man, among white men, has been by the blessing of God owing to the following things: I had always a great desire for learning and improvement. My mind was early and deeply impressed with religious convictions. To my superiors, to my instructors, and ministers; to any whom I knew to be no equal of mine I yielded implicit obedience. I sought to be humble, obedient, willing, and diligent in anything I had to do. Above all, though alas! I have not always been, I desired to be ruled by the fear of God, my Heavenly Father.

"III. You will not get on among good people if you are vain, proud, conceited. Vanity, pride, conceit, boastfulness, and egotism are very hateful features in a man's character. Avoid them above all things.

"IV. In learning anything, be it the arts or the sciences, law, literature, theology, language, any trade or profession whatever, go to the foundation of it. Be familiar with the elements, which are the true key to that particular branch of knowledge. If you do not this, you will only know things by halves, be superficial, shallow, and never excel.

"V. What a great thing self-confidence is! The greater part of young people do not have it. When I entered the Glasgow University I had very little of it. I believe now that if I had had a little more I would have got on better in what is called the taking of prizes, though my advantages were poor compared with those of more than half of my fellow-students. Success in colleges, in young men's and other societies, on platforms, in divinity halls, in the pulpit, and in many other things hangs upon self-confidence, even to a man of ordinary capacity. Whatever you know that you can do or say, do it, say it, even when the doing or the saying is attended with fear. Be *courageous*, early; but not insolently or vainly so. Be manly, early. You will yet see that all the difference between the success of some men and the failure of others *mainly* lies in the possession or in the want of self-confidence, courage, and manliness. . . . .

"VII. Love men as men, your fellow-creatures. I have heard Englishmen speak contemptuously of Germans, Frenchmen, &c. I have heard Kafirs doing the same in reference to Fingoes and Tambookies. If this is right, he who takes a prejudice against you, because you are Kafirs, must be right. No man should dislike others, because

they are not like himself, or are not his countrymen. You will find much of this among men. But the law of God is: 'Love all men.' . . . .

"X. When you receive an irritating or insulting message or letter from a person, do not sit down and answer it, though he may conclude: 'An immediate answer will oblige.' Wait for two or more days until you are perfectly calm, and you will find that you can write in a different spirit from that which would at first have dictated your letter. Perhaps in the course of that time, your thoughts will change in reference to the affair, and you will adopt a different line of conduct towards the person. . . . .

"XIV. Set your face against scandal—the assassination of a neighbour's character. If you cannot defend another, do not hear him maligned. Scandal is easily put down if you can only muster courage to say: 'I will not sit and listen to defamation of character.' . . . .

"XIX. Do not judge men by their *first looks*. You will make mistakes. You will be in danger of pronouncing unfavourably against a plain face, which yet may indicate a sterling character; and on the other hand, you may be fascinated with the fair countenance of a veritable rogue. . . . .

"XXXI. The more that I know of good English people, the greater is my admiration of them as a race. There beat within their breasts the warmest hearts under heaven, I believe. I know nothing of the *justice* of other nations; but I know something of the '*fairplay*' of an Englishman. Cultivate the love, the esteem of the good, among this great people. If you are genuine to them, they will be genuine to you. . . . .

"XXXVII. As men of colour, live for the elevation of your degraded, despised, down-trodden people. My advice

to all coloured people would be: Assist one another; patronize talent in one another; prefer one another's business, shops, &c., just for the reason that it is better to prefer and elevate kindred and countrymen before all others. . . . .

"XLI. Should Providence make you prosperous in life, cultivate the habit of employing more of your own race, than of any other, by way of elevating them. For this purpose prefer them to all others—I mean all black people. Could they be got to unite in helping one another, and to encourage by their custom those of their own people who have shops, keep that custom almost exclusively among themselves, and thus play into each other's hands, they would raise their influence and position among their white neighbours. Union in every good thing is strength; and to a weak party or race, *union* above all things is strength. Disseminate this idea among all your countrymen, should you have any influence with them.

"LI. Expect to be found fault with, and to be misunderstood, and even misrepresented in the world. Be not much concerned at this if you have a clean breast and a pure conscience. Learn in secret to subdue and correct in yourselves what you know to be wrong.

"LII. Insult no human being; but fear no man when you are in the right. Cowards insult, brag, and boast. A brave man and a gentleman never insult. . . . .

"LIV. Observe well, and meditate well, and draw well your own conclusions on what you see and hear, and you will not fail to be wise and intelligent. . . . .

"LX. Read Sir Walter Scott's life. I have not read it. But in the Moral Philosophy Class, at the University of Glasgow, I remember that my good old Professor Fleming, from whom I learned much, told us that after the loss of

his fortune Sir Walter Scott clenched his fist, shook his hand and said: 'My own right hand shall do it!' Trust in no *right hand* of your own, but in the living God, to do anything great or honourable. If you trust in Him, and seek His blessing, you can be great and honourable."

As a natural sequel to these words of counsel, which show his intense patriotism, let the Rev. Robert Johnston speak of "Tiyo Soga's Kafirhood":

"Tiyo Soga had an honest pride in his manhood as a *pure Kafir*. He was disposed to glory in his Kafirhood. He would not bow down before any one, because of his own black face. Burns's song, 'A man's a man for a' that,' was a great favourite with him. He could go beneath the outward appearance as well as most men, and gauge true worth. Hence he was not disposed to demean himself, when treated slightingly or shabbily, by a fearful or slavish submission. He seemed at such times to grow taller before you, as if he would say 'I also am a man! a gentleman! a Christian!'

"Such being Soga's disposition and such the attitude which he assumed, he was often and deeply tried on this side of his nature. Were all the facts known, a very interesting, but painful chapter might be written of him. On this subject Soga was very reticent. So far as I know he never thoroughly unbosomed himself to any one on this subject. The iron entered into his soul, and he suffered in silence.

"This feature in his character grew into an over-sensitiveness. As far as my own experience goes, it was the one and *only* thing, that gave a brother missionary any discomfort, so that he might not seem to slight him or take precedence of him. It was not that he wished the first place; but he was over-sensitive about his colour and

nationality. He was the first of his race who had risen to the platform of our English civilization.

"This over-sensitiveness cost him much, from the time that he went to Scotland, in 1852, till his death in 1871. I learned that on passing through the Colony to join the ship in Algoa Bay, and on the voyage home, he was often and deeply wounded in this part of his nature, although at that time it must have been comparatively in the germ. In Scotland, where he was a great favourite, and, where he would have been spoiled, had it been possible; where he had a circle of friends, and especially of student-friends, who were almost more than brothers to him, and where he was comfortable and happy, some seemingly little things greatly galled him. He spoke of his marvellous relief on becoming a missionary in the Havannah, and having his salary at his own disposal. During a voyage of three months, his fellow-passengers belonging to the Colony, from knowing the Kafirs in their aboriginal state, in their destructive wars, and in their slow progress towards civilization, looked upon him with a kind of suspicion or mistrust. Although no complaint fell from his lips, it was a great trial to him. It made him painfully watchful and circumspect, and made him feel as if always on his good behaviour. This restraint was all the more noticeable because of his perfect freedom with ourselves.

"On reaching the shores of South Africa, he began to realize what was before him, and did not know how he, the first civilized and educated Kafir, might be received. There was a very perceptible deepening of his anxiety and restraint. I believe that he inwardly trembled, although he felt himself strong and brave enough to face and master everything that might befall him. He had a simple, yet

strong faith in his God, as to the work for which he had been educated, and which was of great service to him in trying circumstances. But such experiences were a burden, and seemed at times ready to crush him to the very earth.

"Not long after he landed upon his native shores, and whilst treated kindly and rightly by most, he had occasionally to encounter trials which made him more a real Kafir than ever. Being a true man himself, with worth and not wealth, with character and not mere social position as the rule by which he gauged all men, we cannot wonder that he was at times deeply wounded in his spirit, and became more jealous than ever of his Kafir manhood. He had a quiet and growing contempt for men who allowed colour of skin to rule their treatment of others.

"Other experiences also painfully affected him. They were small and contemptible in themselves, and when viewed from one side, they ought not to have ruffled his spirit, or have sent a single pang to his heart. But we are not unprejudiced judges. The more that we think of his Kafir sensitiveness, and of his solitary position as the only educated man of his race, and that he did not contemn them, but made them *one* in all things with himself, and made *their* dishonour his own, he stands out before us in more of the nobility of true manhood.

"On one occasion, when walking with a few friends along the streets of one of our colonial towns, shortly after our arrival in 1857, we passed a small group of men at the corner of a street. As we approached it was very manifest that Soga's presence in our party attracted notice. The talk about current events ceased. There was only a muffled whispering, the subject of which it was not difficult to divine. Mrs. Soga was also with us, and

it seems that such a marriage was the theme of their animadversion, as it generally was throughout the Colony. On passing this group of afternoon loungers, there rang out from it—loud, clear, and twice repeated—'Shame on Scotland!' There was no mistaking what was meant. We all felt it very keenly. One of the company whispered to me, 'Do you think he heard it?' Doubtless he did hear it. It came upon him like a stinging blow, which made him shrink from much colonial society, and made him work all the more determinedly for his despised countrymen.

"Such trying experiences came to him sometimes from unexpected quarters. On riding once in the colony with his after rider, he was stopped by a party of mounted police, and led off a prisoner to their camp, to have his pass rudely demanded, as if he had been any ordinary coloured man.

"A capital story of one of his hotel experiences is told by the other party concerned in it. Soga having arrived at the hotel, and being very much jaded after a long ride, he asked the hotel-keeper, whom he knew, to show him to his bed-room, that he might rest awhile. He was shown into a room with two beds, and was soon reclining upon one of them. Shortly thereafter the door was opened, and in walked an officer of the German Legion, who looked quite aghast upon the coloured occupant of the bed. He could scarcely have looked more surprised, if it had been a South African wolf or hyena. Then, with a tremendous oath, he demanded Soga's business there, and who he was. Tiyo Soga quietly got up from the bed, and raising himself to his full height and looking this war-minion full in the face, said to him, 'I am the Rev. Tiyo Soga; and pray who are you?'

This officer, on the same evening, when at mess with his brother officers, told how he had been out-done in true gentlemanliness by a Kafir. Mr. Soga might, as he usually did, come out of all such experiences well and bravely; but he was not the less affected thereby. After them he sometimes felt tempted to eschew all colonial society, and to shut himself up entirely with his own people. They made him more moody than he otherwise would have been. They were bitter drops in his cup, and took not a little joy out of one of the most useful and precious lives in South Africa.

"Take a glimpse of what I have called his Kafirhood, from another side, and in different circumstances. The missionaries of the Free and United Presbyterian Churches had met to make arrangements for the missionary occupation of the country beyond the Kei, and especially to secure a missionary for the paramount chief Kreli. After very careful consideration, the missionaries present came to the unanimous decision that Mr. Soga was the best pioneer for this new field. On learning their decision, Mr. Soga intimated his willingness to accede to their request, if they informed Sandilli his chief, to whose tribe he chiefly ministered, of their decision, and the reasons for his removal. One of the brethren present said he could not see that Sandilli, a heathen chief, had anything to do with the matter, and suggested that, as Mr. Soga was willing to go, he should be disjoined from the Mgwali, and sent to the new field without any official communication with Sandilli. This little speech fell like a spark of fire upon gunpowder. Soga's Kafirhood was being trampled upon and ignored. His chief and his people, although heathens, were still men, and could not be treated as if they had no claim to manhood. Common

courtesy was to be denied the Gaika chief. It was too much to be borne quietly. Soga rose to his feet, and in a few pointed, burning sentences, exhibited to perfection the Kafir patriot and the Christian missionary, and made the offending brother, and all present, feel and heartily acknowledge that the course which he had proposed was the only one that could be taken."

As stated by Mr. Johnston, one of the most striking features of Soga's character was his exquisite sensitiveness, which was not wholly the result of education or civilization. In daily intercourse, it was difficult to remember that he was a Kafir, and wished to be considered such, as the colour of the man was often completely forgotten, and one had to be perpetually on his guard lest he should wound that sensitive nature. He was not offended at a trifle, but if anything seemed to depreciate his countrymen, or to bring discredit on his work, or if he imagined himself insulted because he was a Kafir, he became completely unnerved. He suppressed his anger, and indulged his grief; but at other times he resented the wrong with unusual dignity. A friend, quite unconscious that he would wound Tiyo Soga, was unbosoming his troubles and in the fulness of his heart said that, from his own experience, gratitude was a virtue foreign to the Kafir character. Tiyo Soga was indignant. "Gratitude a virtue unknown to the Kafir character!" he instantly replied. "I shall not be cast down by that statement. I consider it a stab, which I deserve because I am one of them. Are there many instances of gratitude among white people? I have learned from them that ingratitude is a vice common to humanity!" The erring friend was thunderstruck. He was one of the last men who would wilfully wound Tiyo Soga; and now amazed at the statement which he had

made, he offered a most humble apology, whereupon Tiyo Soga replied: "I am not happy when any unpleasantness arises between myself and my friends, because I know it ought not to be. I candidly confess that, from a man of your fine feelings, the sweeping statement about Kafir ingratitude made to a friend of your own, and belonging to that people, startled me; not that you ought not to hold your own opinion, but you ought at least to have spared a friend the pang of knowing and hearing, from your own lips, that you have such a conviction. That pang is now gone in consequence of your genuine frankness, and I shall think no more of it, other than as one of those things which are sometimes of painful recollection even among friends who love and esteem each other."

On another occasion, Tiyo had been asked to go to a distance and baptize an infant, and the date was fixed by mutual agreement; but when he arrived the father had left for some other distant town without even volunteering an excuse. Some very imprudent persons suggested, as a reason for his absence, that his consort was opposed to a black man baptizing her infant. Tiyo Soga's ire was roused, and a very strongly worded epistle followed on the heels of the absent father. An explanation was given, which Tiyo did not consider satisfactory. The father wished to have the matter amicably settled, and, to convince him that his wife cherished no such prejudice, asked him to take a second journey at his earliest convenience and baptize the infant. Tiyo respectfully declined by saying, "I do you the justice to believe that *you* entertain no such prejudices, so that neither on your part, nor on mine, is a demonstration necessary."

A tone of sadness pervaded his whole missionary life. It was impossible to get at the cause, and yet, perhaps, it

was the fact that he stood *alone*. His social position, as an educated man, made him tower above his race, yet he must have felt that there remained an unbridged gulf between himself and the white race. The fact that he was conscious of, and deeply mourned over the degradation of his nation, showed itself in the oft-repeated sentence, "*my poor countrymen*." Yet the characteristic sadness did not make him morose, or sullen, or uncongenial as a companion. Deeper than his sadness was a well of happiness, liveliness, and mirth, which bubbled forth with unrestrained freedom when in the company of kindred spirits, and in conversation on congenial subjects. He had a most hearty joyous laugh, and was passionately fond of hearing or telling a good story. At such times his countenance beamed with gladness. At his own table, when friends were present, he led the conversation, and had a remarkable tact in making it both profitable and enjoyable. Those who knew him best, therefore, felt that his despondency had its origin in something foreign to himself.

He was generous to a fault. If there was any service, great or small, which he could render to another, he hastened eagerly to perform it. It was not done grudgingly, or by way of patronage, or to court favour. He was often imposed upon, especially by his own countrymen. The Kafirs are not at all backward in begging anything; and he was at the mercy of the Kafir chiefs, who are the most inveterate beggars on the face of the earth. After he removed to Kreli's country, he was besieged by importunate applicants for presents. "I have discovered," he used to say, "that I have a most extensive relationship, for every second Galeka professes to be my cousin, and urges *that* as a strong argument why I should not refuse his request, even though it be for a pipeful of tobacco. My

cousins make me pay dearly for their friendship!" There is a sort of community of property among the Kafirs themselves. What belongs to one man at a village seems the property of all, always excepting their cattle. Borrowing and lending universally prevail. Tiyo Soga was made no exception to this rule. They did not scruple to borrow the costliest useful thing which he possessed. Apart from this vexatious national custom, if there was one feature of character which Tiyo specially detested, it was that of selfishness.

Few men possessed his degree of self-respect. He had not one spark of vanity or conceit. He had none of that offensive aping of the Englishman, now so common among his young countrymen; but he was gifted with the pride of a Howard or a De Vere. He not only preserved the dignity of his profession, but sustained the nobility of his Christian character. It would be very difficult to point out any one act of meanness in his life. Apart altogether from his Christian profession, he was too manly to stoop to base or ignoble actions. Some men have state occasions for showing what they are capable of doing, yet condescend, when occasion requires, or when off their guard, to act unworthily and meanly. That was not the principle upon which Tiyo acted. His aim was always to be a true man—less than a true man never. He used to speak with pain of the manner in which some people bestowed their gifts upon him, and how he thought less of the man who thrust a £5 note into his hand, for his church or mission, saying, "Take that, Mr. Soga, and say nothing about it!" and then turn away with an air of self-satisfaction, as if a great favour had been conferred, or a noble deed performed, and as if the donor really did wish that a great deal was said about his generosity.

He was singularly free from that mischief-making propensity of speaking evil of others. His reticence regarding others was well marked by those who knew him. To him the character of another was as sacred as his own. He scrupulously abstained from maligning either friend or foe. If at any time the conversation verged upon mere gossip, he retired into his shell, and sat silent, uneasy, and impatiently waiting for a fitting opportunity to turn it into a profitable channel. He often playfully, and at the same time reprovingly, remarked, "I see you white people are not one whit behind my poor countrymen in backbiting!" He was a man whom you could invariably trust. What was told him in confidence he buried beneath the secret folds of his heart.

Tiyo Soga was a thorough gentleman. He was a black man. He knew it; and, like Othello, never forgot that he was black. Despite his colour, there never lived a more polished gentleman. John Selden, in his "Table Talk," has some difficulty in defining clearly what a gentleman is: at the same time he goes on to speak of two kinds of gentlemen—the gentleman of blood, and the gentleman by creation; and then he adds that civilly the former is the better, but morally the latter is the superior of the two. Tiyo Soga was a "gentleman by creation." On one occasion several young missionaries—Tiyo Soga being one of the number—had to make application to a "gentleman of arms" to be allowed to extend their missions in a new territory. When they were ushered into his presence, the reputed gentleman at once bluntly and somewhat gruffly inquired, "Well, Soga, what have *you* been about since I last saw you?" The Kafir minister, somewhat taken aback by this unexpected rudeness, quickly recovered self-possession, and said that he was labouring at the Mgwali.

In answer there followed a tirade against missions and mission stations. The gentleman of *prowess* pronounced them hotbeds of iniquity; they harboured the scum of the Kafir race—the scoundrels, blackguards, and drunkards of Kafirdom. Missionaries were said to have done no good whatever; and in proof of the uselessness of mission work, the old well-worn story of the Kat River Rebellion was given. Kafirs were not worthy of being civilized; and if they were capable of moral improvement, the missionaries were the most unfit men for that work. Much in the same strain followed, to the great chagrin of the deputation. Tiyo Soga, to whom these invectives were more specially addressed, listened until the speaker had exhausted his abusive vocabulary, and then replied with calm dignity: "Our object in waiting upon you, sir, was not to discuss the question of what Christian missions have accomplished. You have been pleased to take an unfair advantage of us. We do not meet on the present occasion on equal terms; for if we presumed to answer your statements, you have it in your power to command us to be removed from your presence. We are quite prepared however, on any other occasion, to defend ourselves and our work." Let the reader judge for himself which of these two speakers was the true gentleman.

Another incident may be given: There was one house where Tiyo Soga had been a frequent and welcome guest whilst he was the missionary at the Mgwali. Only once, however, after his removal to the Tutuka had he visited that house, about six months before his death, and the lady was from home at the time. When the tidings were flashed across the Colony that the Kafir missionary was no more, a little girl of the family, not three years of age, brimful of simplicity, rushed to her mother, exclaiming,

"O mama, Mr. Soga is dead!" "Hush! child," said the mother, "you don't know Mr. Soga, for you never saw him." "I do know Mr. Soga," answered the child, "he spoke to me on the sofa there." The mother then asked what Mr. Soga was like: "Was he a white man?" "He was black," was the reply, "but he was a *gentleman!*" His brethren in the ministry, his associates, his intimate friends recognized and acknowledged him to be a true-born gentleman; and that stammering infant unconsciously testified to the fact!

"No man lives," says Carlyle, "without jostling and being jostled; in all ways he has to *elbow* himself through the world, giving and receiving offence." Tiyo Soga received his share of jostling, and sometimes it was very hard to bear it meekly. On one occasion, as he entered the public room of a wayside inn, in the company of a gentleman of no mean repute, he was suddenly commanded by the owner to withdraw his foot from its sacred precincts: "Come, clear out; we allow no *niggers* in here." Only after much insult, and when his fellow-traveller threatened to expose the conduct of the hotel-keeper, he ultimately yielded, and with very bad grace, to place any refreshment before the travellers.

The following incident Tiyo used to narrate with considerable mirth. He had gone to a certain seaport town, which is pronounced to be the key to the interior, with the object of meeting a friend who was expected by steamer. After a long dusty ride, he stood at the door of the hotel for admission. The landlord, not knowing who the weary horseman was, showed him to a small room in the backyard, perfumed with the mellow flavour from the stable. The apartment contained as its furniture some forms and a table. On one of these forms was a well-worn

pair of large blucher boots; on another Tiyo Soga stretched himself to rest. Presently the door was opened, and in walked an able-bodied navvy fresh from his work. On seeing a black man enjoying a siesta, he gave a long whistle and inquired, "Who have we got here?" then suddenly made a rush to the boots and seized them, exclaiming, "I must take care of my property!" Tiyo Soga instantly burst into a loud laugh at the *grotesqueness* of the scene, as well as at the idea of his stealing such a pair of boots. Explanations followed, and the Hibernian soon discovered that his property was as safe on the form as in his hands. By the agency of the groom Tiyo Soga was soon shown into a more comfortable apartment, and on the following day (Sabbath), as he conducted a religious service, his two most attentive listeners were mine host, and the Irishman who had deemed him capable of stealing a pair of boots!

On another occasion, passing with a brother-minister through an insignificant village, they were accosted by the magistrate, who was an inveterate joker, and a man who assumed to be possessed of very little of the *suaviter in modo*. The magistrate most cordially greeted his companion, and then suddenly turned upon Soga with the demand, "Where's your pass, sir?" The joke was so personal, and almost cruel, that Tiyo Soga, on his return to Kaffraria, implored the Lieutenant-Governor to furnish him with a passport, so that he might be free to travel without violating any duly authorized law of the Colony. Colonel Maclean, who had a great respect for Tiyo, said that he would not for a moment think of insulting him by providing him with a pass; but on the oft-repeated request he penned a friendly note stating who Tiyo Soga was.

Such were some specimens of his training "to endure hardness." They might easily be multiplied; but as some of the insults were amply apologised for, when the offenders discovered who he was, they need not be recorded. Whilst many offences were sufficiently atoned for, they were not forgotten by Tiyo, as indicating the place which his countrymen held in the estimation of many. He had to bear all in his own bosom.

He met with many rebuffs because of his excessive modesty. Some young natives are very offensively forward, and many mistook him for one of these upstarts, and treated him coldly and superciliously before they had seen anything questionable in his demeanour. As an instance of his humility, a gentleman in the Kaffrarian Civil Service states, that whilst resident at the Transkei, one of his domestics came one evening with a request from a native who was benighted, asking if he might be allowed a shelter for the night in one of the out-houses with the servants. After the request was granted the gentleman made some enquiries about this native traveller, and discovered that it was no less a personage than the Rev. Tiyo Soga. The information was opportunely received, as he was just about partaking of hospitality with the servants. The gentleman, amid many expressions of regret, brought him into his house; and now he looks back upon that evening as one of the happiest in his life.

Tiyo did not aim at being an orator; he spoke as a man to men; and that kind of eloquence he possessed in a rare degree. You invariably felt that he had something to say, some message to deliver, and that he had been successful in giving it. There was a deep spirituality in his preaching, and also a plaintive earnestness which touched a chord in the hearts of such hearers

as understood something of the painful experiences through which a soul struggles towards purity and light. You felt that he was speaking from the depths of his own experience. His discourses were carefully prepared, fully written out and read. He was not a slavish reader, but made free use of his manuscript, and had little action in the pulpit. With a slightly husky voice, yet not unmusical, he proceeded calmly and affectionately to deliver his message. When he got excited, his whole face was lighted up with intelligence; as he warmed into his subject he drew the tip of the little finger of his right hand across his upper lip, so that, although ready to forget that you were listening to a Kafir, this peculiar gesture reminded you of his nationality. There was no flutter or hesitation; you were carried from one point to another in his discourse without effort, and you wondered how this Kafir held you captive, or how he had learned so much of the divine life in man. To an English audience he did not deal with, or unmask, the cancerous sores and ulcers of European life, as he often did with those peculiar to his own countrymen, but rather expounded such passages as revealed the soul, panting, yearning, battling through sin, and seeking closer union with God in Christ. His sermons were peculiarly instructive, and he had a wonderful degree of pathos when entreating men to close with the oft-repeated offer of mercy whilst the day of grace lasted. Whilst he could not be claimed as the most eloquent South African preacher in English, there was something about the whole man, his purity of life, his sincerity, his disinterestedness, his affectionateness, his faithful dealing with men, which made every sentence that he uttered go home to the hearts of his hearers. What he said, and the manner in which he said it, touched the consciences of men far more power-

fully than if the very same thing had come from the lips of a European preacher. His prayers were not the least striking part of his pulpit ministrations. There was a fervour, a devotion, an earnestness, a solemnity about them which showed that they were no mere hasty utterances spoken unguardedly at the throne of grace. They betokened secret converse with God, and even though the sermon had fallen short of your expectation, his prayers could not pass unheeded, or without awakening a feeling of reverence even in the most listless spirits.

The following anecdote shows with what power his words went to the hearts of men. He had gone to preach at the anniversary services of a native congregation. But whilst this was his special errand he was afterwards requested by a brother minister to preach to a European congregation. This he consented to do. In looking over his manuscripts he found to his disappointment that he had not brought with him the sermon which he had intended to preach, if asked to do so in English. There was no choice now, and he must deliver the one brought by mistake, which happened to be on the evils resulting from Christians yielding to temper in their intercourse with each other. As he proceeded with his sermon he was struck with the marked attention of his audience. He afterwards ascertained the cause. One of the most prominent members of the congregation had been engaged in an unpleasant dispute with his neighbours, and so violent had the war become that it led to the utterance of language quite unworthy of professing Christians. When the service was over, he was abruptly accosted by this individual who asked him very plainly if that sermon had been preached purposely to insult him before the congregation. Tiyo was confounded, and explained the

circumstances which led him to deliver the sermon. He soon learned from others the cause of this brusque inquiry, and when speaking of it afterwards, he expressed his conviction that he had been led by a remarkable providence unconsciously to speak words which he had not intended. He drew the bow at a venture, and the arrow pierced the heart. The incident proves his correct knowledge of human nature, and his power of unmasking those "small sins" which after all are the most ruinous to Christian life and character.

In his own tongue, and to his own countrymen, he was truly a powerful, eloquent, and most remarkable preacher. He was then in his element, every attitude studied, graceful, and telling, yet with not one vestige of theatrical display. Ono who knew nothing of the language, by looking at the preacher, and listening to the rhythm of the carefully worded sentences, would have noted the language of every motion, the speaker's brightly intelligent eye; the rapt attention of his audience, the breathless stillness that prevailed, and have felt that he had great power among his countrymen. His Kafir sermons abounded in illustrations borrowed from every-day life, and from past events. The smallest incident taught a lesson, and the most trivial circumstances illustrated some truth. If his English sermons had contained one half of what was so abundant in his Kafir discourses he would have ranked very high as a preacher. His description of battles, his word-painting of a landscape, his portraiture of those scenes which make up so much of the sorrows of life, showed that his talent was not bound up in a napkin. His Kafir sermons were most carefully thought out, and full notes were taken to guide him in the pulpit, which gave him a freedom and a naturalness that were not so prominent in his English

ministrations. Yet he was not dependent on his notes. When preaching at the heathen villages, in his itinerations, he was perfectly at ease, and exhibited his marvellous power of swaying an audience unaccustomed to gospel preaching. In addressing a company of natives, he could arrest their attention by the most trivial event or circumstance, in illustration of his subject. He held up before him a high standard, and he seldom if ever fell below it.

Travelling on one occasion with the Gaika Commissioner who was out on a tour of inspection, they reached one of those deep stony gorges of the Thomas River, just as the shadows of evening were lengthening, and after a short thunderstorm had refreshed the atmosphere. A few yards from the road was a chief's kraal where a large dance was being held. The dancers in two columns were heaving to and fro, whilst the old bard hobbled up and down lashing them into excitement for a final effort ere they separated for the night. Tiyo Soga went up to the dance whilst the others proceeded to their encampment. Next morning as a message had been sent to the villagers around that service was to be held, a vast congregation assembled at the tent, many coming probably from curiosity or in hopes of getting a pipeful of tobacco. When all was ready Tiyo Soga, who was to conduct the service, stood under the shade of a large wild olive tree, with a crowd before him whose attention could easily be diverted even by the barking of a dog. After a short prayer he commenced, praised the people before him, stringing together some snatches of the rugged language of the bard on the previous evening. He struck a chord. All eyes were riveted. Then he spoke of the joy he felt at seeing his countrymen so happy, and having gained a willing ear he glided into his text saying, "Whilst you are thus so joyous and merry,

you are 'living without God and without hope in the world.'" Argument and illustration followed, and then an appeal, forcible and striking, which produced a marked impression on his hearers.

At the next halting place he was again the preacher, and delivered a totally different sermon from the same text. As he spoke at this village, a middle-aged man, one of the audience, frequently enjoyed a hearty laugh. When the service was over, curious to know the cause of this unusual merriment, some of the travellers ventured to ask. The man replied, "I was not laughing *at* anything, but I was pleased with the way the son of Soga spoke to us; for he just drove a bolt right through us, and riveted it on the other side, so that we were compelled to listen and submit."

His services were greatly in demand at the opening of native churches and at their anniversaries, and on such occasions he taxed his feeble strength to the very utmost, and showed to what a height of pulpit eloquence he could rise. We refer to one such occasion—the opening of the church at Henderson, Thomas River, on a Sunday afternoon in August, 1867. The church was overcrowded by his red-painted countrymen—chiefs and councillors and brave old Gaika warriors were present; in short, such a gathering as roused him to the sublimest pitch of eloquence. He gave out a hymn in low tones, offered a short, earnest prayer, read calmly the 72nd Psalm; then followed another hymn, after which he gave out as his text, "His name shall endure for ever," &c. He briefly explained the context; then traced the names of the long line of Kafir chieftains, the names of the brave warriors, the names of the white men renowned in Kafir history. Then he showed how, one by one, these illustrious names, as the

years increased, were passing into forgetfulness. He paused. But who is this whose name is immortal, whose fame will be increased as each day becomes folded into the past? He told it. He described its greatness. He told what this *One* had done; wove into his sermon, in sublime language, the simple story of Christ's life-work. He told them that all men, *even Kafirs*, were to be blessed in Him. Then he implored, reasoned, and urged his countrymen to partake of this blessedness. He pictured their degradation, their misery, their dispersion, and closed with a powerful appeal, beseeching them to accept of that which *alone* could make them a blessed and a happy people. After this burst of eloquence he sat down, panting, heaving, exhausted; and as we looked on him after the effort was over, we felt that his end was not far distant. He made a profound impression upon his hearers. The chief, seated outside the church, after the service was over, said to a group of councillors, "There is something in what we have heard just now. Buy European clothes, and enter these churches and listen to what these preachers say, and never again say that your chiefs stand in the way of your embracing the Gospel." An old hardened sinner exclaimed, as he left the church, "What meaneth the son of Soga thus to unman us, so that our eyes have been bedimmed with tears!" A Christian remarked, "If these words do not awaken us, then we are the most incorrigible of people!" Such was Tiyo Soga as a preacher to his countrymen.

As a platform speaker at a native meeting he had no equal. Among many remarkable speeches on public occasions to his countrymen, perhaps that which is most memorable, and which produced the profoundest impression, was at the jubilee of the Rev. John Brownlee, in

January, 1867. It was a perfect masterpiece, from whatever point it is viewed; as a retrospect of fifty years' mission work; as a bright picture of the marvellous changes produced by the Gospel; as an outpouring of gratitude to the many faithful missionaries who had sacrificed so much for his countrymen; as a loud call to profit by their self-denying labours; as a description of Mr. Brownlee's life, labours, and unblemished character; and as a touching farewell to the grand old man who "in his journey homewards had crossed all the rivers, and before whom but few remained now to be forded."

In reference to this speech, he writes thus to Mr. Johnston: "Nothing has astonished me so much as the satisfaction which my Kafir speech at the jubilee seems to have given to many friends. It never entered into my head that it might appear in an English shape; but on request, Chalmers and I made a very hurried translation of it. It was given in Kafir to tell the simple truth to my countrymen of our indebtedness to the men who have done so much for us. If, therefore, it has done any good, let God have the glory. It is more than I calculated upon. I suppose that you and I have fed enough on human praise to find that the most substantial food for the soul is to do good for the honour of our master and for the benefit of our fellow-men. The best applause, which is also the most acceptable and satisfactory, is when it comes to a man unexpectedly. Your own 'well done' I have always valued very highly, and on many accounts.

"The subject of the mutual relation of missionaries and farmers in the work of native elevation is too deeply interesting and too long for me to take up in this letter. I shall (D.V.) take an early opportunity of discussing it

with you. One thing is certain, that both sides have much to say that is mutually beneficial. The real difficulty at the threshold of the question is, that most European farmers do not seek the elevation of the natives in the sense that you and I desire it. Any process set in operation for educating and civilizing the natives, must turn them out better servants. They look with extreme jealousy upon the efforts made by good men to bring the natives up to a level with themselves. This is one difficulty at the outset, but I shall not enlarge upon it just now. Meanwhile here is a question for you: 'Is a conference of missionaries and farmers on the subject of native affairs practicable?' Sooner or later these two parties must try to understand each other and co-operate.

"I have no patience with the narrowness of the party who oppose the union of the Free and United Presbyterian Churches, on such paltry questions as the use of an organ in church. I have sometimes inwardly despised the mistaken zeal of some of our Scotch friends in such quibbles. Prejudice is a detestable vice; and in theological questions it has its seat. How are your own theological opinions standing the friction of this fast age? For myself, I may say I have lagged behind, and have not kept pace with the speculations which are so rife. Life is short. I wish to die in the old persuasions. Fresh views are not only doubtful, but they make you doubt the old, and leave you with little to lean upon."

Tiyo Soga was a man who entered into, and sympathised with, the sorrows of others. He had always a word of sympathy to the bereaved and afflicted. Examples might be given from letters of condolence which he wrote to persons in no way associated with him, or identified with

mission-work, and which exhibit the depth and intensity of his fellow-feeling with the griefs and trials of others.

As a friend, a more faithful man never lived. There was an irresistible something about him difficult to define, which drew one closer to him in proportion to the knowledge of his inner life. There was a strange fascination about him, which made one feel that he was a true man, worthy of all love and confidence. He could always be trusted. Although humble and retiring, he exercised an influence over others which can never be lost. The secret of his greatness and goodness, which made him the highest of his countrymen, and the representative man of his race, was that he was *a true Christian.* The fact showed itself at all times; in conversation, in the tones of his voice, in the gentleness of his nature, in his blameless conduct, in his warm shake of the hand at meeting and on parting, in his hospitality, in his unwillingness to offend, in his home life, in his contact with men of all grades and colour, in his preaching, in his prayers, in his unwearied labours, which taxed to the very utmost the failing strength of his fragile frame. Tiyo Soga was a Kafir, an educated man, a missionary, a gentleman; but the one feature of his character which towered far above the rest, and which showed itself in every look and gesture, was that he was a CHRISTIAN.

CHAPTER XXII.

SUNSET.

"Sleep sweetly, tender heart, in peace;
Sleep, holy spirit, blessed soul,
While the stars burn, the moons increase,
And the great ages onward roll.

"Sleep till the end, true soul and sweet,
Nothing comes to thee new or strange;
Sleep, full of rest from head to foot;
Lie still, dry dust, secure of change."

THE year 1871 found Tiyo Soga weary and worn, suffering from great physical prostration, yet heroically performing all his duties. From the 1st to the 16th of March he was at King William's Town attending the Board of Revisers of the Kafir Bible, and took part in the translation and preparation for the press of the first thirteen chapters of the Acts of the Apostles. During this session, as on many previous occasions, he was the guest of Mr. John Samuel, head-master of the Grammar School there, who showed him no small kindness, and ministered largely to his comfort. It was very evident, however, that his working days were drawing to a close. He suffered from a racking cough and great exhaustion, and seldom was able to be present at the Board at the usual time—9 o'clock a.m. "Take no notice of my late arrival," he said to one of his brother-revisers; "I get no sleep at night, and this cough shakes and weakens me so much that it is with great difficulty I can walk down to our meetings." Mr. Samuel

observed his great physical weakness, and had his horse constantly in readiness to save Tiyo Soga the fatigues of the walk to and from the Board; but although sometimes availing himself of that help, Tiyo had a singular aversion to cause unnecessary trouble, and would rather walk to and from his work. The cough was so very violent, that he had frequently during the day to send to the druggist for some soothing mixture. He was never absent, and it must have cost him a hard struggle to work at his post until six o'clock each evening. He looked jaded, seldom sat erect, and had his manuscript resting on his knees. His eye had a peculiarly languid expression; and though cheerful, a weary sadness was imprinted on his countenance.

During this session of the Board, he wrote the following letter to his boys: "I am in King William's Town, translating, as you know, the Bible into Kafir with other missionaries. It is eleven days since I left home. They were all well when I left. No change has taken place there since you left, so that God has been very good to us. I was very thankful to hear from Willie's, Miss Blackstock's, and Mr. Bogue's letters that all of you were also well. I hope, my dear boys, that you are thankful to God for all His kindness to you. Begin early to think of God. Love the Lord Jesus Christ in your youth, for as men grow old they become hardened and wedded to sin. You must attend seriously to all that is taught you concerning God and the salvation of your never-dying souls. Although only boys you have souls that stand in need of the love of God and the salvation which is in Christ His Son. You need that quite as much as you require food for your bodies.

"Mr. Bogue and Miss Blackstock speak very kindly of you. They say you are good boys. Now, I would be

very grieved indeed if these kind friends spoke of you in any other way. I would be grieved if they spoke of you as disobedient boys, or lazy boys at your lessons, or disobliging boys. Strive then, each of you, to have a good name, and keep it. Seek God's help. It would be a painful thing to hear that you had got a bad name in a foreign land. Try and have a good name among your school-fellows, and in the estimation of your teachers. Remember also that you are the children of a poor missionary. I am not rich. How are your brother and sisters to be educated? Where are we to get money for their education? Be diligent, therefore, in your studies, so that when you become young men you may be able to help yourselves, and so leave us to help your younger brother and sisters.

"Be not forgetful of any kindness. Cherish gratitude to all people who show kindness to you. When you reached Scotland, did you write and thank Mr. and Mrs. Miller of London? Did you write to thank Mr. and Mrs. Ashton? Did you do the same to Mr. and Mrs. Morgan of Cape Town, and Mr. Stretch of Glenavon? Did these friends ask you to write to them? But even though they did not, you ought yourselves to think of them, and acknowledge their kindness to you. I would be very sorry if you were forgetful of this, because people will soon know and say that my boys are very ungrateful, and ought not to receive any kindness. Attend to this, my dear boys, and ever manifest a grateful spirit. There is no necessity why people should be kind to you, because you have done nothing for them. Old Mrs. Brownlee is dead. She died very happily, because she trusted in Christ. Before she died she said, 'Heaven is my home.' Old Mr. Brownlee is dying. The one side of his body

is paralysed. He has been a faithful servant of Christ. He is going to his blessed home.

"Kreli, the chief, is well. I think he is going to war with Ngangelizwe, who has been so cruel to his daughter. Be not forgetful of your friends here. A missionary said to me that he once sent a son of his, a boy of Allan's age, to England, and that when his son returned, a young man, to this country, he did not know his father, neither did he love him. I was sorry to hear this, and said to myself, 'Although my boys have left us so young, I hope they will not forget us.' I think not.

"We have finished translating the four Gospels, and are now working at the Acts of the Apostles. Tell Mr. Govan this, and also that all the Societies are still represented at the Board of Translators. I am going to have a church opened, which has been built since you left. May God be with you, my dear boys! May He bless you and keep you, and save your souls!"

The last act which he performed before leaving King William's Town, was to send a small sum of money to his boys; and as he was paying it into the money order office, he said to a brother-minister who was with him, "I am just sending a little pocket money to my boys. When I was in Scotland I often felt the want of a penny which I could call my own." With reference to this act he says to Mr. Bogue, in a letter, which was the last he wrote to that friend: "King William's Town, 16th March, 1871.—I have sent the boys a post-office order for £1. This money they are to draw themselves, and take to you. It is a little pocket money for them. I know it is not right to give too much money to boys, but it is a worse evil to withhold it altogether from them. If their companions and school-fellows have pennies, and they have none, it

is enough to break their boyish spirit, and make them covetous and unhappy. Be kind enough to let them have two shillings of it every Saturday morning. I hope to continue sending small instalments. My reason for so doing is, that it may be one way of making them remember their home. Be kind enough to point out to them the advantage of saving something even out of this weekly allowance, small as it is. When they save anything they can purchase something useful, and especially books. If they wish to go anywhere, they must pay their own fares out of the amount they receive. I am now waiting to hear the news of Dr. Anderson's jubilee, and if my letter reached in time to be read at the meeting."

In the month of April, the church at the Tutuka, to which he refers in the letter to his sons, was publicly opened; and as he has himself published a report of the whole proceedings on that occasion, and as it is the last letter he wrote descriptive of his mission work, it must be given in its entirety:

"The 16th and 19th days of April," says Tiyo Soga, "are days not soon to be forgotten in the history of this station. The former was the day on which our small native church was formally opened, and the latter that on which we met with all who came, Christian and heathen, and with brethren who took an interest in the onward movement of the cause of Christ among the native tribes of Southern Africa. With all these we met on that Wednesday—to rejoice together, to cheer each other in our small victories, and to rally each other in our defeats. I cannot but feel assured, by what was said and done on these (to us at least) red-letter days, that God will bless His own word and work.

"The 16th (the Sabbath) was ushered in by a brilliant

sun and a spotless sky; the air was fresh, soft, and mild. There were present with us—the Rev. Bryce Ross, from Pirie, more than a hundred miles from this; the Rev. J. A. Chalmers, from Henderson, Gaika Country, eighty miles at least from the Tutuka; and the Rev. John Sclater, from Paterson, which is about forty miles distant. Mr. Chalmers was to open the church, and give the opening sermon in Kafir; Mr. Sclater was to take up the second service in English, and preach to the Europeans, who have for two years attended our monthly English service; while the Rev. Bryce Ross was to bring up the rear, and close the day by a second discourse in Kafir.

"At early dawn Mrs. M'Farlane's sweet-toned bell, fixed on a covered belfry on the east gable of the building, awoke the sleepers from their slumbers, and called to preparation for the duties of the sacred day. At sunrise, according to previous intimation, the station people assembled for prayer and devotional exercises in the old Kafir hut, which for two years had been our place of worship. Thus, in confessions, in thanksgivings, and in intercessions, we closed our services in an honoured and respected old place, though of humble origin and barbarian parentage! As coincidences and contrasts will sometimes happen in an unexpected way, I was astonished to find, on the morning of the last Sunday in which religious services were held in the hut, that the wall had sunk down and opened a wide rent on the side from which the heaviest rains set in here, viz., the south. Had the supporting inside poles not been firmly fixed into the ground, or had they been smaller, we would have awoke that morning to find the whole fabric a complete ruin. So our new house, even looking at it in this aspect, was not opened a Sunday too soon; it was, in fact, done 'in the nick of time.'

"I was struck by an idea in the prayer of one of our Christian natives. Referring to our being that Sunday morning in the old hut for the last time, he said: 'By what we were now doing here we have come to take with us *the blessing* of the old house into the new, as otherwise we should have left it behind. No good ever came of people who did not give to old age its due.' The service, which lasted three quarters of an hour, was visibly edifying and refreshing, and formed a suitable preparation for those to come. It was attended, besides our own people and red Kafirs, by native Christian representatives from different mission stations—Pirie, Peelton, Mgwali, Henderson, Paterson, and Butterworth. The sight of these dark brethren was greatly refreshing. About ten o'clock appeared the lumbering South African waggons, the movable home of the traveller, the farmer, the missionary, the trader, and now of the diamond digger! When they discharged their living freights of interested and expectant worshippers, the neighbourhood of the church soon resounded with the din of human voices. There gathered together also horses and horsemen; and so in the course of the next half hour the scene presented a lively appearance, and worthy of a better descriptive pen than mine.

"At eleven o'clock Mrs. M'Farlane's bell rung out the summons, that those at some distance might draw near, and that the dilatory might redouble their diligence, as the long-expected moment was approaching.

"After a quarter of an hour the bell again sounded and then the people assembled, and drew near to the old hut church. One of our Kafir missionary hymns was given out, and 'the human voice divine' in no contemptible harmony and pathos swelled our song of praise. I felt as

if we were singing a jubilee—as if the redemption year *had come*, the year of glorious Gospel liberty, the acceptable year of the Lord.

'Blow ye the trumpet, blow
The gladly solemn sound;
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home!"

"The burden of our own favourite native hymn was, the future triumphs of the glorious Gospel of the grace of God, and the glory of the Saviour's peaceful and righteous reign on earth. As each stanza was given out and sung, the multitude advanced, by solemn and slow steps, to the new house of God. When the last verse was given out, we were standing near the door; and when it was all sung Mr. Chalmers took the key and *literally* opened the church. The people, Christian and heathen, came in by two doors, and soon filled the house, which is not a large one.

"After the usual devotional exercises of our Presbyterian service, Mr. Chalmers gave out for his text, Psalm cxliv. 11—to the end. After this first service there was an interval of half an hour. Then the English service began. There was a congregation of about forty Europeans including children; but many of the natives who understood English came in. So the audience, though select, was a capital one. Mr. Sclater addressed them from Matthew xx. 23. In the afternoon, at three o'clock, the last service commenced, and the Rev. Bryce Ross preached in Kafir from Isaiah xlv. 22.

"And now of the three discourses at these services what shall I say? I trust that, though not altogether indifferent to it, the good missionary, who like his Master goeth about doing good, sowing beside all waters, and scattering with

a wise, liberal hand, the seed of the kingdom, is not eager after the incense of human praise. I will, however, tell the Christian friends at home that the brethren who confronted the Galeka Kafir audiences were chosen of purpose. We cannot help it; every minister, in this, as in the home country, has his own choice men among preachers, and the three who proclaimed the Gospel to the Galekas on the 16th of April were our own choice men. I feel very sorry indeed that I cannot convey an adequate idea of the impression which all the three discourses produced upon the people, native and European. In the house the impression was visible in the rapt attention, and the entranced gaze of the eye, and kindling face. Outside the house, the impression was declared by the outspoken language of admiration. To say no more about these services, I have the wish in my mind at this moment, which I had at their conclusion; I wish that my people here understood the value of preserving anything good that has been done for them, and that they knew the usefulness of published discourses on special occasions. Would that the word, spoken by these brethren on that Sabbath, were in the hands of those of our people who are able to read for themselves! All the three discourses were most carefully and thoroughly studied, and there was not one word out of joint. They possessed the precious charm of fine devout Christian feeling which stimulates and edifies, and they were eminently instructive and suggestive.

"I come now to our Wednesday meeting. Very early in the day any one might have seen (as the English pertinently say) that 'something was up.' Besides many good things expected to be done on it, there was also to be *feasting*, that is, there was to be a treat of well cooked meat eating. To the Kafir the *inyama* (flesh), whether

roasted on the live coals, or stewed, or simply boiled in the pot, is the greatest of all luxuries. The Kafir's relish for the *inyama* is something purer or grosser, if you like, than that of John Bull for his roast beef, roast mutton, and roast fowl. The highly civilized gentleman has his dressings and peculiar cookings, to give exquisite flavour and relish to his favourite dish. The barbarian Kafir likes his *simply* fresh and fat, nicely broiled, and nicely boiled.

"I suppose that above sixty pots of meat had fires crackling under them on this Wednesday morning, and more than the half of them were brought from the neighbouring Kafir kraals, by previous arrangement.

"The real business of the day began at eleven o'clock. The church was too small to accommodate all. There were three times as many sitting outside as those who had found room within. Besides the brethren who preached on the Sabbath, there were the Rev. J. Longden, Wesleyan; the Rev. James Davidson, Elujilo; and the Rev. Richard Ross. These brethren were attended by good contingents of the leading Christian men of their stations, who rendered much practical service in the way of addressing their heathen countrymen. The chief Kreli was present, surrounded by a strong body of courtier councillors. The Rev. Bryce Ross was called to the chair. The 104th Kafir hymn was sung, and then the Rev. Richard Ross offered prayer. After a few introductory remarks, he called upon me to give the report of the building of the church. I then stated that the whole building had been erected at a cost of £52 19s. 2d.; that of this amount £26 15s. had been paid, £10 of which, however, was a grant from Scotland; that the rest was raised by collections at the door of our native church, and by small donations from private persons; that a good deal of the work in thatch, poles,

and wattles was done by the station people; that up to the services of last Sabbath there was a debt of £26 4s. 2d. still to meet; but that I was glad to say that when the Sunday services closed, our debt was reduced by £13 17s. 7½d., leaving on this Wednesday morning a debt of £12 6s. 6½d.

"I further stated that four cattle and thirty-two sheep and goats had been contributed towards the festivities in connection with the opening of the church. Of the cattle, one was given by Kreli, the second by Mr. Finn, and the other two by two European traders. The goats and the sheep came from the red Kafirs in the immediate neighbourhood of the station, and from three of our church members. In returning thanks for the liberality of our heathen friends, who might have stood aloof altogether from giving any aid in a matter more immediately concerning Christians and their teachers, I could not but notice also the good feeling of the Kafir women. They came with baskets full of green mealies, with pumpkins and sugar cane for the special use of those who had come long distances, and lived on the hospitality of the station before those days of our services and meetings. The plan pursued by our Presbyterian missionaries of making no distinction of meats and drinks, between Christian and heathen, works most admirably, and brings about very happy results. When they find that in these unessential earthly things they stand on a common platform with their Christian and more civilized brethren, the heathen become trusty friends of our mission stations, and no contemptible supporters and helpers on special occasions, such as the one whose proceedings I am now reporting.

"After this report was made, the meeting was addressed by all the missionary brethren present, and by two of our native Christians. Mr. Richard Irvine, of Butterworth,

spoke also to the people. Kreli and Xoxo (Mapassa's son, second chief in the tribe), and Mazabele of the Qolora, three great chiefs, stood up one after the other, and returned thanks for what they had seen that day, and assured the missionaries that they had received the Word of God in good faith, and that they must go on as they had done that day, speaking and teaching among their people. They were all ignorant, but they had been taught something that day.

"As I cannot report the speeches delivered on the occasion, I shall content myself by making a few remarks suggested by things done, said, and seen on the occasion. The spirit of the meeting was excellent. What was said and done by our native Christians, on that Wednesday, gave us who are in this new field of Christian work exceeding good cheer and God-speed. Their enthusiasm, sympathy, and liberality were on this occasion beyond praise. Never were monies, from individual members and from sister churches, given with a freer hand and a more willing heart. Towards the close of the day's services we were able to announce amidst acclamations that the debt of £12 6s. 6½d. was cleared, and that there was a surplus of £5. There has been gradually introduced into our native churches a system of giving on the public occasions of church openings, which is both good in itself and provocative also of liberality in others. Our Free Church brethren brought it into practical operation; at all events, I first saw it in connection with the opening of their churches. Every speaker closes with and clenches his eloquent speech by the telling argument of 'I end by giving 10s.,' or more or less.

"But while the man with the gift of speech is holding forth, the silent man and woman are seen quietly coming

forward to the table to give his or her *'tikie'* (threepence), sixpence, or shilling. It was in this way that the liberality of our Christian natives was manifested at the opening of our Tutuka Church; and the red Kafirs came out in a way that told most pleasingly and most hopefully. Kreli led the way for them by a half sovereign. He, like a good gentleman, rose from the one end of the house, walked up to the table under the pulpit, and put down his offering. Mazabele came forth with his six good shillings, and in a fine spirit. Ah, how the chiefs have led the way! And the red Kafir, who had in his pouch the never-failing *tikie*, sixpence, or shilling, brought it forward, or handed it up. It would, of course, be too much to expect that heathen Kafirs should altogether be at home in addressing Christian assemblies. The constraint and embarrassment are often painfully apparent. I once witnessed a lamentable illustration in two conspicuous Fingoe chiefs, who rose up, one after the other, to say something on an occasion such as the one I am now celebrating. Poor fellows! they stood up, and sat down without saying anything that was worth listening to. Their intellects on the side of Christianity seemed to be completely dried up, or to have been an awful vacuum. When I whispered to a brother missionary near me that I had never witnessed a more melancholy exhibition of imbecility, childishness, weakness, and littleness in such *great men*, he replied, laughing, 'What else could you expect?'

"My Kafir countrymen, chiefs and common people, in the way of speaking acquitted themselves upon the whole very creditably. But even they, great talkers and reasoners as they are said to be, were not at ease; yet, according to their knowledge, and according to their possession of

money, they did well. Those who had not the courage to come forward to the table poured an unusually large quantity of *tikies* into the plates at the doors as the meeting broke up. Thus, by the help of our native Christians, and of our heathen friends, we did more than clear the debt of our first Galeka native church.

"I have not seen, but I have heard and read of the Scottish Highlanders' love and attachment to their hereditary chiefs. I trust that the present Scottish races do not *laugh this sentiment to scorn*, because they are now under the same benign rule as the English people. Whatever it once was, it kept the Highland world together, and kept their patriotism alive, and for that reason was to be admired. The Kafirs are bound to their chiefs by the same devoted attachment. The addresses of the native Christians to Kreli, the hereditary head of themselves, and to his heathen people, evinced wonderful tenderness of Christian feeling and love of race. They urged them to burst through the barriers of Kafir customs and the wiles of superstitious observances, and to open their country to a yet wider diffusion of the Gospel. They told them that a nation that will not educate its youth must go backwards, and that it cannot advance. 'Why so much ado,' asked one, 'about the cattle dowry for your daughters, which made you reluctant to place them under Christian influence, lest they should be taught the Book and be converted? Where are the thousands of cattle you got in exchange for them before the cattle-killing? Do you yet have them? Where are those you have been getting for them since the scourge of the lung-sickness came to make your kraals empty? Where are they? See you not that nothing of this world's coveted treasures is secure and long lasting? Give, then, to your children that which of

a truth shall endure—the knowledge of God's word, a better inheritance than of cattle?'

"They told Kreli that the small chapel, the opening of which they had come to celebrate, was but a school-house in comparison to the one they expected him to rear by and bye at the Tutuka. In fact, they said, a future school-house it was; and that when he should himself set about the collecting of the funds for the church of the *Kafir great place*, he would get all from Kafir Christians alone without any other assistance. Though the realization of all this should be far in the distance, I thought it a very happy idea to throw out to the Galekas.

"May we not hope, in closing this sketch, that the events to which it refers, as they regard the Christian native or the heathen native, are the presage of a more promising day? What was said on the Lord's day by the brethren who preached the Gospel in all the fulness of its salvation and the riches of its grace; what was said on the following Wednesday; what fell from the lips of various missionary brethren, and from Kafir and Fingoe Christians, will not be without its fruit in awakening thought, in the conversion of sinners, and in the establishment and strengthening of some in the resolution to renounce heathenism and serve the Lord. With regard, indeed, to this last reference, I may soon be in a position to tell you that what we have been praying for, and what we long saw the signs of—an inward change in the case of a man of note in this tribe—has at length come to a glorious issue. I know that at the conclusion of the Sunday services he came out to me like a man almost out of his reason. As in the case of all minds impressed, so, in his case, every word of truth uttered that day fell upon ears and heart with an agitating power, until the emotions of

his soul could find no utterance in human language. 'Sir,' was all he could say at this time; 'I think I must go away with these teachers. Who are they? Where have they been?' Yet he knew them personally, and all about them. I know that, since these events, he has bought a suit of European clothes, and is offering for sale three splendid oxen to buy dresses and blankets, and to change at least the outward aspect of his Kafir establishment. 'Let Thy work, O Lord, appear unto Thy servants; and establish Thou the work of our hands upon us; yea, the work of our hands establish Thou it.'

"Our Somerville Tutuka mission-church is an unpretending building of forty feet long by twenty wide, built of stout poles, wattled and plastered over, with a verandah all round to protect it from the action of the rains. Though devoid of architectural distinctions and elaborate ornamentations, I hope it will answer our purpose well. In the spiritual as in the natural world, *beauty* is bestowed without respect of places. We have seen ugliness and deformity issuing from the palaces of kings and nobles of the earth, whilst from the lowly cottages of the poor ones of earth there has come forth *comeliness* of unexceptionable attractiveness. So, then, of our humble 'Zion,' it will be sacred and dear to us, if it only be said of her: 'This and that man was born in her; and the Highest Himself shall establish her.'"

Tiyo Soga was singularly cheerful and happy on that occasion. He was elated with all the proceedings, and now looking back upon those memorable services, it would seem as if it was a farewell gathering with his most intimate friends and associates in the mission field. At the public meeting on Wednesday, his thanks for the sympathy and help accorded to him were unbounded. In a speech

addressed to his countrymen, he enumerated one by one the friends and churches to whom he owed a debt of gratitude, and then concluded by formally handing over the church to Kreli, his councillors, and his people, as the place built for the worship of the One True God. The notes of the speech which he delivered to the few Europeans in his English congregation in that far wilderness, though fragmentary, may be placed before the reader, as Tiyo's last recorded utterance to Europeans:

"I desire," he says, "to say a word to the European friends, whom I am rejoiced to see present with us on this occasion. When this station was established, three years ago, a monthly English service was commenced, which has been continued to this day, with only a few occasional interruptions. I have often wondered that, in this remote corner of the earth, so many Europeans should have gathered together as have attended these services. I trust that this desire to attend the ordinances of the Christian religion will always characterize the European friends, whose lot may be cast among our heathen population in South Africa. The presence of white people at the Sunday services is of itself an instructive lesson to such a people. It is a testimony on behalf of God, on behalf of His day, and on behalf of the Christian religion. I would say further to my white friends, who are among such a people as the Kafirs, that if the mission which is near them is a Christian mission, by all means be faithful in your attendance at its services. Do so for your own sakes, for your children's sake, and for example's sake. Do so, although that mission does not belong to your own denomination. Do so, although its outward form of worship does not exactly conform to that to which you have been accustomed. It is not the

Church with which we may be connected by baptism which saves us poor sinners; it is Christ as preached in that Church. In whatever house, therefore, you hear the sound of His blessed name, direct your steps thither. Excuse me if I appear to be egotistical on this occasion; but I wish to give you my own experience. I have come into contact and friendly intercourse with Christians of all denominations, and I can honestly say that, were it at all necessary, there is not one I would for a moment scruple to worship with in his own church. I have had no experience with Roman Catholics except in one instance, and in that case I had to beat a most ignominious retreat. I am sorry to say that my first friendly intercourse with a Roman Catholic was rudely broken by the rash speech of an over-zealous Presbyterian brother, and we were compelled to run out of the house for fear of our heads being broken by a spade. I am sorry for the credit of the female sex, that it was one of their sisters that brandished the spade which made two young men run for their lives but even that circumstance would not make me despise the Roman Catholics!

"I have come in contact with Christians of all denominations, and as I have seen them all loving the same Bible, and holding it as the one rule of faith and practice; all loving and honouring the same adorable Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ; and all looking forward to the same rest which remaineth for the people of God, I have, as a Kafir, often wished that these good friends of all denominations had never perplexed my countrymen with their *isms;* that they had left all these names and distinctions in Europe or elsewhere; and that they had come here to evangelize the heathen, bearing only one name, and having only the one distinction of being *Christians.*

"I have to thank my European friends for the Sunday collection, amounting to £15 12s. 8½d., which has helped to build this small, but respectable place of worship. My native Christian Congregation is very small indeed; and whilst their collections are far below what I could wish, still, if their mite has been given with a cheerful heart, it will not be without its blessing also. No man can ever be the poorer or the worse for giving out of his earnings to the cause of God. I believe that an offering to God is a prayer for the spread of His Gospel. 'Be not weary, therefore, in well-doing.' 'There is that scattereth and yet increaseth, and there is that withholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth to poverty. The liberal soul shall be made fat.'"

His former congregation at the Mgwali sent, by the hands of two of its elders, a donation towards the extinction of the debt on the new church among the Galekas, and in acknowledgment of this gift he writes thus to the Rev. J. F. Cumming: "Let me thank you with all my heart, for the kindness you have manifested to myself and to this station by the large and unexpected contribution from the Mgwali church. It was a worthy present from an elder to a younger sister on her marriage day. I wish you would publicly convey my unfeigned thanks to your congregations, European and native, and especially to my friend Mr. Hughes, who rejoiced my heart. I am all the more grateful for his subscription because it shows that he is mindful of God's work among the heathen. Such liberality, assure him, brings its own reward even in this world. The church cost us £52; but the Sunday services and the Wednesday meeting cleared all the debt away and left a balance in hand of upwards of £5. The Galekas astonished us with

their enthusiastic liberality: 'The Lord hath done great things for us.'"

By the assistance and support of the Rev. Thomas Millar's congregation in Perth, Tiyo had established an out-station and placed an evangelist at a spot six miles from the Tutuka, and was now desirous to establish a second, among the chief Mapassa's people. It is with reference to this that he writes as follows:

"We have also concluded a series of long negotiations with the chief Mapassa, to receive my second evangelist as a permanent resident in his tribe. These negotiations have lasted for more than a year. After one conference and another, we were asked to wait until word was sent to us. But after waiting to no purpose, we had to renew our application by personal visitation. This was done at least three times. At last the chief said that he and his people were willing, quite willing, to receive a missionary; but I must apply to Kreli myself. On their own responsibility they were afraid to receive a missionary or to give any spot of land for his residence. The land was not theirs but Kreli's. I told Mapassa that he had made the case more serious than I considered it; that though I hoped to apply some day to Kreli to allow an ordained missionary to be settled among his people, yet just now in asking him to receive the evangelist, I was doing what I had already done among the people of a chief less important than himself. That chief took the evangelist on his own responsibility, and gave him a place, and Kreli said not a word against it. I added that these men are known to the chief as my mouth, hands, and legs, in the furtherance of my work among the Galekas. I introduced them to him when they came, and his own word to me when I first came was to go anywhere among

my countrymen in preaching the Word of God. I further said to Mapassa I did not wish at present to raise the serious question to Kreli of an ordained missionary. I have talked and argued so much with him to obtain his consent to the stations we have now in the Galeka country that I wished a breathing time both for him and myself, but that I would have no objection to be at him again after the agent had been settled for some time among his people.

"As the chief was well aware of his own importance in the tribe—being the second to Kreli—he cordially deferred to my representations, and received the agent who was with me with the utmost goodwill. We are now waiting for a spot which, after their own counsel, they are to point out as his place of permanent residence. It is quite understood that this is the beginning of a future mission station.

"I am thankful for having gained so much, as I have all along regarded Mapassa's tribe as an eligible field for another independent mission station.

"Take him all in all, Mapassa is a grand old Kafir chief. I knew him in the Gaika country, whithe famine had driven him and the remnant of his tribe, after the cattle-killing. I then itinerated among his people, and often showed his family a little kindness in their day of woe. Now they remember all that, with a gratitude which is of advantage to my work and influence among them. Perhaps of all Kafir chiefs Mapassa is the most superstitious. He has a thorough belief in the magic of witchcraft, and charms, and dreams, and ominous sounds, signs, and appearances; and his voice in the case of *smelled out* witches, in the hey-day of Kafir independence, was often for death. Intellectually he is a poet of no mean order, and a good leader in the day of battle—brave to a fault.

Like the fraternity of poets (I suppose) his eye has the 'wild frenzy,' especially when he is animated. He is not, however, like most of his countrymen, a good speaker, debater, advocate or judge. He is full cousin to Kreli, and a few years older. May God, in His good time, open up his country to the proclamation of the Gospel. Mapassa and his family and people, steeped in their superstitions and darkness, have much, very much need of the Gospel. How strange that the prejudices of nations should so oppose that 'grace which bringeth salvation to all men.'"

To come to a final settlement about a site for an out-station, Tiyo started on horseback in the month of June for Mapassa's kraal, but made no provision for himself in the shape of food if his visit was protracted. The chief was from home, and the customary hospitalities were withheld in consequence of his absence. Tiyo resolved to wait for a few days to meet with the chief; but meanwhile his provisions were exhausted, his horses strayed home, a cold drizzling rain set in, and he remained as a prisoner in a wretchedly damp hut. After spending several days in great discomfort and without proper diet, he started homeward on a Saturday, and rode the whole day under a drenching rain. Arrived at the Tutuka, he found that his family had gone to Butterworth for a change during his absence. Entering by one of the windows, he threw himself on a sofa in the house, and wrapped himself in a blanket, as he was now suffering from a severe attack of ague fever similar to that which had prostrated him on the previous year at Port Elizabeth. Some considerable time after his arrival, his mother, wondering why he had not come to see her, and thinking that he could not be well, sent a lad to enquire for him, and he was enduring great suffering when this

youth, and then his mother, found him and ministered such comfort as they could give until Mrs. Soga and the children returned. He so far rallied from this attack that he was able, by a great effort, to rise and speak to his English congregation on the following Sunday. The service, however, overtaxed his strength, and he was again prostrated. On 4th July he was not present at the meeting of Presbytery at Paterson, but sent an intimation that he had not been well and was husbanding his strength for the session of the Board of Revisers on the following week, in King William's Town. No alarming tidings had reached his brethren, nor did his messenger convey any unfavourable intelligence.

On the following week he was not present at the annual Conference of missionaries of various denominations, at King William's Town, nor at the Board of Revisers which met at the close of the Conference. He sent a special messenger with a short note to one of his brethren engaged in this work stating that he was ill. He also sent the manuscript of his translation of the Acts from chapter xiv. to chapter xxiii., verse 25, at the end of which was written in Kafir this ominous sentence: "Strength has failed me when I reached this point, and I have thrown it aside."

He rallied for a time, and seemed to be getting better. Yielding to the benevolent impulse to vaccinate many natives who came seeking his aid, he left his couch on the 9th and 10th of July, and performed under the verandah of his house this labour of love. The intelligence was once more cheering. However, he had overworked himself, and a relapse followed. The attack was so serious that he sent for a medical man, who waited on him over three days, and then left him in the belief that the worst was over.

The Rev. J. F. Cumming, uneasy at the conflicting reports about Tiyo Soga's health, proceeded to the Tutuka in the last week of July. "I was grieved to find him," says Mr. Cumming, "much worse than I had anticipated. He was confined to bed, and though striving to bear up with his usual spirit, his ailment was too much for him. He tried to get out of bed; but weakness soon compelled him to return to it. He was exceedingly glad to see me. Although I intended to go home within the week, it seemed prudent and desirable that I should prolong my visit. During my stay he had slight attacks of fever; but I cherished the hope that with careful nursing he would after a time recover at least some degree of his former health and strength. Much, I thought, would depend upon proper diet, as his digestive powers had long been disordered. I made some suggestions on this and other matters, and hoped that he would find some benefit. He never was full in habit; and the little flesh he once had was sadly reduced. He had never been so emaciated as he then was, and the swelling of his feet strongly contrasted with the thinness of his limbs. I was delighted with our sweet Christian communion. It was most refreshing to listen to the remarks which he made after I had read some appropriate portion of Scripture. When engaged in prayer at his bedside I can scarcely remember a time when my soul was so deeply impressed with a sense of nearness to our Divine Master. He asked me before leaving to write to Dr. MacGill and mention his present condition, as he felt himself utterly unable to do so. In fulfilling his request I had hoped that the next intelligence concerning him would be more cheering."

The Rev. Richard Ross visited him after his return from the Missionary Conference, and found him laid up in

his study, to which he had removed for more warmth and quietness. "One subject on which he conversed," says Mr. Ross, "was the deadness of our native churches in these parts. When I told him I had just returned from the Colony, and that it was the universal complaint of all earnest workmen, he said: 'Yes, one feels it even in preaching, but there will be a change soon,' and so it happened, for during the next eighteen months more Kafirs and Fingoes in these parts joined the Church than during the six years before."

To Mrs. Richard Ross, Tiyo wrote his last letter. It is dated "Tutuka Mission Station, 21st July, 1871:

"My Dear Mrs. Ross,—I am writing this in my bed. I want you and Mr. Ross to understand, from myself, how I really am. I have been at the gates of death. For the past few days, that is, since Wednesday I have been on the side of mending, though slowly. I cannot walk across the room without the aid of a stick, and the mere effort of lifting my foot to take a step is like ascending a mountain. The acute stinging pains in the bowels and bones are subsiding. I have been much assisted by a native woman, Mrs. Poawa. My appetite is not improved to any extent. Meat is too strong; bread is loathsome. I take a small cup of tea, or a little porridge, and light preparations of maezena, sago, and tapioca. I am thankful to say that, although I despaired of life, the Lord Jesus Christ sustained me by His grace and enabled me to commit all to Him without fear. I would rejoice to see you next week; but I may tell you that two of my children have had an attack of croup, and the youngest especially caused us some uneasiness and is not yet better.

"Tell your children that I love them very much, and thank them for their kindness. I cannot venture outside;

the air is too strong; my sleep also is not yet refreshing. The doctor gave a too early and too favourable an account. I was not better when, and after, he left.

"With kind regards to you all,

"I am, My Dear Mrs. Ross,

"With many thanks for your kindness,

"Tiyo Soga."

The couch on which he lay was so placed, by the window of his study, that he could look out in the direction of his own Gaika country, where he had been born, and where he had zealously laboured, as an ambassador of Christ, for upwards of ten years. We do not expatiate on the watchful care of his loving anxious partner. She had left the endearments of home to cast in her lot with Tiyo, in promoting the cause of Christ. She watched the waning of that life which was dearer to her than her own, and did what she could to soothe and comfort him in his weakness. His faithful old mother was also a constant attendant, and sat by the hearthstone of that study night and day, anticipating all his wants, and watching over the ebbing life of her beloved son, "who was father, husband, son, all in one to her." His few Christian converts got a cordial welcome when they visited their dying pastor. He had a cheerful word of Christian counsel for each. As his mother sat in silence, often did she hear fervent prayers offered by her son, in the stillness of night, when he thought that no ear listened but that of Him who is the Hearer of Prayer. "When I visited him," says his nearest missionary neighbour, the Rev. John Longden, Wesleyan minister at Butterworth, "on the first two occasions, I had no idea that his illness would terminate as it did, and therefore paid but little attention to any particular expressions which he uttered.

Our conversation was almost exclusively religious. When I first saw him I remarked that he doubtless felt the comfort and support of those truths which he had so long preached to others. He said that his mind was kept in peace; that he had no fears as to the result of his illness; that he did not suffer from that depression of spirit which some had on recovering from fever; and he expressed himself perfectly resigned to the will of God, as all would be well. When I next saw him, he conversed in a similar strain. On this latter occasion he referred to his boys in Scotland, as having had the measles, and been to the sea-side for a change of air. He looked so much better, that it never entered my mind that he might be so soon removed from us."

On Friday, 11th August, Mr. Richard Irvine, hearing of his increasing weakness, went from Butterworth to the Tutuka to visit him. He noticed a great change, and was convinced that the prostration could have *only one* issue. He accordingly despatched messengers to the nearest mission stations, urging such as could visit their dying brother to make all possible speed.

That same night he suddenly gathered all his strength, and broke out into an audible fervent prayer in Kafir. He first professed his unwavering trust in Christ, and spoke with calm assurance that he was clinging implicitly to Him, and leaning upon Him with his whole strength. Then he cast himself upon that Saviour who shed His blood for such as himself. Then he prayed that his dispersed countrymen might all be gathered into the fold of Christ; he poured out fervent supplications for all missionaries, for all preachers of the Gospel, and for the membership at the Tutuka, that the word of God might not grow cold among them; for the children in the

schools; for such persons as had caused him great grief and anxiety, as he was leaving them to-day in God's hands; for the Galeka tribe, who were now to be as sheep without a shepherd. He then prayed for his family, and very specially for those whom he had sent across the sea, that God would watch over them and bring them up in the love of Jesus, and that they might return to teach his own people. Here he paused, and his voice was silent. Strength had failed him.

In answer to the summons of Mr. Irvine, the first to arrive on Saturday morning was Mr. Longden. "On entering his room, I found him much altered," says Mr. Longden. "I therefore asked him if he felt the Saviour precious in his present circumstances, and in a whisper he distinctly answered '*Yes*,' and that was about the last word he spoke. He made a great effort to address those who were with him in the room; but the power of speech had failed him. He was often evidently engaged in mental prayer, and retained his consciousness until within two or three hours of his death."

Next, with breathless haste, came his old school-fellow at Lovedale, and one of his most intimate associates in mission work, the Rev. Richard Ross. "I arrived three hours before the last great change took place," says Mr. Ross. "When I entered the study, where he lay, he recognised me, and made several efforts to speak to me, but was not able. I watched, anxiously and sorrowfully, for some time by his bedside, eager to catch a single sentence from his dying lips. Thinking that he wished to change his position, I was gently raising him in my arms; but on feeling his increasing weight, I looked down into his face. Calmly, gently, as an infant falling asleep, he breathed his last breath. Without a sigh or movement, except a slight

opening of the mouth and closing of the eyelids, the mortal conflict with death was ended." Richard Ross, at a quarter to three o'clock on Saturday afternoon, on the 12th day of August, 1871, laid down the lifeless body of Tiyo Soga. All the struggles, sorrows, sufferings, disappointments of 42 years were for ever hushed in death.

Four brethren of his own denomination, Messrs. Cumming, Chalmers, Sclater, and James Davidson arrived, one after the other, to find that they had come to the house of bereavement, and to follow to the grave the mortal remains of their greatly beloved brother.

On Tuesday forenoon, the 15th August, an English service was conducted by Messrs. Cumming, Sclater, and Longden in the house. The Kafir service was conducted by Mr. Chalmers in the church. These services over, six of his own countrymen carried his remains, shoulder high, from that very church which, a few months previously, had been opened amid great joy. At the grave, the Rev. Richard Ross conducted the simple burial service of the Presbyterian Church. The small group which, with bowed heads and muffled sobs, stood around the open grave was deeply impressed. The various sections of the Christian Church, and the various nationalities were represented *there*. Calmest among the sorrowful group was his aged mother, manifesting a wonderful fortitude and resignation, though bereft of her earthly stay and support, and speaking words of consolation to some whose office it was to comfort them that mourn.

Tiyo was buried within an orchard, neat and trim, of his own planting, just as the spring blossoms were appearing, and the trees were putting forth their tender buds. *A small mound* marks the place where all of him that is mortal lies buried until the resurrection morn. No headstone singles

it out as the "quiet resting place" of one of the noble army of martyrs. Although his name is not engraved on a tombstone, it is written in indelible characters in the memory of all who loved him, and all who knew him loved him.

His is a tragic story from first to last. Nameless sorrows lie buried within the grave of Tiyo Soga—the darkest and most oppressive of which befell him *after* he had proved to the world that a Kafir can perform the noblest act of self-sacrifice. From channels least expected, and from men who were well able to strengthen his hands, there came during the last years of his life the very bitterest wounds that can be inflicted on a pious earnest soul. Cruel disappointments in close succession hastened the end of a useful and beautiful life. Even when his work was done, and he was "kneeling at the threshold, waiting for the opening of the door," trials in his mission work gathered and spent their fury on his already wounded and bleeding heart. But from all trials Tiyo Soga was released, at the Tutuka, on that memorable Saturday, the 12th day of August, when he fell asleep "in sure and certain hope of the resurrection to eternal life, through our Lord Jesus Christ."

"*Tiyo Soga is dead!*" That simple sentence, when flashed to the end of the Colony, and carried far across the sea, sent a pang through many a heart. It announced the departure from this world of a man of great moral and spiritual worth. The *Grahamstown Journal*, the *Cape Argus*, and other Colonial newspapers pronounced a funeral dirge over the loss, which Christian missions in South Africa had sustained by the removal of one of her purest, noblest sons. All men, who knew and understood him, felt that death had created a blank which never could be filled. Other Kafir preachers may arise, some more

eloquent, others more brilliant; but at its best, civilization may never produce another Tiyo Soga.

Within the eastern wall of the church which he built at the Mgwali, to the left of the vestry door, whence he had often come, full of high and heavenly thoughts, to speak to his "*poor countrymen*," is fixed a tablet prepared by Mr. John Macfarlane, sculptor, Dundee, and provided and sent to Kafirland by W. Whyte Miller, Esq., Edinburgh. That tablet bears an inscription in the Kafir language, being the translation of words written by the late Rev. Dr. William Anderson, "towards whom Tiyo Soga ever cherished the most tender filial regard. The inscription is not only true and discriminating, but worthy of both these friends, who are now re-united in that world where no difference of kindred or tongue or people or nation can ever obstruct their blessed fellowship." The following is the English rendering of that inscription:

This stone is to keep us in remembrance of
The Rev. Tiyo Soga,
The First Ordained Preacher of the Kafir Race.
He was a Friend of God; a Lover of His Son; inspired by His Spirit; a Disciple of His Holy Word; an Ardent Patriot; a Large-hearted Philanthropist; a Dutiful Son; an Affectionate Brother; a Tender Husband; a Loving Father; a Faithful Friend; a Learned Scholar; an Eloquent Orator; and in Manners a Gentleman; a Devoted Missionary who spent himself in his Master's service;

A Model Kafir.

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NOTICES OF FIRST EDITION.

The Literary World, November, 1877.—"It is clear it pays to make such converts, and that the raising up of such men must do much to make Kafirs Christians. Christian Kafirs are a great saving to the State. Did they abound we should hear little, either in Kaffraria or Natal, of Kafir scares or wars. It is almost impossible to over-estimate the value of such a life, and we thank Mr. Chalmers for his interesting memorial of the first ordained preacher of the Kafir race. The Rev. Dr. Duff writes, in 1864: 'I am bound to add that, throughout the whole of South Africa, I found no mission-station conducted in a more orderly, systematic way than that of my admirable friend and brother, the Rev. Tiyo Soga, the native Kafir, ordained minister of Mgwali.'"

The Evangelical Repository, December, 1877.—"It gives us pleasure to state that the book has been well and carefully got up, and that it will form both a valuable and peculiar contribution to the literature of Christian missions. In a prefatory note we are informed that Dr. Logan Aikman, of Glasgow, has conducted the supervision of the work on its way through the press; and in so far as orthography and grammatical construction are concerned, the book seems to be absolutely without a blemish."

The United Presbyterian Magazine, January, 1878.—"The story of his life is told by Mr. Chalmers in a most interesting and graphic manner. . . . . Mr. Chalmers has a sincere affection for and admiration of his subject, and he is entirely familiar with the scenes which he depicts; and this has given a point and power to his narrative, which cause it to take hold of the reader and draw him irresistibly along. . . . . We assure our readers that in its perusal they will not only make or renew acquaintance with a truly noble man and missionary, but acquire a great deal of information of a very interesting kind in regard to missionary labours and scenes, in an important part of a continent which is continuing increasingly to attract the attention and engage the efforts of the inhabitants of this and other civilized and Christian lands."

The Nonconformist, January, 1878.—"A perfectly unique value of its own, which will be fully appreciated by a wide circle of readers both in Great Britain (especially Scotland) and in the distant colony of South Africa. One of the most touching and interesting narratives that we have ever read."

The United Presbyterian Missionary Record, February, 1878.—"The book is no hasty or slovenly publication, as too many memoirs of the excellent of the earth unfortunately are. It is the product of much and careful thought, combining a clear representation of the unique position of Soga as an educated and sensitive native, whose modesty was innate, whose humility was *Christian*, and whose self-respect, Kafir-like, was deep and manly. . . . . To embody in a memoir, so as to render evident, not by epithets, but by facts and sayings, wisely chosen and delicately handled, the fact that Soga was by indelible nature and inborn instinct a gentleman; to show how much of pathos there was in his whole history, arising from the refinement and exquisite sympathy taught him partly by suffering, but never taught to any man by merely mingling with what is called good society; in a word, to put into his portrait of this gentle yet decided man, such unobtrusive marks of unselfishness and goodness towards men, and such profound and unwavering loyalty to his Divine Master, was no easy task; but in doing so, Mr. Chalmers has succeeded: and round the central figure he has ingeniously, and often picturesquely, grouped accessory personalities and incidents which give life to his picture. The service done to the book by Dr. Aikman, though concealed rather than revealed, must have been very great, and he deserves our cordial thanks."

The Ardrossan Herald, February, 1878.—"Those who read it to the close will not find much that could have been dispensed with in making it a worthy memorial of one who has been spoken of by a former fellow-student as the best type of a Christian he has ever known, and who was the first native Kafir to preach the Gospel as a fully equipped missionary to his fellow-countrymen. The denomination with which Mr. Soga was connected, and the Christian Church generally, owe a debt of gratitude to Mr. Chalmers, his devoted friend and fellow-labourer, for his lucid and well-sustained narrative."

The Daily Review (Edinburgh), November, 1877.—"Mr. Chalmers has arranged his materials with skill, and limned a portrait of Tiyo Soga which will be read with interest. The supervision of the handsome volume, on its way through the press, has been conducted by Mr. Soga's old friend, Dr. Logan Aikman, of Glasgow."

The Methodist Recorder (London), November, 1877.—"The volume is full of information, given in a most attractive style. It should have a place in every Sunday School Library."

The Hamilton Advertiser, November, 1877.—"The author of this Biography has acquitted himself with much credit, giving evidence of his culture and wide-minded ideas, that impart vivacity and colour to his narrative. . . . Our hope is that the work will greatly multiply the admirers of the first-ordained Kafir whom Dr. William Anderson loved so tenderly, and for whom Dr. Logan Aikman has done the good service of passing the work through the press. The volume reflects not a little credit on the Glasgow Printers, Aird and Coghill, and on Nelson, Binder."

The Young Men's Christian Magazine (Glasgow), January, 1878.—"This biography, by his friend and fellow-labourer, is a noble addition to the devoted lives of African Missionaries."

The Weekly Review (*London*), November, 1877.—"Mr. Chalmers entitles his biography 'A Page of South African Mission Work,' and a very beautiful and memorable page it is; yea more, it is a chapter, and we doubt not will prove an influential chapter, in a history of mission work in South Africa, which is now, amid many difficulties, unfolding itself, and which we trust will not be arrested until the whole of that ungenial and stubborn wilderness becomes as the garden of the Lord."

The Methodist Temperance Magazine, December, 1877. — "This handsome volume is just the thing for the long winter evenings. It would be a capital prize-book for a Sunday-school."

The Leeds Mercury, November, 1877.—"The United Presbyterian Church of Scotland early recognised the importance of native agencies in the propagation of the gospel in heathen lands, and to that denomination belongs the honour of having the first ordained preacher of the Kafir race. Much valuable information is given with reference to Kafir manners, customs, and traditions, and the volume will prove acceptable, not only to the friends of Christian missions, but also to the general reader."

The Dumfries and Galloway Standard, January, 1878.—"There is such full sympathy with his subject, such minute descriptions of Kafir life and superstitions, and such an honesty and fairness in dealing with colonial matters, as well as missions, as ought to

ensure a wider circle of readers than is usually found for the lives of missionaries. His life was well worthy of being written, and the work has been worthily done."

The Liverpool Mercury, December, 1877.—"The Missionary Story contained in these pages reads like a romance. There is an irresistible fascination about it from first to last, and Mr. Chalmers, of Kaffraria, and Dr. Aikman, of Glasgow, deserve the warmest thanks of all friends of Missionary enterprise in every church for this biography of Tiyo Soga, the first native Kafir minister."

The Sabbath School Magazine, December, 1877.—"It is admirably written, full of instruction, and will be read with deep interest by the numerous circle of friends who formed a deep attachment to Mr. Soga during his stay in Scotland, while preparing for the ministry. As a narrative, we hail it as a fresh and sacred illustration of the importance and value of concentrated and direct effort in behalf of foreign missions. His pious and devoted life will be revered in Kafirland by generations yet unborn."

The League Journal, December, 1877.—"This goodly volume is very interesting alike from the excellent account it gives of Kafir life, and of the struggles and trials and Christian work of Tiyo Soga, the first Kafir preacher."

The Daily Mail, December, 1877.—"The Members of the Church, and the congregation to which Tiyo Soga owed his training, and which claimed him as their agent and trophy in the Kaffrarian Mission-field, will find in the volume the best justification of their zeal and hopes."

The Glasgow Herald, December, 1877.—"The record of his life supplied by Mr. Chalmers is most interesting; and one cannot read it without mingled feelings of admiration and love for the man, and of satisfaction and wonder at the amount of work which he achieved. Many capital anecdotes are scattered throughout the book, which we cordially commend to perusal, assured that few, if any, of those who begin to read it, will willingly lay it aside until they reach the close."

The Blackburn Times, January, 1878.—"It is just the work that one longs to see in our Sunday-School libraries, with possibilities of young strong hearts being roused and fired by this new example of the still living power of the Gospel to transform and transfigure human lives, under the most obdurate conditions. We right cordially commend this book of African biography and history and adventure to our readers."

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